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MOZART (1782)
From an unfinished portrait by Josef Lange
(Mozart Museum, Salzburg)

THE LETTERS OF MOZART

&

HIS FAMILY

Chronologically Arranged, Translated and Edited with an Introduction, Notes and Indices by

EMILY ANDERSON

With extracts from the letters of Constanze Mozart to Johann Anton André translated and edited by

C. B. OLDMAN

VOLUME III

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LIST OF LETTERS

This is a list of all the known letters of Mozart and his family written between the years 1762 and 1791. It contains, therefore, some letters (unnumbered) which owing to their slight interest have not been included in the present edition.

Letters hitherto unpublished are marked *

Letters hitherto incompletely published are marked **

(Owing to exigencies of space, in most cases extracts only have been given from Leopold Mozart's letters. But considerable additions have been made to the portions published in the standard German edition of Professor Ludwig Schiedermair: and copies of the complete versions are in the possession of the present editor.)

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[1] First published by Mr. C. B. Oldman in the *Musical Times*, July 1929.

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578.	Mozart to Michael Puchberg	Vienna, April 23rd	1396
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580.	Mozart to the Archduke Francis	Vienna, first half of May	1397
581.	Mozart to Michael Puchberg	Vienna, May 17th	1398
582.	Mozart to Michael Puchberg	Vienna, June 12th	1399
583.	Mozart to Michael Puchberg	Vienna, August 14th	1400
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586.	Mozart to his wife	Frankfurt am Main, October 3rd	1403
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592.	Mozart to Michael Puchberg	Vienna, April 13th	1411
593.	Mozart to Michael Puchberg	Vienna, between April 21st and 27th	1411
594.	Mozart to the Municipal Council of Vienna	Vienna, beginning of May	1412
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602.	Mozart to his wife at Baden	Vienna, June 25th	1421
603.	Mozart to Michael Puchberg	Vienna, June 25th	1424
604.	Mozart to his wife at Baden	Vienna, June 30th or July 1st	1424
605.	Mozart to his wife at Baden	Vienna, July 2nd	1425
606.	Mozart to his wife at Baden	Vienna, July 3rd	1426
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*I.	Constanze Mozart to Johann Anton André, Offenbach am Main	Vienna, February 21st–27th	1459
*II.	Constanze Mozart to Johann Anton André, Offenbach am Main	Vienna, March 12th	1467
*III.	Constanze Mozart to Johann Anton André, Offenbach am Main	Vienna, March 29th	1469
*IV.	Constanze Mozart to Johann Anton André, Offenbach am Main	Vienna, May 31st	1472
*V.	Constanze Mozart to Johann Anton André, Offenbach am Main	Vienna, September 10th	1483
*VI.	Constanze Mozart to Johann Anton André, Offenbach am Main	Vienna, October 4th	1485
*VII.	Constanze Mozart to Johann Anton André, Offenbach am Main	Vienna, October 22nd	1488
*VIII.	Constanze Mozart to Johann Anton André, Offenbach am Main	Vienna, [? November 12th]	1489
*IX.	Constanze Mozart to Johann Anton André, Offenbach am Main	Vienna, November 16th	1491
*X.	Constanze Mozart to Johann Anton André, Offenbach am Main	Vienna, November 26th	1494

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*XI.	Constanze Mozart to Johann Anton André, Offenbach am Main	Vienna, January 26th	1501
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*XIV.	Constanze Mozart to Johann Anton André, Offenbach am Main	Vienna, March 22nd	1505
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*XV.	Constanze Nissen to Johann Anton André, Offenbach am Main	Salzburg, October 28th	1507
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*XVI.	Constanze Nissen to Johann Anton André, Offenbach am Main	Salzburg, January 1st	1512

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

Abert	= Hermann Abert, *W. A. Mozart.* 2 volumes. Revised edition. Leipzig, 1923–1924.
AMZ	= *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* (Oct. 1788–Dec. 1848).
Blümml	= Emil Karl Blümml, *Aus Mozarts Freundes- und Familienkreis.* Vienna, 1923.
Jahn	= Otto Jahn, *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.* 4 volumes. Leipzig, 1856–1859.
Köchel	= Dr. Ludwig Ritter von Köchel, *Chronologisch-thematisches Verzeichnis sämtlicher Tonwerke Wolfgang Amadé Mozarts.* 3rd edition, revised by Alfred Einstein. Leipzig, 1937.
Leitzmann	= Albert Leitzmann, *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozarts Leben in seinen Briefen und Berichten der Zeitgenossen.* Leipzig, 1926.
MJ	= *Mozart-Jahrbuch.* Herausgegeben von Hermann Abert. Munich, 1923–1924, and Augsburg, 1929.
MM	= *Mozarteums Mitteilungen.* Zentralausschuss der Mozartgemeinde in Salzburg. November, 1918–May, 1921.
MMB	= *Mitteilungen für die Mozartgemeinde in Berlin.* Herausgegeben von Rudolf Genée, 1895–1921.
Niemetschek	= Franz Niemetschek, *Leben des K. K. Kapellmeisters Wolfgang Gottlieb Mozart.* Prague, 1798. (Reprinted Prague, 1905.)
Nissen	= Georg Nikolaus von Nissen, *Biographie W. A. Mozarts.* Leipzig, 1828.
Nohl	= Ludwig Nohl, *Mozarts Briefe.* 2nd edition. Leipzig, 1877.
Nottebohm	= Gustav Nottebohm, *Mozartiana.* Leipzig, 1880.
Schiedermair	= Ludwig Schiedermair, *Die Briefe Mozarts und seiner Familie.* 4 volumes. Munich and Leipzig, 1914.
Schurig	= Arthur Schurig, *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.* 2 volumes. 2nd edition. Leipzig, 1923.
WSF	= T. de Wyzewa et G. de Saint-Foix, *W. A. Mozart. Sa vie musicale et son œuvre de l'enfance à la pleine maturité,* 1756–1777. 2 volumes. Paris, 1912. The third volume of this epoch-making study of Mozart's musical development, which covers the years 1777–1783, was brought out by M. de Saint-Foix in 1936.
ZMW	= *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft.*

TABLE OF MONEY VALUES

THE following table has been compiled from information contained in Muret-Saunders's German-English Dictionary, in Professor W. H. Bruford's *Germany in the Eighteenth Century* (Cambridge, 1935), p. 329 f., and in the letters of Leopold Mozart, who frequently quotes the equivalent values of foreign coins and the fluctuating rates of exchange between the various German states. As there were several standards in common use for the minting of silver coins during the latter half of the eighteenth century, the values here given are of necessity only approximate.

GERMANY AND AUSTRIA

Taking the South German kreutzer (worth 4 pfennige, slightly more than the English farthing) as the standard, the following equivalent values of silver coins are obtained:

60 kreutzer (or 16 groschen) = 1 gulden, about two shillings.
90 kreutzer (or 24 groschen) = 1 reichsthaler, about three shillings.
120 kreutzer (or 32 groschen) = 1 laubthaler or federthaler, about four shillings.

The following gold coins were in common use in Germany and Austria:

1 ducat (used all over Europe) = $4\frac{1}{2}$ gulden, about nine shillings.
1 max d'or (used chiefly in Bavaria) = $6\frac{1}{4}$ gulden, about thirteen shillings.
1 friedrich d'or (used chiefly in Prussia) = 8 gulden, about sixteen shillings.
1 pistole (used all over Europe) = $7\frac{1}{2}$ gulden, about fifteen shillings.
1 carolin (used chiefly in Southern Germany) = 9 gulden, about eighteen shillings.
1 souverain d'or (used chiefly in Austria) = $13\frac{1}{2}$ gulden, about twenty-seven shillings.

FRANCE

1 liard = about one farthing.
20 sous = 1 livre, about eleven pence.
1 louis d'or = 22 livres, about twenty shillings.

TABLE OF MONEY VALUES

ITALY

1 paolo (a silver coin of Tuscany, worth originally about 56 centesimi, and still used as the equivalent of half a lira) = about sixpence.
1 cigliato (or, more commonly, gigliato) = a ducat, about nine shillings.
1 zecchino (a Venetian gold coin) = about ten shillings.
1 doppio = probably a doppio zecchino, about twenty shillings.

HOLLAND

1 rijder[1] = about twenty-eight shillings.

[1] Leopold Mozart calls this coin a 'reitter'. See p. 90.

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From an engraving by L. M.
Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, Vienna.

28. Stephanie der jüngere 1088
From an engraving by J. E. Mansfeld after a portrait by Josef Lange.
Nationalbibliothek, Vienna.

29. Constanze Mozart, *née* Weber (1782) . . . 1168
From a portrait by Josef Lange.
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30. Lorenzo Da Ponte 1201
From a water-colour painting by an unknown artist.
Signor Riccardo Rossi, Vittorio Veneto.

31. Muzio Clementi (1794) 1216
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33. Gottfried Van Swieten 1264
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34. Anna Storace in the character of Euphrosyne . . 1281
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35. Joseph Haydn (1800) 1313
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36. Josef and Aloysia Lange (1785) 1328
From an engraving by Daniel Berger after a drawing by Josef Lange.
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39. Mozart (1789) 1388
From a silver point drawing by Doris Stock
Musikbibliothek Peters, Leipzig.

40. Constanze Mozart (1802) 1453
From a portrait by Hans Hansen.
Mozart Museum, Salzburg.

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5. Letter from Mozart to his father (January 4th, 1783) . 1242–3

Early in March 1781 Mozart, as a member of the Archbishop's household, was summoned by his master to Vienna, where he was to spend the remaining ten years of his life. The first months were marked by his breach with the Archbishop and the renewal of his friendship with the Weber family, which eventually led to his marriage to Constanze Weber. This is the period of Mozart's masterpieces, his piano concertos, his operas, his symphonies and his finest contributions to chamber music. Letters 393-616.

(393) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER AMY! VIENNE, *ce* 17 *de mars*, 1781

Yesterday, the 16th, I arrived here,[1] thank God, all by myself in a post chaise—at nine o'clock in the morning—I was nearly forgetting to mention the hour. I travelled in the mail coach as far as Unterhaag—but by that time I was so sore in my behind and its surrounding parts that I could endure it no longer. So I was intending to proceed by the ordinaire, but Herr Escherich, a government official, had had enough of the mail coach too and gave me his company as far as Kemmelbach. There I was proposing to wait for the ordinaire, but the postmaster assured me that he could not possibly allow me to travel by it, as there was no head office there. So I was obliged to proceed *by extra post*, reached St. Pölten on Thursday, the 15th, at seven o'clock in the evening, as tired as a dog, slept until two in the morning and then drove on straight to Vienna. Where do you think I am writing this letter? In the Mesmers' garden in the Landstrasse. The old lady is not at home, but Fräulein Franzl, who is now Frau von Posch,[2] is here and asks me to send a thousand greetings to you and my sister. Well, upon my honour, I hardly recognised her, she has grown so plump and fat. She has three children, two young ladies and a young gentleman. The eldest young lady, who is called Nannerl, is four years old, but you would swear that she was six;

[1] Mozart left Munich on March 12th, having been summoned to Vienna by the Archbishop, who had gone there at the end of January, probably in connection with the death of the Empress.

[2] Fräulein Franzl, whom Dr. Mesmer had cured, had married his stepson von Posch.

the young gentleman is three, but you would swear that he was seven; and the infant of nine months you would take to be two years old, they are all so strong and robust. Now for the Archbishop. I have a charming room in the very same house where he is staying. Brunetti and Ceccarelli are lodging in another. *Che distinzione!*[1] My neighbour is Herr von Kleinmayr[2]—who loaded me on my arrival with all sorts of kindnesses. He is indeed a charming man. We lunch about twelve o'clock, unfortunately somewhat too early for me. Our party consists of the two valets, that is, the body and soul attendants of His Worship, the contrôleur, Herr Zetti,[3] the confectioner,[4] the two cooks, Ceccarelli, Brunetti and—my insignificant self. By the way, the two valets sit at the top of the table, but at least I have the honour of being placed above the cooks.[5] Well, I almost believe myself back in Salzburg! A good deal of silly, coarse joking goes on at table, but no one cracks jokes with me, for I never say a word, or, *if I have to speak*, I always do so with the utmost gravity; and as soon as I have finished my lunch, I get up and go off. We do not meet for supper, but we each receive three ducats —which goes a long way! The Archbishop is so kind as to add to his lustre by his household, robs them of their chance of earning and pays them nothing. We had a concert yesterday at four o'clock, and at least twenty persons of the highest rank were present. Ceccarelli has already had to sing at Count Palfy's. To-day we are to go to Prince Galitzin,[6] who was at the Archbishop's

[1] What a distinction!

[2] Private secretary to the Archbishop and chairman of the court council.

[3] Zetti was "Kammerfourier", or Private Messenger, to the Archbishop.

[4] E. M. Kölnberger.

[5] It was customary in the eighteenth century for court musicians to be treated in the same way as other servants in the retinue of a Prince Archbishop or any other great lord.

[6] Russian Ambassador to the Viennese court. He had filled the same post in Paris.

yesterday. Well, I must wait and see whether I shall get anything. If I get nothing, I shall go to the Archbishop and tell him with absolute frankness that if he will not allow me to earn anything, then he must pay me, for I cannot live at my own expense. Well, I must close this letter which I shall hand in at the post office on my way, for I must be off to Prince Galitzin's. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

P.S.—Rossi,[1] the buffo singer, is here. I have been to see the Fischers—I cannot describe how delighted they were to see me—the whole household send you their greetings. I hear that concerts are being given in Salzburg. Goodness, just think what I am missing! Adieu! My address is:

Im Deutschen Hause,
Singerstrasse.[2]

(394) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

VIENNA, *March 18th–24th*, 1781

Copie du billet autographe de Sa Majesté l'Empereur au Prince de Kaunitz-Rittberg dans une boîte de tous les portraits de la famille Impériale du 14 mars 1781:

MON CHER PRINCE,

Je n'ai pas pu résister à l'envie de vous envoyer cette tabatière, que je viens de recevoir de Bruxelles et qui avait

[1] Rossi, a tenor, had probably taken the part of the Podestà in the Munich production of "La finta giardiniera", 1775. See Köchel, p. 276.

[2] Mozart was allotted quarters in the Deutsches Ordenshaus, the headquarters of the Teutonic Order, in the Singerstrasse no. 856 (at present no. 7). For a full list of Mozart's many residences in Vienna during the last ten years of his life, see Abert, vol. ii. p. 1035 f.

été donnée par feue Sa Majesté au Prince Charles.[1] Quelque vilaine incommode qu'elle soit, il m'a paru qu'elle était faite uniquement pour séjourner sur votre table et pour vous rappeler parfois les physionomies de personnes, qui toutes ensemble et chacune en particulier vous doivent beaucoup de reconnaissance pour les services essentiels que vous leur avez rendus. Je n'en fais qu'une partie, mais je ne crains point d'être leur interprète, assuré qu'ils pensent tous comme moi à ce sujet. Adieu. Pardonnez cette folie à l'amitié raisonnée que vous me connaissez inviolablement pour vous.

JOSEPH

Réponse du Prince Kaunitz-Rittberg!

Par les expressions du billet autographe dont Votre Majesté Impériale a eu la bonté d'accompagner la boîte qu'elle a daigné m'envoyer, et qui contient le précieux receuil des portraits de toute la famille Impériale, elle vient de recompenser de la façon du monde qui pourrait être la plus agréable à mon cœur les services que j'eu pu avoir le bonheur de rendre à son auguste maison depuis quarante ans. Il ne me reste à désirer que de les voir honorer des sentiments que Votre Majesté veut bien leur accorder, et il ne manque plus rien moyennant cela à mon entière satisfaction, qui est d'autant plus vive que les traits de ce genre ne peuvent manquer de transmettre les noms de Votre Majesté à la postérité dans le sens de ceux de Trajan, de Marc-Aurèle et de Henri Quatre, dont jusqu'à nos jours on a béni la mémoire et prononcé encore les noms avec autant de vénération que d'attendrissement. Je ne puis en témoigner ma reconnaissance à Votre Majesté Impériale qu'en continuant et en redoublant même, s'il est possible, de zèle pour son service et d'attachement pour sa personne. J'y prends bien plus d'intérêt qu'à moi-même et comme je crois qu'il ne se trouvera peut-être jamais l'occasion plus propre à donner de Votre Majesté Impériale l'opinion que je désire que toute la terre puisse prendre d'elle que ne l'est le contenu de son gracieux billet, que je ne saurais lui cacher que je

[1] Brother of the Emperor Francis I and Governor of the Austrian Netherlands. He died in 1780.

désirais fort qu'elle trouvât bon qu'il ne reste pas ignoré. Je ne ferai cependant rien à cet égard avant d'en avoir obtenu la permission, si ce n'est un fidé-commis dans ma famille de la boîte ainsi que de ce respectable billet. Je supplie Votre Majesté Impériale de vouloir bien accueillir en attendant avec bonté l'assurance respectueuse de ma vive reconnaissance et de mon attachement sans bornes pour sa personne qui ne finira pas qu'avec moi.

KAUNITZ

As I have just had the opportunity at Madame Lamotte's of copying out these two delightful billets, I thought I ought to do so. Mademoiselle Lamotte[1] is no longer living with the Countess Schönborn.[2] She has written to us and, moreover, has replied to all the points about Count Rosenberg[3] and Baron Kleinmayr. She swears that she has done so. Further, she and her mamma send a thousand greetings to you both; and so does Herr von Vogter, who was at Milan and who is to leave shortly for Klagenfurt with the Archduchess Maria Anna.[4] I kiss your hands a thousand times, embrace my sister most cordially and remain[5]

(395) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNA, *March 24th–28th*, 1781

I have received your letter of the 20th and am delighted to hear that both of you have reached home[6]

[1] Probably the wife and sister of Franz Lamotte, a famous violinist, who had been in the service of the Empress Maria Theresa. See p. 216, n. 2.

[2] A sister of the Archbishop of Salzburg.

[3] Franz Xaver Wolf Orsini-Rosenberg (1723–1796), who had been appointed in 1779 Chief Chamberlain and Director of the Court Theatre in Vienna.

[4] The Archduchess Maria Anna (1738–1787) was the second child of the Empress Maria Theresa.

[5] The signature and date have been cut off the autograph.

[6] Mozart's father and sister had remained on in Munich after he had been summoned by the Archbishop to Vienna.

safely and are in very good health. You must put it down to my pen and this wretched ink, if you have to spell out this letter rather than read it. Basta! It must be written—and the gentleman who cuts my pens, Herr von Lirzer, has let me down this time. You probably know him better than I do. I cannot describe him more appropriately than by saying that he is, I believe, a native of Salzburg and that up to the present I have never seen him except once or twice at the Robinigs' so-called eleven o'clock music. He, however, called on me at once and seems to be a very pleasant and (since he has been cutting my pens for me) a very civil fellow. I take him to be a secretary. I have also had a surprise visit from Gilowsky, Katherl's brother.[1] Why a surprise visit?—Well, because I had entirely forgotten that he was in Vienna. How quickly a foreign city can improve a man! Gilowsky will certainly become an upright, honest fellow, both in his métier and in his demeanour. Meanwhile you will have received the letters exchanged between the Emperor and Prince Kaunitz.[2] What you say about the ⟨Archbishop⟩ is to a certain extent perfectly true—I mean, as to the manner in which I tickle his ⟨ambition⟩. But of what use is all this to me? I can't subsist on it. Believe me, I am right in saying that he acts as a *screen* to keep me from the notice of others. What ⟨distinction,⟩ pray, does he confer upon me? Herr von Kleinmayr and Bönike[3] have ⟨a separate table⟩ with the illustrious Count ⟨Arco⟩.[4] It would be some distinction if ⟨I sat at that table,⟩ but there is none in sitting ⟨with the valets,⟩ who, when they are not

[1] Franz Wenzel Gilowsky (1757–1816), who became a doctor in Vienna. He was best man at Mozart's marriage to Constanze Weber in 1782.

[2] See Letter 394.

[3] Johann Michael Bönike was private secretary to the Archbishop and a member of the Ecclesiastical Council.

[4] Count Karl Arco (1743–1830), one of the principal members of the Archbishop's household. He was the son of Count Georg Anton Felix Arco, Chief Chamberlain to the Archbishop.

occupying the best seats ⟨at table,⟩ have to light the chandeliers, open the doors and wait in the anteroom (*when I am within*)—and with the cooks too! Moreover, when we are summoned to a house where there is a concert, Herr Angerbauer [1] has to watch outside until the Salzburg gentlemen arrive, when he sends a lackey to show them the way in. On hearing Brunetti tell this in the course of a conversation, I thought to myself, "Just wait till I come along!". So the other day when we were to go to Prince Galitzin's, Brunetti said to me in his usual polite manner: "Tu, bisogna che sii qui stasera alle sette per andare insieme dal Principe Galitzin. L'Angerbauer ci condurrà." Ho risposto: "Va bene—ma—se in caso mai non fossi qui alle sette in punto, ci andate pure, non serve aspettarmi—so bene dove sta, e ci verrò sicuro"[2]—I went there alone on purpose, because I really feel ashamed to go anywhere with them. When I got upstairs, I found Angerbauer standing there to direct the lackey to show me in. But I took no notice, either of the valet or the lackey, but walked straight on through the rooms into the music room, for all the doors were open,—and went straight up to the Prince, paid him my respects and stood there talking to him. I had completely forgotten my friends Ceccarelli and Brunetti, for they were not to be seen. They were leaning against the wall behind the orchestra, not daring to come forward a single step. If a lady or a gentleman speaks to Ceccarelli, he always laughs: and if anyone at all addresses Brunetti, he colours and gives the dullest answers. Oh, I could cover whole sheets if I were to describe all the scenes which have taken place between the ⟨Archbishop⟩ and the two of them since

[1] Johann Ulrich Angerbauer, one of the Archbishop's private valets.

[2] "You must be here at seven o'clock this evening, so that we may go together to Prince Galitzin's. Angerbauer will take us there." I replied: "All right. But if I'm not here at seven o'clock sharp, just go ahead. You need not wait for me. I know where he lives and I will be sure to be there."

I have been here and indeed before I came. I am only surprised that he is not ashamed of Brunetti. Why, I am ashamed on his account. And how the fellow hates being here! The whole place is *far too grand* for him. I really think he spends his happiest hours at table. Prince Galitzin asked Ceccarelli to sing to-day. Next time it will be my turn to perform. I am going this evening with Herr von Kleinmayr to Court Councillor Braun, a good friend of his, who is supposed to be one of the greatest enthusiasts for the clavier. I have lunched twice with Countess Thun[1] and go there almost every day. She is the most charming and most lovable lady I have ever met; and I am very high in her favour. Her husband is still the same peculiar, but well-meaning and honourable gentleman. I have also lunched with Count Cobenzl.[2] I owe this to his aunt, Countess von Rumbeck, sister of the Cobenzl in the Pagerie, who was at Salzburg with her husband. Well, my chief object here is to introduce myself to ⟨the Emperor⟩ in some becoming way, for I am absolutely determined that he shall *get to know me.* I should love to run through my opera[3] for him and then play a lot of fugues, for that is what he likes. Oh, had I but known that I should be in Vienna during Lent, I should have written a short oratorio and produced it in the theatre for my benefit, as they all do here. I could easily have written it beforehand, for I know all the voices. How gladly would I give a public concert, as is the custom here. But I know for certain that I should never get permission to do so—for just listen to this! You know that there is a society in Vienna which gives concerts for the benefit of the

[1] Countess Wilhelmine Thun (1744–1800), wife of Count Franz Josef Thun (1734–1788), and the mother of three beautiful daughters. She had been a pupil of Haydn and was later a friend of Beethoven.

[2] Count Johann Philipp von Cobenzl, Court and State Chancellor in Vienna.

[3] "Idomeneo."

widows of musicians,[1] at which every professional musician plays gratis. The orchestra is a hundred and eighty strong.[2] No virtuoso who has any love for his neighbour, refuses to give his services, if the society asks him to do so. Besides, in this way he can win the favour both of the Emperor and of the public. Starzer was commissioned to invite me and I agreed at once, adding, however, that I must first obtain the consent of my Prince, which I had not the slightest doubt that he would give—as it was a matter of charity, or at any rate a good work, for which I should get no fee. *He would not permit me to take part.* All the nobility in Vienna have made a grievance of it. I am only sorry for the following reason. I should not have played a concerto, but (as the Emperor sits in the proscenium box) I should have extemporised and played a fugue and then the variations on "Je suis Lindor"[3] on Countess Thun's beautiful Stein pianoforte, which she would have lent me. Whenever I have played this programme in public, I have always won the greatest applause—because the items set one another off so well, and because everyone has something to his taste. But pazienza!

Fiala has risen two thousand times higher in my estimation for refusing to play for less than a ducat. Has not my sister been asked to play yet? I hope she will *demand* two ducats. For, as we have always been utterly different *in every way* from the other court musicians, I trust we shall be different in this respect too. If they

[1] The "Wiener Tonkünstlersozietät", which was founded in 1771 by Florian Gassmann. Since 1862 it has been the Haydnverein. Mozart, who wished to join this society in 1785 and who had several times performed gratis for its benefit, was refused admission because he could not produce a certificate of baptism. See Pohl, *Haydn*, vol. ii. p. 134f., and Hanslick, *Geschichte des Konzertwesens in Wien*, 1869, p. 6 ff.

[2] This figure includes, of course, the choir.

[3] K. 354. Twelve clavier variations, composed in Paris in 1778, on "Je suis Lindor", an arietta in Beaumarchais's "Le Barbier de Séville".

won't pay, they can do without her—but if they want her, then, by Heaven, let them pay.

I shall go to Madame Rosa one of these days and you will certainly be pleased with your clever diplomat. I shall handle the matter as tactfully as did Weiser,[1] when the bell was tolled for his wife's mother.

Herr von Zetti offered immediately after my arrival to deliver my letters. He will send them off with the parcel. I do not require the two quartets[2] nor the Baumgarten aria.[3] A propos. What about ⟨the Elector's present?⟩ Has anything ⟨been sent yet?⟩ Did you call on ⟨the Countess Baumgarten⟩ before you left Munich?

Please give my greetings to all my good friends, and especially to Katherl, Schachtner and Fiala. Herr von Kleinmayr, Zetti, Ceccarelli, Brunetti, the contrôleur, the two valets, Leutgeb[4] and Ramm, who leaves on Sunday, send their compliments to all. A propos, Peter Vogt is here. Well, goodbye. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister most cordially and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

Rossi, the buffo singer, is here too.

March 28th. I could not finish this letter, because Herr von Kleinmayr fetched me in his carriage to go to a concert at Baron Braun's. So I can now add that ⟨the Archbishop has given me permission to play at the

[1] A former mayor of Salzburg.

[2] Possibly one of these quartets is K. 370, an oboe quartet composed at Munich early in 1781 for Mozart's friend Ramm.

[3] K. 369. "Misera, dove son!", written for the Countess Baumgarten on March 8th, 1781.

[4] Ignaz Leutgeb, horn-player in the Salzburg court orchestra, had opened a cheesemonger's shop in a suburb of Vienna with the half of a money loan from Leopold Mozart. He continued to play in public, and he and Mozart became fast friends. Mozart's horn concertos, K. 412, 417, 447 and 495, composed between the years 1782 and 1786, were written for Leutgeb.

concert for the widows.〉 For Starzer went to the concert at 〈Galitzin's〉 and he and 〈all the nobility worried the Archbishop until he gave his consent.〉 *I am so glad.* Since I have been here I have lunched at home only four times. The hour is too early for me—and the food is wretched. Only when the weather is very bad, as to-day, *par exemple*, I stay at home.

Do write and tell me what is going on in Salzburg, for I have been plagued with questions. These gentlemen are far more anxious for news of Salzburg than I am. Madame Mara is here and gave a concert in the theatre last Tuesday. Her husband dared not let himself be seen, or the orchestra would not have accompanied her; for he published in the newspapers that there was no one in all Vienna fit to do this. Adieu. Herr von Moll paid me a visit to-day and I am to breakfast with him to-morrow or the day after and bring my opera[1] with me. He sends greetings to you both. As soon as the weather improves, I shall call on Herr von Aurnhammer and his fat daughter.[2] From these remarks you will see that I have received your last letter of the 24th. Old Prince Colloredo[3] (at whose house we held a concert) gave each of us five ducats. Countess Rumbeck is now my pupil. Herr von Mesmer (the school inspector) and his wife and son send you their greetings. His son plays magnifique, but, as he imagines that he knows quite enough already, he is lazy. He has also considerable talent for composition, but is too indolent to devote himself to it, which vexes his father. Adieu.

[1] "Idomeneo."

[2] Fräulein Josephine Aurnhammer became Mozart's pupil on the clavier, and he wrote for her his sonata for two pianos, K. 448. She married in 1796 and, as Frau Bösenhönig, was still performing in public in 1813. She herself composed several series of pianoforte variations.

[3] Prince Rudolf Colloredo, father of the Archbishop of Salzburg.

(396) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 4 d'avril*, 1781

My letter to-day must be very short, but Brunetti returns to Salzburg on Sunday and then I shall be able to write you a longer one.

You want to know how we are getting on in Vienna—or rather, I hope, how I am getting on; for the other two I do not count as having anything to do with me. I told you in a recent letter that ⟨the Archbishop⟩ is a great hindrance to me here, for he has done me out of at least a hundred ducats, which I could certainly have made by giving ⟨a concert in the theatre.⟩ Why, the ladies themselves offered *of their own accord* to distribute the tickets. I can say with truth that I was very well pleased with the Viennese public yesterday, when I played at the concert for the widows[1] in the Kärtnerthor theatre. I had to begin all over again, because there was no end to the applause. Well, how much do you suppose I should make if I were to give a concert of my own, now that the public has got to know me? But this ⟨arch-booby⟩ of ours will not allow it. He does not want his people to have any profit—only loss. Still, he will not be able to achieve this in my case, for if I have two pupils I am better off in Vienna than in Salzburg. Nor do I need his board and lodging. Now listen to this. Brunetti said to-day at table that Arco had told him on behalf of the Archbishop that he (Brunetti) *was to inform us* that we were to receive the money for our mail coach fares and to leave before Sunday. On the other hand, whoever wanted to stay on (*oh, how judicious!*) could do so, but would have to live at his own

[1] See p. 1067, n. 1. Mozart played a piano concerto and one of his symphonies, possibly K. 338, was performed. See E. Hanslick, *Geschichte des Konzertwesens in Wien*, p. 32.

expense, as he would no longer get board and lodging from the Archbishop. Brunetti, qui ne demande pas mieux, smacked his lips. Ceccarelli, *who would like to remain,* but who is not so well known as I am and does not know his way about so well as I do, is going to make a push to get something. If he does not succeed, well, in God's name, he must be off, for there is not a house in Vienna where he can get either a meal or a room without paying for it. When they asked me what I intended to do, I replied: "*I do not know as yet that I have to leave, for until Count Arco tells me so himself, I shall not believe it. When he does, I shall then disclose my intentions. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.*" Bönike was present and grinned. Oh indeed, ⟨I shall certainly fool the Archbishop to the top of his bent and how I shall enjoy doing it!⟩ I shall do it with the greatest politesse—⟨and he will not be able to dodge me.⟩ Enough of this. In my next letter I shall be able to tell you more. Rest assured that unless I am in a good position and can see clearly that it is to my advantage to do so, I shall certainly not remain in Vienna. But if it is to my advantage, why should I not profit by it? Meanwhile, ⟨you are drawing two salaries and have not got to feed me.⟩ If I stay here, I can promise you that I shall soon ⟨be able to send home some money.⟩ I am speaking seriously, and if things turn out otherwise, I shall return to Salzburg. Well, adieu. You shall have the full story in my next letter. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart, and I hope that she has replied to Mlle Hepp. Adieu, ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

My compliments to all—all—all.

P.S.—I assure you that this is a splendid place—and

for my métier the best one in the world. Everyone will tell you the same. Moreover, I like being here and therefore I am making all the profit out of it that I can. Believe me, my sole purpose is to make as much money as possible; for after good health it is the best thing to have. Think no more of my follies, of which I have repented long ago from the bottom of my heart. Misfortune brings wisdom, and my thoughts now turn in a very different direction. Adieu. You will have a full account in my next letter.

Adieu.

(397) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 8 *d'aprile,* 1781

〈I began a longer and more interesting letter to you, but I wrote too much about Brunetti in it, and was afraid that his curiosity might tempt him to open the letter, because Ceccarelli is with me.〉 I shall send it by the next post and in it I shall write more fully than I can to-day. Meanwhile you will have received my other letter.[1] I told you about the applause in the theatre, but I must add that what delighted and surprised me most of all was the amazing silence—and also the cries of "Bravo!" while I was playing. This is certainly honour enough in Vienna, where there are such numbers and numbers of good pianists. To-day (for I am writing at eleven o'clock at night) we had a concert, where three of my compositions were performed—new ones, of course; a rondo for a concerto for Brunetti;[2] a sonata with violin accompaniment for myself,[3] which I composed last night between eleven and twelve (but in order to be able to finish it, I only

[1] Letter 396.

[2] K. 373. Rondo for violin and orchestra in C major.

[3] K. 379. See Köchel, p. 457.



EMPEROR JOSEPH II

From an engraving by L. M.
(Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, Vienna)

wrote out the accompaniment for Brunetti and retained my own part in my head); and then a rondo for Ceccarelli,[1] which he had to repeat. I must now beg you to send me a letter as soon as possible and to give me your fatherly and most friendly advice on the following matter. ⟨It is said that we are to return to Salzburg in a fortnight. I can stay on here, and that too not to my loss, but to my advantage.⟩ So I am ⟨thinking of asking the Archbishop to allow me to remain in Vienna.⟩ Dearest father, ⟨I love you dearly; that you must realise from the fact that for your sake I renounce all my wishes and desires. For, were it not for you, I swear to you on my honour that⟩ I should not hesitate for a moment ⟨to leave the Archbishop's service.⟩ I should ⟨give a grand concert, take four pupils, and in a year I should have got on so well in Vienna that I could make at least a thousand thalers a year.⟩ I assure you that I often ⟨find it difficult to throw away my luck as I am doing.⟩ As you say, I am still ⟨young.⟩ True—but ⟨to waste one's youth in inactivity in such a beggarly place is really very sad—and it is such a loss.⟩ I should like to have your kind and fatherly advice about this, and very soon,—for I must tell him what I am going to do. But do have confidence in me, for I am more prudent now. Farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

(398) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 11 *d'avril*, 1781

Te Deum Laudamus that at last that coarse and dirty Brunetti has left, who is a disgrace to his master, to himself and to the whole orchestra—or so say Ceccarelli

[1] K. 374. A recitative and aria, "A questo seno deh vieni".

and I. There is not a word of truth in all the Vienna news which you have heard, except that Ceccarelli is to sing in the opera at Venice during the next carnival. Great Heavens! A thousand devils! I hope that this is not swearing, for if so, I must at once go and confess again. For I have just returned from confession, as to-morrow (Maundy Thursday) the Archbishop in his sublime person is to feed[1] the whole court personnel. Ceccarelli and I went off to-day after lunch to the Theatines[2] to find Father Froschauer, who can speak Italian. A pater or frater, who happened to be standing on the altar and trimming the lights, assured us, however, that the Father and another one who knows Italian had not lunched at home and would not return until four o'clock. So this time I went on alone and was shown upstairs into a room where there was a priest; while Ceccarelli waited for me below in the courtyard. What did please me was that when I told the reverend chandelier-cleaner that eight years ago[3] I had played a violin concerto in that very choir, he immediately mentioned my name. But now to return to my swearing, I must tell you that it is only a pendant to my last letter, to which I hope to receive a reply by the next post. In short, next Sunday week, April 22nd, Ceccarelli and I are to go home. When I think that I must leave Vienna without bringing home *at least* a thousand gulden, my heart is sore indeed. So, for the sake of a ⟨malevolent Prince⟩ who ⟨plagues me⟩ every day and only pays me a ⟨lousy salary of four hundred gulden,⟩ I am to ⟨kick away a thousand?⟩ For I should ⟨certainly⟩ make that sum if I ⟨were to give a concert.⟩ When we had our first grand concert in this house, ⟨the Archbishop sent each of

[1] Intentionally irreverent for "administer the sacrament".
[2] The order of the Theatines or Cajetans was dissolved in Vienna in 1784.
[3] During the Mozarts' visit to Vienna in the summer of 1773.

us four ducats.〉 At the last concert for which I composed 〈a new rondo for Brunetti,〉[1] a 〈new sonata〉 for myself,[2] and 〈also a new rondo for Ceccarelli,〉[3] I received 〈nothing〉. But what made me almost 〈desperate〉 was that the very same 〈evening〉 we had this 〈foul〉 concert I was invited to Countess Thun's, but of course could not go; and who should be there but 〈*the Emperor!*〉 Adamberger [4] and Madame Weigl [5] were there and received fifty ducats each! Besides, what an opportunity! I cannot, of course, arrange for 〈the Emperor to be told that if he wishes to hear me he must hurry up,〉 as 〈I am leaving〉 Vienna in a few days. One has to 〈wait for〉 things like that. Besides, I 〈neither can nor will remain here unless I give a concert.〉 Still, even if I have only two 〈pupils,〉 I am better off here than in Salzburg. But if I had 1000 or 1200 gulden 〈in my pocket, I should be a little more solicited〉 and therefore 〈exact better terms.〉 That is what he 〈will not allow, the inhuman villain.〉 I must 〈call him that, for he is a villain and all the nobility call him so.〉 But enough of this. Oh, how I hope to hear by the next post whether I am to go on 〈burying my youth and my talents in Salzburg, or whether I may make my fortune as best I can, and not wait until it is too late.〉 It is true 〈that I cannot make my fortune〉 in a fortnight or three weeks, any more than I 〈can make it in a thousand years in Salzburg.〉 Still, it is more pleasant to wait 〈with a thousand gulden a year〉 than with 〈four hundred.〉[6] For

[1] K. 373. [2] K. 379. [3] K. 374.

[4] Johann Valentin Adamberger (1743–1804), a famous tenor and a successful teacher. He was born in Munich, studied under Valesi in Italy, where he assumed the name of Adamonti, and made his first appearance at the German National Theatre in Vienna in 1780.

[5] Madame Weigl, the prima donna of the German National Theatre, was the wife of Joseph Weigl (1740–1820), 'cellist in Prince Esterhazy's orchestra at Eisenstadt and later in the court orchestra in Vienna. Her son, Joseph Weigl (1766–1846), became a famous operatic composer.

[6] Mozart's yearly salary as court organist in Salzburg was 450 gulden.

if I wish to do so, I am quite certain of making that sum —⟨I have only to say that I am staying on here⟩—and I am not ⟨including in my calculations what I may compose.⟩ Besides, think of the contrast—⟨Vienna and Salzburg!⟩ When ⟨Bonno dies, Salieri will be Kapellmeister,⟩[1] and then ⟨Starzer⟩ will take the place of ⟨Salieri⟩ in conducting the practices; and so far ⟨no one⟩ has been mentioned to take the place of ⟨Starzer.⟩ Basta;—I leave it entirely to you, my most beloved father!—You ask whether I have been to see Bonno? Why, it was at his house that we went through my symphony[2] for the second time. I forgot to tell you the other day that at the concert the symphony[3] went magnifique and had the greatest success. There were forty violins, the wind-instruments were all doubled, there were ten violas, ten double basses, eight violoncellos and six bassoons.

The whole Bonno household send their greetings to you. They are truly delighted to see me again. He is just the same worthy and honourable man. Fräulein Nanette is married and I have lunched with her twice. She lives near me. A thousand compliments from the Fischers, on whom I called on my way home from the Theatines. Farewell; and remember that your son's sole object is *to establish himself permanently*—for—⟨he can get four hundred gulden anywhere.⟩ Adieu. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MZT.

P.S.—Be so kind as to tell M. D'Yppold that I shall answer his letter by the next post and that I received the letter of his good friend.—Adieu.

[1] This did happen. Salieri succeeded Bonno on the latter's death in 1788.
[2] Possibly K. 338 in C major, composed in 1780. See Köchel, p. 427.
[3] No doubt the same symphony, K. 338.

My compliments to all who are not too dreadfully ⟨Salzburgish.⟩ Court Councillor Gilowsky too has played a Salzburg trick on Katherl.

(399) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNA, *April 18th*, 1781

I can't write much to-day either, as it is almost six o'clock and I must give this letter to Zetti directly. I have just come from Herr, Frau and Fräulein von Aurnhammer, with whom I have been lunching and where we all drank your health. In regard to your long letter (you know the one I mean) I can only say that you are both right and wrong; but the points where you are right far outweigh the points where you are wrong. Therefore I shall certainly return and with the greatest pleasure, too, as I am fully convinced that you will never prevent me from making my fortune. Up to this moment I have not heard a word about the date of my departure. I shall certainly not leave on Sunday, for from the very first I declared that I would not travel by the mail coach. For my part I shall travel by the ordinaire. If Ceccarelli wants to bear me company, it will be all the pleasanter for me, for then we can take an extra post-chaise. The whole difference ⟨so small as to be laughable⟩ consists in a few gulden; for I should travel day and night, and thus spend very little on the road. I have noticed that it is almost dearer by the diligence, or at all events about the same, as one has to pay all the expenses of the conductor. There is no hope of doing anything in Linz, for Ceccarelli told me that he only scraped together forty gulden and had to give more than thirty to the orchestra. Moreover it would not be ⟨*creditable*⟩ to perform ⟨in such a small town,⟩ nor

would it be worth the trouble for such a ⟨*bagatelle*⟩—much better for me to go straight home, unless ⟨the nobility⟩ were to get up something to make it worth while. Still, you can get me some ⟨addresses⟩ there. Well, I must close, or else I shall miss the parcel. ⟨As for Schachtner's operetta,[1]⟩ there is nothing to be done—for the same reason which I have often mentioned. Stephanie junior[2] is going to give me a new libretto, a good one, as he says; and, if in the meantime I have left Vienna, he is to send it to me. I could not contradict ⟨Stephanie.⟩ I merely said that save for the long dialogues, which could easily be altered, the piece[3] was very good, but not suitable for Vienna, where people prefer comic pieces. Farewell. I am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MZT.

I embrace my sister with all my heart and send my greetings to all my good friends.

(400) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 28 d'avril*, 1781

You are looking forward to my return with great joy, my dearest father! That is the only thing that can make me decide to leave Vienna. I am writing all this in our plain language,[4] *because the whole world knows and should know that the Archbishop of Salzburg has only*

[1] "Zaide."

[2] Gottlieb Stephanie (1741–1800) first served in the army and then went on the stage, and finally became Director of the German Opera in Vienna. He arranged the text of Mozart's opera "Die Entführung aus dem Serail", 1782, and wrote the libretto for his one-act opera "Der Schauspieldirektor", 1786. His elder brother was Christian Gottlob Stephanie, an actor in Vienna.

[3] "Zaide." [4] Mozart means that he is not using cypher.

you to thank, my most beloved father, that he did not lose me yesterday for ever (I mean, as far as he himself is concerned). We had a grand concert here yesterday, probably the last of them. It was a great success, and in spite of all the obstacles put in my way by His Archiepiscopal Grace, I still had a better orchestra than Brunetti. Ceccarelli will tell you about it. I had a great deal of worry over arranging this. Oh, it is far easier to talk than to write about it. If, however, anything similar should happen again, which I hope may not be the case, I can assure you that I shall lose all patience; and certainly you will forgive me for doing so. And I beg you, dearest father, to allow me to return to Vienna during Lent towards the end of the next carnival. This depends on you alone and not on the Archbishop. For if he does not grant me permission, I shall go all the same; and this visit will certainly not do me any harm! Oh, if he could only read this, I should be delighted. But what I ask, you must promise me in your next letter, for it is only on this condition that I shall return to Salzburg; *but it must be a definite promise*, so that I may give my word to the ladies here. Stephanie is going to give me a German opera to compose. So I await your reply. Up to the present Gilowsky has not brought me any fichu. If he does, I shall not fail to lay it nice and flat among the linen in the trunk, so that it may not be crushed or spoilt. And I shall not forget the ribbons.

I cannot yet say when I shall leave or how. It is really very tiresome that no information can ever be got out of these people. All of a sudden we shall be told, "Allons, off with you!" One moment we are told that a carriage is being got ready in which the contrôleur, Ceccarelli and I are to travel home; the next moment we are told that we are to return by the diligence; and again we are told that each will be given the diligence fare and may travel as he likes—an arrangement which indeed I

should much prefer. One moment we are told that we are to leave in a week; the next moment it is in a fortnight or three weeks; and then again, even sooner. Good God! We don't know what to believe; we simply can't make any plans. But by the next post I hope to be able to let you know—*à peu près*. Well, I must close, for I must be off to the Countess Schönborn. After the concert yesterday the ladies kept me at the piano for a whole hour. I believe that if I had not stolen away I should be sitting there still. I thought I had really played enough *for nothing*. Adieu. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

P.S.—My greetings to all my good friends. I embrace young Marchand[1] most cordially. Please ask my sister, when she happens to be writing to Mlle Hepp, to be so good as to give her a thousand compliments from me and to tell her that the reason why I have not written to her for so long is that I should have had to tell her not to reply until I wrote to her again. Thus, as I could not say anything else in my second letter, I should never have received a letter from her in Vienna—(my future plans being so uncertain)—and that would have been intolerable to me. Whereas, as things are, I have no right to expect one. I shall write to her before I leave. Adieu.

[1] Heinrich Marchand (1770– ?), son of Theobald Marchand (1741–1800), theatrical manager in Munich. In 1781 Leopold Mozart took him and his sister Margarete, aged fourteen, into his house and gave them their musical education. Margarete, who in 1790 married Franz Danzi (1763–1826), the 'cellist and composer, became an excellent operatic singer at Munich. Heinrich became a fine violinist and clavierist and later obtained an appointment at Regensburg.

(401) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 9 *de maj*, 1781

I am still seething with rage! And you, my dearest and most beloved father, are doubtless in the same condition. My patience has been so long tried that at last it has given out. I am no longer so unfortunate as to be in Salzburg service. To-day is a happy day for me. Just listen.

Twice already that—I don't know what to call him—has said to my face the greatest *sottises* and *impertinences*, which I have not repeated to you, as I wished to spare your feelings, and for which I only refrained from taking my revenge on the spot because you, my most beloved father, were ever before my eyes. He called me a ⟨rascal⟩ and a ⟨dissolute fellow⟩ and told me to be off. And I—endured it all, although I felt that not only my honour but yours also was being attacked. But, as you would have it so, I was silent. Now listen to this. A week ago the footman came up unexpectedly and told me to clear out that very instant. All the others had been informed of the day of their departure, but not I. Well, I shoved everything into my trunk in haste, and old Madame Weber[1] has been good enough to take me into her house, where I have a pretty room. Moreover, I am

[1] The widow of Fridolin Weber. Her second daughter Aloysia had obtained in September 1779 an appointment at the German Opera in Vienna, and the whole family had migrated from Munich to the Imperial capital. Fridolin Weber died during the following month, and Aloysia in 1780 married the actor Josef Lange. Frau Weber, who had moved with her family to a house Am Peter, called the "Auge Gottes", where they occupied the second floor, decided to let some vacant rooms to lodgers. Mozart went to live there on May 2nd, 1781. For a detailed account of Frau Weber's life and Mozart's relations with her, see Blümml, pp. 10-20. See also a short article in *MM*, November 1918, pp. 9-12, and an excellent character-study by Arthur Schurig, *Konstanze Mozart*, 1922, p. xxi ff.

living with people who are obliging and who supply me with all the things which one often requires in a hurry and which one cannot have when one is living alone. I decided to travel home by the ordinaire on Wednesday, that is, to-day, May 9th. But as I could not collect the money still due to me within that time, I postponed my departure until Saturday. When I presented myself to-day, the valets informed me that the Archbishop wanted to give me a parcel to take charge of. I asked whether it was urgent. They told me, "Yes, it is of the greatest importance". "Well," said I, "I am sorry that I cannot have the privilege of serving His Grace, for (on account of the reason mentioned above) I cannot leave before Saturday. I have left this house, and must live at my own expense. So it is evident that I cannot leave Vienna until I am in a position to do so. For surely no one will ask me to ruin myself." Kleinmayr, Moll, Bönike and the two valets, all said that I was perfectly right. When I went in to the Archbishop—that reminds me, I must tell you first of all that ⟨Schlauka[1]⟩ advised me to ⟨make the excuse⟩ that the ⟨ordinaire was already full,⟩ a reason which would carry more weight with him than if I gave him the true one,—well, when I entered the room, his first words were:—*Archbishop*: "Well, young fellow, when are you going off?" *I*: "I intended to go to-night, but all the seats were already engaged." Then he rushed full steam ahead, without pausing for breath—I was the ⟨most dissolute fellow he knew—no one⟩ served him so badly as I did—I had better leave to-day or else he would write home and have my ⟨salary⟩ stopped. I couldn't get a word in edgeways, for he blazed away like a fire. I listened to it all very calmly. He lied to my face that my salary was five hundred gulden,[2]

[1] One of the Archbishop's valets.

[2] According to Mozart's certificate of appointment as court organist his salary was 450 gulden. See Abert, vol. ii. p. 906.

called me ⟨a scoundrel, a rascal, a vagabond.⟩ Oh, I really cannot tell you all he said. At last my blood began to boil, I could no longer contain myself and I said, "So Your Grace is not satisfied with me?" "What, you dare to threaten me—you ⟨scoundrel?⟩ There is the ⟨door!⟩ Look out, for I will have nothing more to do with such ⟨a miserable wretch.⟩" At last I said: "Nor I with you!" "Well, be off!"[1] When leaving the room, I said "This is final. You shall have it to-morrow in writing." Tell me now, most beloved father, did I not say the word too late rather than too soon? Just listen for a moment. My honour is more precious to me than anything else and I know that it is so to you also. Do not be the least bit anxious about me. I am so sure of my success in Vienna that I would have resigned even without the slightest reason; and now that I have a very good reason—and that too thrice over—I cannot make a virtue of it. Au contraire, I had twice played the coward and I could not do so a third time.

As long as ⟨the Archbishop⟩ remains here, I shall not ⟨give a concert.⟩ You are altogether mistaken if you think that I shall ⟨get a bad name with the Emperor and the nobility,⟩ for ⟨the Archbishop⟩ is detested here and ⟨most of all by the Emperor.⟩ In fact, he is furious because the Emperor did not invite him to Laxenburg. By the next post I shall send you a little ⟨money⟩ to show you that I am not starving. Now please be cheerful, for my good luck is just beginning, and I trust that my good luck will be yours also. Write to me ⟨in cypher⟩ that you are pleased—and indeed you may well be so—⟨but in public rail at me as much as you like, so that none of the blame may fall on you. But if, in spite of this, the Archbishop should be the slightest bit impertinent to you,⟩ come at

[1] Throughout this conversation, as reported by Mozart, the Archbishop used the contemptuous form of address "Er".

once with my ⟨sister to Vienna, for I give you my word of honour that there is enough for all three of us to live on.⟩ Still, I should prefer it if you could ⟨hold out⟩ for another year. Do not send any more letters to the Deutsches Haus,[1] nor enclose them in their parcels—I want to hear nothing more about Salzburg. I hate the Archbishop to madness.

Adieu. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and am ever your obedient son

W. A. MOZART

Just address your letters:

To be delivered Auf dem Peter, im Auge Gottes, 2nd Floor.[2]

⟨Please inform me soon of your approval, for that is the only thing which is still wanting to my present happiness.⟩ Adieu.

(402) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 12 *de may*, 1781

You will know from my last letter that I have asked the Prince for my discharge, because he himself has told me to go.[3] For already in the two previous audiences he said to me: "*Clear out of this, if you will not serve me properly*". He will deny it, of course, but all the same it is as true as that God is in His Heaven. Is it any wonder then if, after being roused to fury by "knave, scoundrel,

[1] Mozart's quarters while he was in the Archbishop's service.

[2] Frau Weber's apartments, where she let vacant rooms to lodgers. The house "Zum Auge Gottes" still exists. It is Am Peter no. 11. See Abert, vol. ii. p. 1035.

[3] For a good study of the reign of Archbishop Hieronymus Colloredo, who, despite the autocratic and somewhat ruthless methods he adopted to carry out his reforms, appears to have had certain redeeming qualities, see Hans Widmann, *Geschichte Salzburgs* (Gotha, 1914), vol. iii. pp. 460-556. For an account of the Mozarts' relations with the Archbishop, see Abert, vol. i. p. 357 f.

rascal, dissolute fellow", and other similar dignified expressions uttered by a Prince, I at last took "*Clear out of this*" in its literal sense? On the following day I gave Count Arco a petition to present to His Grace, and I returned my travelling expenses, which consisted of fifteen gulden, forty kreutzer for the diligence, and two ducats for my keep. He refused to take either and assured me that I could not resign without your consent, my father. "That is your duty," said he. I retorted that I knew my duty to my father as well as he did and possibly better, and that I should be very sorry if I had to learn it first from him. "Very well," he replied, "if he is satisfied, you can ask for your discharge; if not, you can ask for it all the same." A pretty distinction! All the edifying things which the Archbishop said to me during my three audiences, particularly during the last one, all the subsequent remarks which this fine servant of God made to me, had such an excellent effect on my health that in the evening I was obliged to leave the opera in the middle of the first act and go home and lie down. For I was very feverish, I was trembling in every limb, and I was staggering along the street like a drunkard. I also stayed at home the following day, yesterday, and spent the morning in bed, as I had taken tamarind water.

The Count has also been so kind as to write very flattering things about me to his father,[1] all of which you will probably have had to swallow by now. They will certainly contain some astounding passages. But whoever writes a comedy and wants to win applause, must exaggerate a little and not stick too closely to the truth. Besides, you must remember how very anxious these gentlemen are to serve the Archbishop.

Well, without losing my temper (for my health and my life are very precious to me and I am only sorry when

[1] Count Georg Anton Felix Arco, Chief Chamberlain to the Archbishop.

circumstances force me to get angry) I just want to set down the chief accusation which was brought against me in respect of my service. I did not know that I was a valet —and that was the last straw. I ought to have idled away a couple of hours every morning in the antechamber. True, I was often told that I ought to present myself, but I could never remember that this was part of my duty, and I only turned up punctually whenever the Archbishop sent for me.

I will now confide to you very briefly my inflexible determination, but so that the whole world may hear it. If I were offered a salary of 2000 gulden by the Archbishop of Salzburg and only 1000 gulden somewhere else, I should still take the second offer. For instead of the extra 1000 gulden I should enjoy good health and peace of mind. I trust, therefore, by all the fatherly love which you have lavished on me so richly from my childhood and for which I can never thank you enough (though indeed I can show it least of all in Salzburg), that, if you wish to see your son well and happy, you will say nothing to me about this affair and that you will bury it in the deepest oblivion. For one word about it would suffice to embitter me again and—if you will only admit it—to fill you too with bitterness.

Now farewell, and be glad that your son is no coward. I kiss your hands a thousand times, embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

(403) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 12 de may*, 1781

In the letter you received by post I spoke to you as (if we were in the presence of the Archbishop, but now

I am going to talk to you, my dearest father, as if we were quite alone.〉 I shall say nothing whatever about all the injustice with which the Archbishop has treated me from the very beginning of his reign [1] until now, of the incessant abuse, of all the *impertinences* and *sottises* which he has uttered to my face, of my undeniable right to leave him—for that cannot be disputed. I shall only speak of what would have induced me to leave him even without any cause of offence. I have here the finest and most useful acquaintances in the world. I am liked and respected by the greatest families. All possible honour is shown me and I am paid into the bargain. So why should I pine away in Salzburg for the sake of 400 gulden,[2] linger on without remuneration or encouragement and be of no use to you in any way, when I can certainly help you here? What would be the end of it? Always the same. I should have to endure one insult after another or go away again. I need say no more, for you know it yourself. But this I must tell you, 〈that everyone in Vienna has already heard my story. All the nobility are urging me not to let myself be made a fool of.〉 Dearest father, people 〈will come to you with fair words, but they are serpents and vipers.〉 All base people are thus—disgustingly proud and haughty, 〈yet always ready to crawl.〉 How horrible! The two 〈private valets have seen through the whole swinishness〉, and Schlauka in particular said to someone: "As for me, 〈I really cannot think that Mozart is wrong—in fact, I think he is quite right. I should like to have seen the Archbishop treat me in the same way. Why, he spoke to him as if he were some beggarly fellow.〉 I heard him—〈infamous it was!" The Archbishop acknowledges that he has been unjust,〉 but has he not had frequent occasion to 〈acknowledge it?〉 Has he 〈reformed?〉 Not a bit. So let us have done with him. If I had 〈not been afraid of injuring

[1] April 1772. [2] See p. 1082, n. 2.

you,⟩ things would have been ⟨on à very different footing⟩ long ago. But after all what can he ⟨do to you?—Nothing. Once you know that all is going well with me, you can easily dispense with the Archbishop's favour. He cannot deprive you of your salary, and besides you always do your duty.⟩ I pledge myself ⟨to succeed.⟩ Otherwise I ⟨should never have taken this step,⟩ although I must confess that after that insult, I should have gone off even if I had had to beg. For who will let himself be bullied, especially when he can do far better? So, if you ⟨are afraid, pretend to be angry with me, scold me roundly in your letters, provided that we two know how things really are between us. But do not let yourself be won over by flatteries—and be on your guard.⟩ Adieu. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart. By the next occasion I shall send you the portrait,[1] the ribbons, the fichu and everything else. Adieu. I am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

My compliments to all Salzburg, and especially to Katherl and Marchand.

(404) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 16 *de may*, 1781

I could hardly have supposed otherwise than that in the heat of the moment you would have written just such a letter as I have been obliged to read, for the event must have taken you by surprise (especially as you were actually expecting my arrival). But by this time you must

[1] If this is a portrait of Mozart, it has completely disappeared. Possibly it was a portrait of his father, painted by Madame Rosa. See Letter 413.



STEPHANIE DER JÜNGERE

From an engraving by J. E. Mansfeld after a portrait by Josef Lange
(Nationalbibliothek, Vienna)

have considered the matter more carefully and, as a man of honour, you must feel the insult more strongly, and must know and realise that ⟨what you have thought likely to happen, has happened already. It is always more difficult to get away in Salzburg, for there he is lord and master, but here he is—a nobody, an underling, just as I am in his eyes.⟩ Besides, pray believe me when I say that I know you and know ⟨the strength of my affection⟩ for you. Even if ⟨the Archbishop had given me another two hundred gulden,⟩—and I—I had agreed—we should have had the ⟨same old story⟩ over again. Believe me, most beloved father, I need all my manliness to write to you what common sense dictates. God knows how hard it is for me to leave you; but, even if I had to beg, I could never serve such a master again; for, as long as I live, I shall never forget what has happened. I implore you, I adjure you, by all you hold dear in this world, to strengthen me in this resolution instead of trying to dissuade me from it, for if you do you will only make me unproductive. ⟨My desire and my hope is to gain honour, fame and money,⟩ and I have every confidence that I shall be ⟨more useful to you in Vienna than if I were to return to Salzburg. The road to Prague⟩[1] is now less closed to me than ⟨if I were in Salzburg.⟩ What you ⟨say about the Webers,⟩ I do assure you is not true. I was a fool, I admit, about Aloysia Lange,[2] but what does not a man do ⟨when he is in love?⟩ Indeed I loved her truly, and even now I feel that she is not a matter of indifference to me. It is, therefore, a good thing for me that her husband is a jealous fool and lets her go nowhere, so that I seldom have an opportunity of

[1] Through his friendship with the Duscheks Mozart had already established a connection with Prague, which was renowned for its musical activities.

[2] Aloysia Weber had married in October 1780 Josef Lange (1751–1831), an excellent actor and a talented portrait-painter. For an interesting account of Lange's connection with the Webers see Blümml, p. 21 f.

seeing her. Believe me when I say that ⟨old Madame Weber is a very obliging woman⟩ and that I cannot do enough for her in return for her kindness, as unfortunately I have no time to do so. Well, I am longing for a letter from you, my dearest and most beloved father. Cheer up your son, for it is only the thought of displeasing you that can make him unhappy in his very promising circumstances. Adieu. A thousand farewells. I am ever, and I kiss your hands a thousand times as, your most obedient son

W. A. MZT.

P.S.—If you should imagine that I am staying here merely out of hatred for Salzburg and an *unreasonable* love for Vienna, then make enquiries. Herr von ⟨Strack,[1]⟩ a very good friend of mine, will, as a man of honour, certainly tell you the truth.

(405) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 19 *de may*, 1781

I too do not know how to begin this letter,[2] my dearest father, for I have not yet recovered from my astonishment and shall never be able to do so, if you continue to think and to write as you do. I must confess that there is not a single touch in your letter by which I recognise my father! I see a father, indeed, but not that most beloved and most loving father, who cares for his own honour and for that of his children—in short, not *my* father. But it must have been a dream. You are awake now and need no reply from me to your points in order to

[1] Joseph von Strack, an influential chamberlain of the Emperor Joseph II.

[2] Mozart is obviously quoting the opening sentence of his father's last letter.

be fully convinced that—*now more than ever*—I can never abandon my resolve. Yet, because in certain passages my honour and my character are most cruelly assailed, I must reply to these points. You say that you can never approve of my having tendered my resignation while I was in Vienna.[1] I should have thought that if I wished to do so (although at the time I did not, or I should have done so on the first occasion) the most sensible thing was to do it in a place where I had a good standing and the finest prospects in the world. It is possible that you will not approve this in the presence of the Archbishop, but to me you cannot but applaud my action. You say that the only way to save my honour is to abandon my resolve. How can you perpetrate such a contradiction! When you wrote this you surely did not bear in mind that such a recantation would prove me to be the basest fellow in the world. All Vienna knows that I have left the Archbishop, and all Vienna knows the reason! Everyone knows that it was because my honour was insulted—and, what is more, insulted three times. And am I publicly to prove the contrary? Am I to make myself out to be a cowardly sneak and the Archbishop a worthy prince? No one would like to do the former, and I least of all; and the latter God alone can accomplish, if it be His will to enlighten him. You say that I have never shown you any affection and therefore ought now to show it for the first time. Can you really say this? You add that I will never sacrifice any of my pleasures for your sake. But what pleasures have I here? The pleasure of taking trouble and pains to fill my purse? You seem to think that

[1] From now on Mozart, feeling that he has completely shaken off the Archbishop's fetters, ceases to use cypher, except on very rare occasions. That the Archbishop still continued to read his letters is evident from occasional references in Leopold Mozart's letters to Nannerl after her marriage in 1784. See Deutsch-Paumgartner: *Leopold Mozarts Briefe an seine Tochter*, 1936, p. 241 f.

I am revelling in pleasures and amusements. Oh, how you deceive yourself indeed! That is, as to the present—for at present I have only just as much money as I need. But the subscription for my six sonatas[1] has been started and then I shall have some money. It is all right, too, about the opera,[2] and in Advent I am to give a concert; then things will continue to improve, for in the winter season a fine sum can be made here. If you call it *pleasure* to be rid of a prince, who does not pay a fellow and bullies him to death, then it is true that my pleasure is great. If I were to do nothing but think and work from early morning till late at night, I would gladly do so, rather than depend upon the favour of such a—I dare not call him by his right name. I have been forced to take this step, so I cannot deviate from my course by a hair's breadth—it is quite impossible! All that I can say to you is this, that on your account—but solely on your account, my father—I am very sorry that I was driven to take this step, and that I wish that the Archbishop had acted more judiciously, if only in order that I might have been able to devote my whole life to you. To please you, my most beloved father, I would sacrifice my happiness, my health and my life. But my honour—*that* I prize, and you too must prize it, above everything. You may show this to Count Arco and to all Salzburg too. After that insult, that threefold insult, were the Archbishop to offer me 1200 gulden in person, I would not accept them. I am no skunk, no rascal; and, had it not been for you, I should not have waited for him to say to me for the third time, "*Clear out of this*", without taking him at his word! What am I saying? Waited! Why,

[1] K. 296, written in 1778 at Mannheim for Mozart's pupil Therese Pierron Serrarius, and K. 376-380, four of which were written in 1781. These are violin and clavier sonatas, which Mozart subsequently dedicated to his pupil Josephine Aurnhammer. They were published in November 1781 by Artaria and Co.

[2] See p. 1078.

I should have said it, and not *he*! I am only surprised that the Archbishop should have behaved with so little discretion, particularly in a place like Vienna! Well, he will see that he has made a mistake. Prince Breuner and Count Arco need the Archbishop, but I do not; and if the worst comes to the worst and he forgets all the duties of a prince—of a *spiritual prince*—then come and join me in Vienna. You can get four hundred gulden anywhere. Just imagine how he would disgrace himself in the eyes of the Emperor, who already hates him, if he were to do that! My sister too would get on much better in Vienna than in Salzburg. There are many distinguished families here who hesitate to engage a male teacher, but would give handsome terms to a woman. Well, all these things may happen some day. By the next occasion, it may be when Herr von Kleinmayr, Bönike or Zetti go to Salzburg, I shall send you a sum with which to pay the debt to which you refer. The contrôleur, who left to-day, will bring the lawn for my sister. Dearest, most beloved father, ask of me what you will, only not that—anything but that—the mere thought of it makes me tremble with rage. Adieu. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

(406) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

VIENNA, *May 26th.* VIENNE, *ce 6 de may*, 1781[1]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

You are quite right, and I am quite right too, my dearest father! I know and am aware of all my faults; but

[1] The double dating of the autograph is explained by the fact that Mozart used a sheet of paper on which he had begun a letter to his father on May 6th.

—is it impossible for a man to reform? May he not have reformed already? The more I consider the whole question, the more I realise that the best way for me to serve myself and you, my most beloved father, as well as my dear sister, is to stay in Vienna. It seems as if good fortune is about to welcome me here, and now I feel that I *must* stay. Indeed, I felt that when I left Munich. Without knowing why, I looked forward most eagerly to Vienna. You must be patient for a little while longer and then I shall be able to prove to you how useful Vienna is going to be to us all. Believe me when I say that I have changed completely. Apart from my health I now think that there is nothing so indispensable as money. I am certainly no skinflint and it would be very difficult for me to become one. Yet people here think that I am more disposed to be mean than to spend freely—and surely that is enough to begin with. As for pupils, I can have as many as I want, but I do not choose to take many. I intend to be paid better than others, and so I prefer to have fewer pupils. It is advisable to get on your high horse a little at first, otherwise you are done for and must follow the common highway with the rest. The subscription[1] is going on well; and as for the opera I don't know why I should hesitate. Count Rosenberg,[2] on the two occasions when I called on him, received me most politely; and he heard my opera[3] at Countess Thun's, when Van Swieten[4]

[1] For his violin and clavier sonatas. See p. 1092, n. 1.

[2] Cp. p. 1063, n. 3.

[3] "Idomeneo".

[4] Baron Gottfried van Swieten (1734–1803), son of the Empress Maria Theresa's famous private physician Gerhard van Swieten, was born in Leyden and taken to Vienna in 1745. In 1768 he accompanied the Duke of Braganza on his many travels, then entered the Austrian diplomatic service and was Imperial Ambassador at Brussels, Paris, Warsaw, and from 1771 to 1778 in Berlin, where he had ample opportunity of indulging his great love of music. In 1778 he returned to Vienna and was made Director of the Court Library, and in 1781 President of the Court Commission on Education. His house was the meeting-place of writers, artists and musicians, and it was

and Herr von Sonnenfels[1] were also present. And as ⟨Stephanie⟩ is a good friend of mine, everything is progressing satisfactorily. Believe me when I say that I do not like to be idle but to work. I confess that in Salzburg work was a burden to me and that I could hardly ever settle down to it. But why? Because I was never happy. You yourself must admit that in Salzburg—for me at least—there is not a farthing's worth of entertainment. *I refuse to associate with a good many people there*—and most of the others do not think me good enough. Besides, there is no stimulus for my talent! When I play or when any of my compositions are performed, it is just as if the audience were all tables and chairs. If only there were even a tolerably good theatre in Salzburg! For in Vienna my sole amusement is the theatre. It is true that in Munich, without wishing to do so, I put myself in a false light as far as you were concerned, for I amused myself too much. But I swear to you on my honour that until the first performance of my opera[2] I had never been to a theatre, or gone anywhere but to the Cannabichs'. It is true that during the last few days I had to compose the greater and most difficult part of my opera; yet this was not from laziness or negligence—but because I had spent a fortnight without writing a note, simply because I found it *impossible to do so*. Of course I composed a lot, but wrote down nothing. I admit that I lost a great deal of time in this way, but I do not regret it. That I was afterwards too gay was only due to youthful folly. I thought to myself, where are you going to? To Salzburg!

there that Mozart deepened his knowledge particularly of Handel and Johann Sebastian Bach. See Abert, vol. ii. p. 86, and an article by R. Bernhardt in *Der Bär*, 1929–1930, pp. 74-166.

[1] Josef von Sonnenfels (1733–1817), Professor at the University of Vienna, was a well-known dramatist and writer and a leader of the "Aufklärung" in Austria. He is commonly known as the "Austrian Lessing".

[2] "Idomeneo", the first performance of which was on January 29th, 1781.

Well, you must have a good time. It is quite certain that when I am in Salzburg I long for a hundred amusements, but here not for a single one. For just to be in Vienna is in itself entertainment enough. Do have confidence in me; I am no longer a fool, and still less can you believe that I am either a godless or an ungrateful son. So rely absolutely on my brains and my good heart, and you will never regret it. Why, where could I have learnt the value of money, when up to the present I have had so little to handle? All I know is that once when I had twenty ducats, I considered myself wealthy. Necessity alone teaches one to value money.

Farewell, dearest, most beloved father! My duty now is to make good and to replace by my care and industry what you think you have lost by this affair. This I shall certainly do and with a thousand thrills of delight. Adieu. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart, and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

P.S.—So soon as one of the Archbishop's people goes to Salzburg, I shall send the portrait. Ho fatto fare la soprascritta da un altro espressamente, perchè non si può sapere[1]—for who would trust a knave?

My greetings to all my acquaintances.

(407) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

VIENNA, *between May 26th and June 2nd*, 1781

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

The day before yesterday Count Arco sent me a message to call on him at noon, saying that he would

[1] I have got somebody else to write the address on purpose, for you never can tell.

expect me at that hour. He has often sent me this kind of message, and so has Schlauka. But as I detest discussions, in which every word to which I have to listen is a lie, I have always avoided going. And this time too I should have done the same, if he had not added that he had had a letter from you. I therefore went. It would be impossible to repeat the whole conversation, which was conducted in a very calm tone and, at my urgent request, without irritation on either side. In short, he put everything before me in so friendly a manner that really I could have sworn that what he said came altogether from his heart. I think, however, that he would not be prepared to swear that the same was true of myself. In answer to his plausible speeches I told him the whole truth with all possible calmness and courtesy and in the most charming manner in the world; and he could not find a word to say against it. The result was that I tried to make him take my memorandum and my travelling expenses, both of which I had brought with me. But he assured me that it would be too distressing for him to interfere in this matter and that I had better give the document to one of the valets; and as for the money, he would not take it until the whole affair was settled. The Archbishop runs me down to everyone here and has not the sense to see that such a proceeding does him no credit; for I am more highly respected in Vienna than he is. He is only known as a presumptuous, conceited ecclesiastic, who despises everyone here, whereas I am considered a very amiable person. It is true that I become proud when I see that someone is trying to treat me with contempt and *en bagatelle*; and that is the way in which the Archbishop invariably treats me; whereas by kind words he could have made me do as he pleased. I told this too to the Count and added among other things that the Archbishop did not deserve the good opinion you had of him. And towards the end I

said: "Besides, what good would it do, if I were to go home now? In a few months' time and even if I did not receive any fresh insult, I should still ask for my discharge, for I cannot and will not serve any longer for such a salary." "And pray why not?" "Because", said I, "I could never live happily and contentedly in a place where I am so badly paid that I am constantly thinking, 'Ah, if only I were there! or there!' But if I were paid such a salary that I should not be tempted to think of other places, then I should be perfectly satisfied. And if the Archbishop chooses to pay me that salary, well, then, I am ready to set off to-day." But how delighted I am that the Archbishop does not take me at my word! For there is no doubt, as you will see, that my being here is both to your advantage and to my own. Now farewell, my dearest, most beloved father. All will go well yet. I am not writing in a dream, for my own welfare also depends on it. Adieu.

I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dearest sister most cordially and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG ADÈ MOZART

P.S.—My compliments to all my good friends.

(408) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 2 de juin*, 1781

You will have gathered from my last letter that I have spoken to Count Arco himself. Praise and thanks be to God that everything has passed off so well! Do not be anxious; you have nothing whatever ⟨to fear⟩ from ⟨the Archbishop,⟩ for Count Arco did not say a single word to suggest that I ought to take care or *the affair ⟨might*

injure you.) When he told me that you had written to him and had complained bitterly about me, I immediately interrupted him and said: "*And have I not heard from him too? He has written to me in such a strain that I have often thought I should go crazy. But, however much I reflect, I simply cannot, etc.*" Upon which he said: "Believe me, you allow yourself to be far too easily dazzled in Vienna. A man's reputation here lasts a very short time. At first, it is true, you are overwhelmed with praises and make a great deal of money into the bargain—but how long does that last? After a few months the Viennese want something new." "You are right, Count," I replied. "But do you suppose that I mean to settle in Vienna? Not at all. I know where I shall go. That this affair should have occurred in Vienna is the Archbishop's fault and not mine. If he knew how to treat people of talent, it would never have happened. I am the best-tempered fellow in the world, Count Arco, provided that people are the same with me." "Well," he said, "the Archbishop considers you a dreadfully conceited person." "I daresay he does," I rejoined, "and indeed I am so towards him. I treat people as they treat me. When I see that someone despises me and treats me with contempt, I can be as proud as a peacock." Among other things he asked me whether I did not think that he too often had to swallow very disagreeable words. I shrugged my shoulders and said: "You no doubt have your reasons for putting up with it, and I—have my reasons for refusing to do so". All the rest you will know from my last letter. Do not doubt, dearest and most beloved father, that everything will certainly turn out for my good and consequently for yours also. It is perfectly true that the Viennese are apt to change their affections, *but only in the theatre*; and my special line is too popular not to enable me to support myself. Vienna is certainly the land of the clavier! And, even granted that

they do get tired of me, they will not do so for a few years, certainly not before then. In the meantime I shall have gained both honour and money. There are many other places; and who can tell what opportunities may not occur before then? Through Herr von Zetti, to whom I have already spoken, I am sending you a small sum. You must be content with very little this time, for I cannot let you have more than thirty ducats. Had I foreseen this event, I should have taken the pupils who wanted to come to me. But at that time I thought I should be leaving in a week, and now they are in the country. The portrait will also follow.[1] If Zetti cannot take it, I shall send it by the mail coach. Now farewell, dearest, most beloved father. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

My greetings to all my good friends. I shall reply to Ceccarelli shortly.

(409) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 9 de juin*, 1781

Well, Count Arco has made a nice mess of things! So that is the way to persuade people and to attract them! To refuse petitions from innate stupidity, not to say a word to your master from lack of courage and love of toadyism, to keep a fellow dangling about for four weeks, and finally, when he is obliged to present the petition in person, instead of *at least* granting him admittance, to throw him out of the room and give him a kick on his behind—that is the Count, who, according to your last

[1] See p. 1088, n. 1.

letter, has my interest so much at heart—and that is the court where I ought to go on serving—the place where whoever wants to make a written application, instead of having its delivery facilitated, is treated in this fashion! The scene took place in the antechamber. So the only thing to do was to decamp and take to my heels—for, although Arco had already done so, I did not wish to show disrespect to the Prince's apartments. I have written three memoranda, which I have handed in five times; and each time they have been thrown back at me. I have carefully preserved them, and whoever wishes to read them may do so and convince himself that they do not contain the slightest personal remark. When at last I was handed back my memorandum in the evening through Herr von Kleinmayr (for that is his office), I was beside myself with rage, as the Archbishop's departure was fixed for the following day. I could not let him leave thus and, as I had heard from Arco (or so at least he had told me) that the Prince knew nothing about it, I realised how angry he would be with me for staying on so long and then at the very last moment appearing with a petition of this kind. I therefore wrote another memorandum, in which I explained to the Archbishop that it was now four weeks since I had drawn up a petition, but, finding myself for some unknown reason always put off, I was now obliged to present it to him in person, though at the very last moment. This memorandum procured me my dismissal from his service in the most pleasant way imaginable. For who knows whether the whole thing was not done at the command of the Archbishop himself? If Herr von Kleinmayr still wishes to maintain the character of an honest man, he can testify, as can also the Archbishop's servants, that his command was carried out. So now I need not send in any petition, for the affair is at an end. I do not want to write anything more on the subject, and

if the Archbishop were to offer me a salary of 1200 gulden, I would not accept it after such treatment. How easy it would have been to persuade me to remain! By kindness, but not by insolence and rudeness. I sent a message to Count Arco saying *that I had nothing more to say to him.* For he went for me so rudely when I first saw him and treated me as if I were a rogue, which he had no right to do. And—by Heaven! as I have already told you, I would not have gone to him the last time, if in his message he had not added that he had had a letter from you. Well, that will be the last time. What is it to him if I wish to get my discharge? And if he was really so well disposed towards me, he ought to have reasoned quietly with me—or have let things take their course, rather than throw such words about as "clown" and "knave" and hoof a fellow out of the room with a kick on his arse; but I am forgetting that this was probably done by order of our worthy Prince Archbishop.

I shall reply very briefly to your letter, for I am so sick of the whole affair that I never want to hear anything more about it. In view of the original *cause* of my leaving (which you know well), no father would dream of being angry with his son; on the contrary, he would be angry if his son *had not left.* Still less ought you to have been angry, ⟨*as you knew that even without any particular cause I definitely wanted to leave.* Really, you cannot be in earnest;⟩ and I am therefore led to suppose that ⟨you are driven to adopt this attitude on account of the court.⟩ But I beg you, most beloved father, ⟨not to cringe too much; for the Archbishop cannot do you any harm.⟩ Let him try! I almost wish he would; for that would be a deed, a fresh deed, ⟨which would ruin him completely with the Emperor, who, as it is, not only does not like him, but positively detests him.⟩ If after ⟨such treatment you were to come to Vienna and tell the story to the Emperor,⟩

you would at all events receive ⟨from him the salary you are drawing at present,⟩ for in such cases ⟨the Emperor⟩ behaves most admirably. Your comparison of me to Madame Lange[1] positively amazed me and made me feel distressed for the rest of the day. That girl lived on her parents as long as she could earn nothing for herself. But as soon as the time came when she could show them her gratitude (remember that her father died before she had earned anything in Vienna),[2] she deserted her poor mother, attached herself to an actor and married him—and her mother has never had *a farthing* from her. Good God! *He* knows that my sole aim is to help you and to help us all. Must I repeat it a hundred times that I can be of more use to you here than in Salzburg? I implore you, dearest, most beloved father, for the future to spare me such letters. I entreat you to do so, for they only irritate my mind and disturb my heart and spirit; and I, who must now keep on composing, need a cheerful mind and a calm disposition. The Emperor is not here, nor is Count Rosenberg. The latter has commissioned Schröder[3] (the eminent actor) to look around for a good libretto and to give it to me to compose.

Herr von Zetti has had to leave unexpectedly by command and has set off so very early that I can neither send the portrait, nor the ribbons for my sister, nor *the other thing you know of*[4] until to-morrow week by the mail coach.

Now farewell, dearest, most beloved father! I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister most cordially and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

[1] Aloysia Weber. See p. 1089, n. 2.

[2] Cp. p. 1081, n. 1.

[3] Friedrich Ludwig Schröder (1744–1816), the famous Viennese actor, who translated, adapted and produced Shakespeare's plays.

[4] The thirty ducats. See p. 1100.

(410) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 13 *de Juin*, 1781

Most beloved of all fathers! How gladly would I not continue to sacrifice my best years to you in a place where I am so badly paid—if my salary were the only drawback! But to be badly paid and to be scoffed at, despised and bullied into the bargain—is really too much. For the Archbishop's concert I composed a sonata for myself, a rondo for Brunetti and one for Ceccarelli.[1] At each concert I played twice and the last time when the concert was over I went on playing variations[2] (for which the Archbishop gave me the theme) for a whole hour and with such general applause that if the Archbishop had any vestige of humanity, he must have felt delighted. But, instead of showing me—or not showing me, for all I care—his pleasure and satisfaction, he treats me like a street urchin and tells me to my face to clear out, adding that he can get hundreds to serve him better than I—and why? Just because I could not set off from Vienna on *the very day* which he had chosen. I had to leave his house, live at my own expense and yet not be at liberty to delay my departure until my purse should permit me to travel. Besides, I was not needed in Salzburg and the whole difference was a matter of two days. The Archbishop on two occasions said the most insulting things to me and I never said a word in reply. Nay, what is more, I played at his concert with the same zeal and assiduity as if nothing had happened; and instead of acknowledging my readiness to

[1] K. 379, 373 and 374. See p. 1072 f.

[2] During the summer of 1781 Mozart wrote three sets of clavier variations, two with violin accompaniment, K. 359, 360 and 352. Possibly it was the theme of one of these that the Archbishop suggested.

serve him and my endeavour to please him, he behaves for the third time, and at the very moment when I am expecting something quite different, in the most disgraceful way imaginable; and, moreover, that I should not be in the wrong, but absolutely in the right, he acts as if he were resolved to get rid of me by force. Well, if he does not want me, that is exactly what I wish. Instead of taking my petition or procuring me an audience or advising me to send in the document later or persuading me to let the matter lie and to consider things more carefully,—enfin, whatever he wanted—Count Arco hurls me out of the room and gives me a kick on my behind. Well, that means in our language that Salzburg is no longer the place for me, except to give me a favourable opportunity of returning the Count's kick, even if it should have to be in the public street. I am not demanding any satisfaction from the Archbishop, for he cannot procure it for me in the way in which I intend to obtain it myself. But one of these days I shall write to the Count and tell him what he may confidently expect from me, as soon as my good fortune allows me to meet him, wherever it may be,—provided it is not in a place that I am bound to respect. Do not be anxious, most beloved father, about the welfare of my soul. I am as liable to err as any young man, but for my own consolation I could wish that all were as free from sin as I am. Probably you believe things of me of which I am not guilty. My chief fault is that—*judging by appearances*—I do not always act as I should. It is not true that I boasted of eating meat on all fast-days; but I did say that I did not scruple to do so or consider it a sin, for I take fasting to mean abstaining, that is, eating less than usual. I attend mass every Sunday and every holy day and, if I can manage it, on weekdays also, and that you know, my father. The only association which I had with the person of ill repute was at the ball, and I

talked to her long before I knew what she was, and solely because I wanted to be sure of having a partner for the contredanse. Afterwards I could not desert her all at once without giving her the reason; and who would say such a thing to a person's face? But in the end did I not on several occasions leave her in the lurch and dance with others? On this account too I was positively delighted when the carnival was over. Moreover, no one, unless he is a liar, can say that I ever saw her anywhere else, or went to her house. Do rest assured that I really hold to my religion; and should I ever have the misfortune (which God forbid!) to fall into evil courses, I shall absolve you, my most beloved father, from all responsibility. For in that case I alone should be the villain, as I have you to thank for all good things and for both my temporal and spiritual welfare and salvation. Well, I must close, or I shall miss the post. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister most cordially and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

P.S.—My greetings to young Marchand, to Katherl and to all my good friends.

(411) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 16 *de juin*, 1781

To-morrow the portrait and the ribbons for my sister will sail off to Salzburg. I do not know whether the ribbons will be to her taste; but I assure her that they are in the latest fashion. If she would like to have some more or perhaps some which are not painted, she has only to let me know, and if there is anything else which she thinks

can be got better in Vienna, she has only to write to me. I hope that she did not pay for the fichu, as it was paid for already. I forgot to mention this when writing, probably because I had so much to tell you about that accursed affair. I shall remit the money in the way you have directed.

Well, at last I can tell you something more about Vienna. Up to the present I have had to fill my letters with that swinish story. Thank God, it is over. The present season is, as you know, the worst for anyone who wants to make money. The most distinguished families are in the country. So all I can do is to work hard in preparation for the winter, when I shall have less time to compose. As soon as the sonatas are finished,[1] I shall look about for a short Italian cantata and set it to music,[2] so that it may be produced at the theatre in Advent—for my benefit, of course. There is a little cunning in this, for then I can give it twice and make the same profit each time, since, when it is performed for the second time, I shall play something on a pianoforte. At present I have only one pupil, Countess Rumbeck,[3] Cobenzl's cousin. I could have many more, it is true, if I chose to lower my terms, but by doing so, I should lose credit. My terms are six ducats for twelve lessons and even then I make it clearly understood that I am giving them as a favour. I would rather have three pupils who pay me well than six who pay badly. With this one pupil I can just make *both ends meet*, and that is enough for the present. I simply mention this in order that you may not think me guilty of selfishness in sending you only thirty ducats. Believe me, I would gladly deprive myself of everything, if only I had it!

[1] K. 376, 377 and 380.

[2] According to Mozart's letter of August 1st, 1781 (see p. 1123), Rossi provided the words for this cantata. Nothing more is known of this composition. See Köchel, p. 474.

[3] Countess Maria Karoline Thiennes De Rumbeck (1755–1812).

But things are bound to improve. We must never let people know how we really stand financially.

Well, let us talk about the theatre. I think I mentioned the other day that before his departure Count Rosenberg commissioned Schröder to hunt up a libretto for me. It has now been found, and Stephanie junior, who is manager of the opera, has got it. Bergopzoomer, a really good friend of Schröder's and of mine, gave me the hint at once. So off I went to Stephanie, *en forme de visite*. For we thought it possible that his partiality for Umlauf[1] might make him play me false. This suspicion proved, however, quite unfounded. For I heard afterwards that he had commissioned someone to ask me to go and see him, as there was something he wished to discuss with me. And the moment I entered his room, he said: "Ah, you are just the very person I wanted to see". The opera is in four acts; and he tells me that the first act is exceedingly fine, but that the rest is on a much lower level. If Schröder allows us to alter it as we think advisable, a good libretto can be made out of it. He does not want to give it to the management in its present state, that is, until he has discussed it with Schröder, as he knows in advance that it would be rejected. So the two of them can settle the matter between them. After what Stephanie told me, I did not express any desire to read it. For, if I do not like it, I must say so plainly, or I should be the victim. Besides, I do not want to lose the favour of Schröder, who has the greatest respect for me. Therefore I can always make the excuse that I have not read it.

Well, I must now explain why we were suspicious of Stephanie. I regret to say that the fellow has the worst

[1] Ignaz Umlauf (1746–1796), a popular operatic composer. In 1772 he joined the orchestra at the Viennese Opera as viola-player and in 1778, after the great success of his light opera "Die Bergknappen", he was made musical director of the Opera. In 1789 he was appointed deputy to Salieri as conductor of the Imperial court orchestra.

reputation in Vienna, for he is said to be rude, false and slanderous and to treat people most unjustly. But I pay no attention to these reports. There may be some truth in them, for everyone abuses him. On the other hand, he is in great favour with the Emperor. He was most friendly to me the very first time we met, and said: "We are old friends already and I shall be delighted if it be in my power to render you any service". I believe and hope too that he himself may write an opera libretto for me. Whether he has written his plays alone or with the help of others, whether he has plagiarised or created, he still understands the stage, and his plays are invariably popular. I have only seen two new pieces of his, and these are certainly excellent, the first being "Das Loch in der Türe",[1] and the second "Der Oberamtmann und die Soldaten".[2] Meanwhile I am going to set the cantata to music; for even if I had a libretto, I would not put pen to paper, as Count Rosenberg is not here; and if at the last moment he did not approve of it, I should have had the honour of composing for nothing. None of that for me, thank you! I have not the slightest doubt about the success of the opera, provided the text is a good one. For do you really suppose that I should write an opéra comique in the same style as an opera seria? There should be as little frivolity in an opera seria and as much seriousness and solidity as there should be little seriousness in an opera buffa, and the more frivolity and gaiety. That people like to have a little comic music in an opera seria, I cannot help. But in Vienna they make the proper distinction on this point. I do certainly find that in music the Merry Andrew has not yet been banished, and in this respect the French are right. I hope to receive my

[1] A comedy by Gottlieb Stephanie.

[2] "Der Oberamtmann und die Soldaten" was a free adaptation by Gottlieb Stephanie of a similar piece by Calderon. It was set to music later by Umlauf and performed in 1782.

clothes safely by the next mail coach. I do not know when it goes, but as I think this letter will reach you first, I beg you to keep the stick for me. People carry sticks here, but for what purpose? To walk with, and for that purpose any little stick will do. So please use the stick instead of me, and always carry it if you can. Who knows whether in your hand it may not avenge its former master on Arco? I mean, of course, *accidentaliter*, or by chance. That arrogant jackass will certainly get a very palpable reply from me, even if he has to wait twenty years for it. For to see him and to return his kick will be one and the same thing, unless I am so unlucky as to meet him first in some sacred place.

Well, adieu. Farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MZT.

My greetings everywhere.

(412) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 20 *de juin*, 1781

I have received the parcel, and hope that by now you have got the portrait and the ribbons. I do not know why you did not pack everything together in a trunk or a chest, for it costs more to send things one by one, as you have to pay for each article separately, than to send one big package. I can well believe that the court flunkeys are eyeing you askance, but why should you worry about such miserable menials? The more hostile these people are to you, the more proudly and contemptuously you must treat them.

As for Arco, I have but to consult my own feelings and judgment and therefore do not need the advice of a lady or a person of rank to help me to do what is right and fitting, and neither too much nor too little. It is the heart that ennobles a man; and though I am no count, yet I have probably more honour in me than many a count. Whether a man be count or valet, the moment he insults me, he is a scoundrel. I intend at first to tell him quite reasonably how badly and clumsily he has played his part. But in conclusion I shall feel bound to assure him in writing that he may confidently expect from me a kick on his behind and a few boxes on the ear in addition. For when I am insulted, I must have my revenge; and if I do no more than was done to me, I shall only be getting even with him and not punishing him. Besides, I should be placing myself on a level with him, and really I am too proud to measure myself with such a stupid booby.

Unless I have something particularly important to tell you, I shall only write to you once a week, as I am very busy just now. I must close this letter, as I have some variations to finish for my pupil.[1] Adieu. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever[2]

(413) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 27 de juin*, 1781

As for Madame Rosa I must tell you that I called on her three times until at last I had the good fortune to find her at home. You would hardly recognise her, she has got

[1] Countess Rumbeck. The variations to which Mozart refers are one of the sets K. 359, 360, 352, which were composed in the summer of 1781.

[2] The signature has been cut off the autograph.

so thin. When I asked her about the portrait, she offered to make me a present of it, adding that she did not require it and that she would send it to me on the following day. But three weeks went by and no portrait came. Again I went to her house three times in vain. Finally, however, I went there one day very early in the morning when she and her plebeian spouse were still at breakfast. Well, instead of wanting to give me the portrait *free*, she had suddenly decided *not to let me have it at all*. Thereupon it occurred to me that in such cases the best way to treat Italians is to be extremely rude. So I told her that she was as cracked as ever, but that, just to pander to her ingrained failings, I did not choose to play in my father's eyes the part of a fool, who says black one day and white the next; and that I could assure her that I did not require the portrait. Whereupon she spoke very civilly and promised to send it the next day, which she did. You must, however, return it *in due course*.

I have this moment come from Herr von Hippe, Prince Kaunitz's private secretary, who is an extremely amiable man and a very good friend of mine. He first came to visit me, and I then played to him. We have two harpsichords in the house where I am lodging, one for galanterie playing and the other an instrument which is strung with the low octave throughout, like the one we had in London, and consequently sounds like an organ. So on this one I improvised and played fugues. I go to Herr von Aurnhammer almost every afternoon. The young lady is a fright, but plays enchantingly, though in cantabile playing she has not got the real delicate singing style. She clips everything. She has told me (as a great secret) of her plan, which is to work hard for two or three years more and then go to Paris and make music her profession. She said: "*I am no beauty—au contraire*, I am ugly. I have no desire to marry some chancery official with an income

of three or four hundred gulden and I have no chance of getting anyone else. So I prefer to remain as I am and to live by my talent." And there she is right. She begged me to assist her in carrying out her project, which she prefers not to mention beforehand to anyone else.

I shall send you the opera[1] as soon as possible. Countess Thun still has it and at present she is in the country. Please have the sonata in B♭ à quatre mains[2] and the two concertos for two claviers[3] copied for me and send them to me as soon as possible. I should be very glad, too, to receive my masses[4] by degrees.

Gluck has had a stroke and his health is in a very precarious state.[5] Tell me whether it is true that Becke was almost bitten to death by a dog in Munich? Well, I must close, for I must go off to lunch with the Aurnhammers. Adieu. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

Madame Bernasconi[6] is here and is drawing a salary of five hundred ducats because she sings all her arias a good comma higher than others. This is really a great achievement, for she always keeps in tune. She has now promised to sing a quarter of a tone higher still, but on condition that she is paid twice as much. Adieu.

[1] "Idomeneo." [2] K. 358, composed in 1774.

[3] K. 365, composed in 1779, and K. 242, a concerto for three claviers, composed in 1776, which Mozart himself had arranged for two. See Köchel, p. 309 f.

[4] Probably K. 275, composed in 1777, K. 317, composed in 1779, and K. 337, composed in 1780.

[5] Gluck had had several apoplectic seizures in 1779 and again in May 1781.

[6] Antonia Bernasconi, who had sung in Mozart's "Mitridate", produced at Milan, December 1770.

(414) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 4 juillet*, 1781

I have not written to Count Arco and shall not do so, as you ask me to desist for the sake of your peace of mind. It is just as I suspected. You really are too timid, and yet you have nothing whatever to fear; for you—you yourself are as much insulted as I am. I do not ask you to make a row or even to put forward the slightest complaint. But the Archbishop and the whole pack of them must be afraid of speaking to you on the subject. For you, my father, need have no scruples in saying boldly (if you are driven to it) that you would be ashamed of having brought up a son who would allow himself to be so grossly insulted by such an infamous scoundrel as Arco; and you may assure them all that if I had the good fortune to meet him to-day, I should treat him as he deserves and he would certainly remember me as long as he lived. All I insist on, and nothing else, is that you should show the whole world that you are not afraid. Be silent, if you choose; but when necessary, speak—and speak in such a way that people will remember it. The Archbishop secretly offered 1000 gulden to Kozeluch,[1] who, however, has declined, saying that he was better off in Vienna and that unless he could improve his position, he would never leave. But to his friends he added: "What deters me most of all is that affair with Mozart. If the Archbishop lets

[1] Leopold Kozeluch (1752–1818), a Czech, was trained in Prague, and in 1778 went to Vienna as clavier teacher to the Archduchess Elizabeth. He soon gained a reputation as a clavier-player and composer of grand operas, symphonies and clavier music. He became one of the most bitter enemies and detractors of Mozart, whom he succeeded in 1792 in his post of chamber composer to the Emperor at almost twice the salary which his predecessor had received.

such a man go, what on earth would he not do to me?" So you see how he knows me and appreciates my talents. I have received the chest with the clothes. If M. Marchall or the Syndic of the Chapter comes to Vienna, I should be delighted if you would send me my favourite watch. I will return yours, if you will let me have the small one too, which I should particularly like to have. I wrote to you the other day about the masses.[1] I badly need the three cassations[2]—those in F and B♭ would do me for the time being—but you might have the one in D copied for me some time and sent on later, for the charge for copying is so very heavy in Vienna; in addition to which they copy most atrociously. Well, although I am in a great hurry, I must say a few words about Marchand,[3] as far as I know him. When his father corrected the younger boy at table, he took up a knife and said: "Look here, Papa. If you say another word, I shall cut off my finger at the joint and then I shall be a cripple on your hands and you will have to feed me." Both boys have frequently run down their father to other people. You will no doubt remember Mlle Boudet[4] who lives in their house? Well, old Marchand being rather partial to her, these rascals made infamous remarks about it. When Hennerle[5] was eight years old he said to a certain girl: "Indeed I would far sooner sleep in your arms than find myself hugging the pillow when I wake up". He also made her a formal declaration of love and a proposal of marriage, adding: "I cannot exactly marry you at present, but when my father dies, I shall have money, for he is not absolutely destitute, and then we shall live together very comfortably. Meanwhile

[1] See p. 1113, n. 4.

[2] Probably K. 247 and 287, written in 1776 and 1777, and K. 334, written in 1779.

[3] Theobald Marchand, theatrical manager in Munich and father of Margarete (singer), Heinrich (violinist) and David ('cellist) Marchand.

[4] Marianne Boudet, who in 1782 married Martin Lang (1755– ?), horn-player in the Munich court orchestra.

[5] Little Heinrich.

let us love one another and enjoy our love to the full. For what you allow me to do now, you will not be able to permit later on." I know too that in Mannheim no one ever allowed their boys to go where the Marchands were. For they were caught—helping one another. Well, it is a great pity for the lad himself; but you, my father, will be able to reform him completely, of that I am quite sure. As their father and mother are on the stage, they hear nothing all day long (and nothing else is ever read out to them) but tales of love, despair, murder and death. Besides, the father has too little stability for his age. So they have no good examples at home. Well, I must stop, or my letter will reach Peisser too late. Farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

P.S.—My greetings to all my good friends. Do tell me the story about my sister's cap. You mentioned something about it in a letter. Adieu.

(415) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

MA TRÈS CHÈRE SŒUR! VIENNE, *ce* 4 *de juillet*, 1781

I am delighted that the ribbons are to your taste. I shall find out the price of the ribbons, both the painted and the unpainted. At present I do not know it, as Frau von Aurnhammer, who was so kind as to procure them for me, refused to take any payment, but begged me to send you all sorts of nice messages, although she does not know you, and to tell you that she will be very glad at any time to be able to do you a kindness. I have already conveyed to her your greetings in return. Dearest sister! I wrote the other day to our dear father that if there is anything in

Vienna which you would like to have, whatever it may be, I should be delighted to do this service for you.[1] I now repeat this, adding that it would distress me very greatly if I were to hear that you were commissioning someone else in Vienna. I am heartily glad when you are well. Praise and thanks be to God, I too am in good health and in excellent spirits. My sole entertainment is the theatre. How I wish that you could see a tragedy acted here! Generally speaking, I do not know of any theatre where all kinds of plays are *really well* performed. But they are here. Every part, even the most unimportant and poorest part, is well cast and understudied. I should very much like to know how things are progressing between you and a certain good friend, you know whom I mean.[2] Do write to me about this! Or have I lost your confidence in this matter? In any case, please write to me often, I mean, when you have nothing better to do, for I should dearly love to hear some news occasionally—and you are the living chronicle of Salzburg, for you write down every single thing that occurs; so, to please me, you might write it down a second time. But you must not be angry with me, if now and then I keep you waiting a long time for a reply.

As for something new for the clavier I may tell you that I am having four sonatas engraved. Those in C and B♭ are among them[3] and only the other two are new. Then I have written variations on three airs,[4] which I could send you, of course; but I think it is hardly worth the trouble and I would rather wait until I have more to send. Well, I suppose the marksmen's feast will soon be held? I beg you *solemniter* to drink the health of a loyal marks-

[1] See p. 1106 f. [2] Franz D'Yppold. Cp. p. 1021, n. 1.

[3] The violin and clavier sonatas, K. 296 in C major, composed in 1778, and K. 378 in B♭, composed in 1779.

[4] K. 359, 360, 352.

man. When it is my turn again to provide the target, please let me know and I shall have one painted. Now farewell, dearest, most beloved sister, and rest assured that I shall ever remain your true friend and sincere brother

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

(416) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

REISENBERG, *near* VIENNA, *ce* 13 *de juillet*, 1781

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

I cannot write very much, as Count Cobenzl is driving off to town this very moment and I must give him this letter if I wish it to be posted. I am writing to you at an hour's distance from Vienna, at a place called Reisenberg. I once spent a night here, and now I am staying for a few days. The little house is nothing much, but the country—the forest—in which my host has built a grotto which looks just as if Nature herself had fashioned it! Indeed the surroundings are magnificent and very delightful. I have received your last letter. I have long been intending to leave the Webers and I shall certainly do so. But I swear to you that I have not heard a word about going to live with Herr von Aurnhammer. It is true that I might have lodged with Mesmer, the writing-master, but really I prefer to stay with the Webers. Mesmer has Righini[1] (formerly opera buffa singer and now a composer) in his house and is his great friend and protector; but Frau Mesmer is still more so. Until I find a good, cheap and comfortable lodging I shall not leave my present one; and even then I shall have to make up some story to tell the

[1] Vincenzo Righini (1756–1812), born at Bologna, first became a singer and later studied composition under Padre Martini. He was a prolific composer of operas and church music. One of his operas, "Il convitato di pietra", a forerunner of Mozart's "Don Giovanni", was produced in Vienna in 1777.

good woman, for really I have no reason to leave. Herr von ⟨Moll⟩ has, I know not why, a very malicious tongue, which particularly surprises me in his case. He says that he hopes that I shall think better of it and soon return to Salzburg, for I shall hardly find things so easy here as I do there, and that, as it is, I am here only on account of the Viennese women. Fräulein von Aurnhammer repeated this to me. But everywhere he gets very strange replies on this point. I can pretty well guess why he talks in this strain. He is a very strong supporter of Kozeluch. Oh! how silly it all is!

The story about Herr von Mölk greatly astonished me. I have always thought him capable of anything,—but I never could have believed he was a scoundrel. I pity the poor family from my heart. Write to me soon and send me lots of news. I must stop, as the Count is going off. Farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

(417) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 25 *de juillet*, 1781

I repeat that I have long been thinking of moving to another lodging, and that too solely because people are gossiping. I am very sorry that I am obliged to do this on account of silly talk, in which there is not a word of truth. I should very much like to know what pleasure certain people can find in spreading entirely groundless reports. Because I am living with them,[1] therefore I am going to marry the daughter.[2] There has been no talk of

[1] i.e. Frau Weber and her daughters. [2] Constanze Weber.

our being in love. They have skipped that stage. No, I just take rooms in the house and *marry*. If ever there was a time when I thought less of getting married, it is most certainly now! For (although the last thing I want is a rich wife) even if I could now make my fortune by a marriage, I could not possibly pay court to anyone, for my mind is running on very different matters. God has not given me my talent that I might attach it to a wife and waste my youth in idleness. I am just beginning to live, and am I to embitter my own life? To be sure, I have nothing against matrimony, but at the moment it would be a misfortune for me. Well, there is no other way; although it is absolutely untrue, I must at least avoid even the appearance of such a thing—even though this appearance rests on nothing but the fact that I am living here. People who do not come to the house cannot even tell whether I associate with her as much as with the rest of God's creatures, for the children seldom go out; indeed they go nowhere except to the theatre, where I never accompany them, as I am generally not at home when the play begins. We went to the Prater a few times, but the mother came too, and, as I was in the house, I could not refuse to accompany them. Nor had I at that time heard anything of these foolish rumours. I must also tell you that I was only allowed to pay *my own share*. Further, when the mother heard this talk herself and also heard it from me, she herself, let me tell you, objected to our going about together and advised me to move to another house in order to avoid further unpleasantness. For she said that she would not like to be the innocent cause of any misfortune to me. So this is the only reason why for some little time (since people began to gossip) I have been intending to leave. So far as truth goes, I have no reason, but these chattering tongues are driving me away. Were it not for these reports, I should hardly think

of leaving, for, although I could easily get a nicer room, I could hardly find such comfort and such friendly and obliging people. I will not say that, living in the same house with the Mademoiselle to whom people have already married me, I am ill-bred and do not speak to her; but I am not in love with her. I fool about and have fun with her when time permits (which is only in the evenings when I take supper at home, for in the morning I write in my room and in the afternoon I am rarely in the house) and—that is all. If I had to marry all those with whom I have jested, I should have two hundred wives at least. Now for the money question. My pupil[1] remained three weeks in the country, so I made nothing, while my own expenses went on. Therefore I could not send you thirty ducats—only twenty. But as I was very hopeful about the subscriptions, I thought I would wait until I should be able to send you the promised sum. Countess Thun, however, has just told me that it is useless to think of subscriptions before the autumn, because all the people with money are in the country. So far she has only found ten subscribers and my pupil only seven. In the meantime I am having six sonatas engraved. Artaria, the music engraver, has already discussed the matter with me.[2] As soon as they are sold and I get some money, I shall send it to you. I must beg my dear sister to forgive me for not having sent her a letter of congratulation on her name-day. A letter I began is lying on my desk. After I had begun it on Saturday, Countess Rumbeck sent her servant to say that they were all going to the country and would I not go with them? So, because I do not like to refuse anything to Cobenzl, I left the letter lying there, hastily put my things together and went with them. I

[1] The Countess Rumbeck.

[2] See p. 1092, n. 1. They were published by Artaria and Co. in November 1781.

thought to myself—my sister will not make a grievance of it. I now wish her on the octave of her name-day [1] every possible good and every blessing which a sincere and loving brother can wish his sister with his whole heart; and I kiss her most tenderly. I drove in to Vienna to-day with the Count and to-morrow I am driving out with him again. Now farewell, dearest, most beloved father. Believe and trust your son, who cherishes the most kindly feelings towards all right-minded people. Why then should he not cherish them towards his dear father and sister? Believe in him and rely on him more than on certain individuals, who have nothing better to do than to slander honest folk. Well, adieu. I kiss your hands a thousand times and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

(418) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNA, *ce* 1 *d'août*, 1781

I fetched at once the sonata for four hands,[2] as Frau von Schindl lives just opposite the "Auge Gottes". If Madame Duschek happens to be in Salzburg, please give her my most friendly greetings and ask her whether, before she left Prague, a gentleman called on her and brought her a letter from me. If not, I shall write to him at once and tell him to forward it to Salzburg. This was Rossi of Munich, who asked me to help him with a letter of introduction. He took with him from here some excellent letters to Prague. If my letter only concerned his introduction, I should certainly let him dispose of it; but in it I also asked Mme Duschek to assist me in the

[1] July 26th. [2] K. 358, composed in 1774.

matter of subscriptions for my six sonatas.[1] I was particularly glad to render this service to Rossi, as he has written the poem for the cantata which I want to produce for my benefit in Advent.[2]

Well, the day before yesterday Stephanie junior gave me a libretto to compose.[3] I must confess that, however badly he may treat other people, about which I know nothing, he is an excellent friend to me. The libretto is quite good. The subject is Turkish[4] and the title is: *Belmonte und Konstanze*, or *Die Verführung aus dem Serail*. I intend to write the ouverture, the chorus in Act I and the final chorus in the style of Turkish music. Mlle Cavalieri,[5] Mlle Teiber,[6] M. Fischer,[7] M. Adamberger,[8] M. Dauer[9] and M. Walter[10] are to sing in it. I am so delighted at having to compose this opera that I

[1] See p. 1092, n. 1. [2] See p. 1107, n. 2.

[3] The original text was by Christoph Friedrich Bretzner (1748–1807), a Leipzig merchant, whose light-opera libretti were very popular, several having been collected and published in 1779. "Belmonte und Constanze" was written in 1780, set to music by the successful operatic composer Johann André (1741–1799), and performed in May 1781 at the Döbbelin Theatre in Berlin. Gottlieb Stephanie, chiefly at Mozart's instigation, made considerable alterations and additions to this text. For a full discussion of this revision see Abert, vol. i. p. 931 ff.

[4] Bretzner's text was not by any means an original work. Several opera libretti had already been written on subjects connected with life in a Turkish seraglio, notably Dancourt's "Pilgrimme von Mekka" (set to music by Gluck, 1764), Martinelli's "La schiava liberata" (set to music by Jommelli, 1768, and Schuster, 1777) and Grossmann's "Adelheit von Veltheim", which appeared in 1780 and was set to music in 1781 by Neefe, who was Beethoven's teacher at Bonn.

[5] Katharina Cavalieri (1761–1801), an Austrian by birth, was trained in Vienna by Salieri. She made her first appearance in Italian opera in 1775. She took the part of Constanze.

[6] Therese Teiber (1765– ?), daughter of a violinist in the Vienna court orchestra. She married Ferdinand Arnold, a well-known tenor. She took the part of Blonde.

[7] Karl Ludwig Fischer (1745–1825), one of the finest bass singers of his day. He created the part of Osmin.

[8] See p. 1075, n. 4. Adamberger took the part of Belmonte.

[9] Dauer (1746–1812), a fine tenor and an excellent actor. He took the part of Pedrillo. [10] Walter probably took the spoken part of Bassa Selim.

have already finished Cavalieri's first aria, Adamberger's and the trio which closes Act I. The time is short, it is true, for it is to be performed in the middle of September;[1] but the circumstances connected with the date of performance and, in general, all my other prospects stimulate me to such a degree that I rush to my desk with the greatest eagerness and remain seated there with the greatest delight. The Grand Duke of Russia[2] is coming here, and that is why Stephanie entreated me, if possible, to compose the opera in this short space of time. For the Emperor and Count Rosenberg are to return soon and their first question will be whether anything new is being prepared? Stephanie will then have the satisfaction of being able to say that Umlauf's opera,[3] on which he has been engaged for a long time, will soon be ready and that I am composing one for the occasion. And he will certainly count it a merit on my part to have undertaken to compose it for this purpose in so short a time. No one but Adamberger and Fischer knows anything about it yet, for Stephanie begged us to say nothing, as Count Rosenberg is still absent and any disclosure may easily lead to all kinds of gossip. Stephanie does not even wish to be regarded as too good a friend of mine; but he wants it to be thought that he is doing all this because Count Rosenberg desires it; and indeed the Count on his departure did actually order him to look around for a libretto, but no more.

Well, I have nothing more to tell you, for I have heard no news. The room into which I am moving is being got ready.[4] I am now going off to hire a clavier, for until there

[1] The first performance of the opera was on July 16th, 1782.

[2] The Grand Duke Paul Petrovitch, afterwards Paul I.

[3] Probably "Das Irrlicht", on C. F. Bretzner's libretto. This opera was performed in 1782. See *MM*, February 1919, p. 8.

[4] This was not Am Graben no. 1175 (now no. 8), the lodging into which Mozart moved early in September, but a room in the house of Herr Aurnhammer. See p. 1130.

is one in my room, I cannot live in it, because I have so much to compose and not a minute must be lost. Indeed I shall miss a great many comforts in my new lodging—particularly in regard to meals. For whenever I had anything very urgent to finish, the Webers always delayed the meal for me as long as I chose; and I could go on writing *without dressing* and just go to table next door, both for lunch and supper; whereas now, when I wish to avoid spending money on having a meal brought to my room, I waste at least an hour dressing (which up to the present I have postponed until the afternoon) and must go out—particularly in the evening. You know that usually I go on composing until I am hungry. Well, the kind friends with whom I could have supper sit down to table as early as eight or half past eight at latest. At the Webers' we never did so before ten o'clock. Well, adieu. I must close, for I must go out and find a clavier. Farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMDÈ MOZART

P.S.—My greetings to all Salzburg.

(419) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 8 *d'août*, 1781

I must write in haste, for I have only this very instant finished the Janissary chorus [1] and it is past twelve o'clock and I have promised to drive out at two o'clock sharp with the Aurnhammers and Mlle Cavalieri to Mingendorf near Laxenburg, where the camp now is.

[1] In Act I.

Adamberger, Mlle Cavalieri and Fischer are exceedingly pleased with their arias. I lunched yesterday with Countess Thun and am to do so again to-morrow. I played to her what I have finished composing and she told me afterwards that she would venture her life that what I have so far written cannot fail to please. But on this point I pay no attention whatever to *anybody's praise or blame*—I mean, until people have heard and seen the work *as a whole*. I simply follow *my own feelings*. All the same you may judge from this how pleased she must have been to express herself so emphatically.

As I have nothing of any consequence to write about, I will just tell you a shocking story; but perhaps you have heard it already. In Vienna it is called the Tyrolese tale. It particularly interests me, because when I was in Munich I knew intimately the unfortunate man concerned in it, who, moreover, used to come to see us here every day. His name is Herr von Wiedmer, and he is a nobleman. Whether it was owing to misfortunes or to a natural inclination for the stage, I know not, but some months ago he collected a theatrical company with whom he went to Innsbruck. One Sunday morning at about twelve o'clock this good fellow was strolling along the street very quietly and some gentlemen were walking close behind him. One of them, Baron Buffa by name, kept on abusing the impresario, saying "That idiot ought to teach his dancer to walk before he lets her go on the stage", using at the same time all sorts of epithets. Herr von Wiedmer, after listening to this for a while, naturally looked round at last, upon which Buffa asked him why he was looking at him. Wiedmer replied very good-humouredly: "Why, you are looking at me as well. *The street is free, anyone can look round if he pleases*", and continued to walk ahead. Baron Buffa, however, went on abusing him, which in the end proved too much

for the good man's patience, so that he asked Buffa for whom these remarks were intended. "For you, you contemptible cur!" was the reply, accompanied by a violent box on the ear, which Herr von Wiedmer instantly returned with interest. Neither had a sword, or Wiedmer would certainly not have paid him back in his own coin. My friend went home very quietly in order to arrange his hair (for Baron Buffa had seized him by the hair as well) and he intended to bring the case before the President, Count Wolkenstein. But he found his house filled with soldiers, who took him off to the guard-room. Say what he would, it was of no avail and he was condemned to receive twenty-five lashes on his behind. At last he said: "I am a nobleman and I will not submit to be beaten when I am innocent. I would rather enlist as a soldier in order to have my revenge." For in Innsbruck the stupid Tyrolese custom evidently is that no one may hit a nobleman, no matter what right he may have to do so. Whereupon he was taken to gaol, where he had to receive not twenty-five, but fifty lashes. Before he lay down on the bench, he cried out: "I am innocent and I appeal publicly to the Emperor". But the corporal answered him with a sneer: "Perhaps the gentleman will first take his fifty lashes and after that the gentleman can appeal". It was all over in two hours—that is to say, at about two o'clock. After the fifth lash his breeches were torn already. I am amazed that he was able to stand it; and indeed he was carried away unconscious and was confined to bed for three weeks. As soon as he was cured, he came post-haste to Vienna, where he is anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Emperor, who has already been informed of the whole affair, not only by people here, but by his sister, the Archduchess Elizabeth,[1] at Innsbruck. Wiedmer himself has a letter from her to

[1] Archduchess Elizabeth (1743–1808), Maria Theresa's sixth child.

the Emperor. On the day before this occurred the President had received orders to punish no one, whoever he might be, without first informing the authorities in Vienna—which makes the case still worse. The President must indeed be a very stupid and malicious dolt. But how can this man ever obtain adequate compensation? The lashes must always remain. If I were Wiedmer, I would demand the following satisfaction from the Emperor—that the President should receive fifty lashes on the same place and in my presence and, in addition, pay me 6000 ducats. And if I could not obtain this satisfaction I would accept no other; but at the very first opportunity I would run my sword through his heart. By the way, Wiedmer has already been offered 3000 ducats to stay away from Vienna and to hush up the affair. The people of Innsbruck speak of him as "He who was scourged for us and who will also redeem us". No one can bear the President, and his house has had to be guarded the whole time. There is a regular gospel about him in Vienna. Nothing else is being talked of. I feel very sorry for poor Wiedmer, for he is never well now and is always complaining of headaches and bad pains in his chest.

Now, farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MZT.

My greetings to the Duscheks, whom I hope to see in Vienna. Adieu.

(420) *Leopold Mozart to J. G. I. Breitkopf, Leipzig*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

SALZBURG, *August 10th*, 1781

As for my son, he is no longer in service in Salzburg. When we were in Munich, the Prince,[1] who was then in Vienna, commanded him to join him there. So he left Munich on March 12th and my daughter and I returned to Salzburg on the 14th. As His Grace the Prince treated my son extremely badly in Vienna and as, on the other hand, all the great noble families marked him out for their special favours, he was easily persuaded to resign a service to which a miserable salary was attached, and to remain in Vienna. As far as I know, six sonatas for clavier and violin are being engraved in Vienna. Further, my son has been asked to compose an operetta, which is to be performed in the middle of September. He has undertaken to do this, as the operetta is to celebrate the arrival of the Grand Duke of Russia.

The six sonatas dedicated to Her Highness the Electress of the Bavarian Palatinate have been published by Herr Sieber[2] in Paris and can be bought from him. His address is: rue St. Honoré, à l'Hôtel d'Aligre, Ancien Grand Conseil. He took them from my son and gave him 15 louis d'or, thirty copies and full liberty in regard to their dedication. The opera my son wrote for Munich was "Idomeneo". The strange thing about it was that it was manufactured entirely by Salzburg people. The libretto was written by the Salzburg court chaplain, Abbate Varesco, the music by my son, and Herr Schachtner did the German translation. People tried hard to persuade us to have the opera printed or engraved, the whole score

[1] i.e. the Archbishop of Salzburg.

[2] Jean Georges Sieber (*c.* 1734–*c.* 1815), the famous Paris publisher.

or possibly a clavier arrangement. Subscribers, among whom was Prince Max von Zweibrücken and so forth, put down their names for about twenty copies. But my son's departure for Vienna and other attendant circumstances obliged us to postpone everything. I should add that "Trois Airs Variés pour le clavecin ou le fortepiano" were also published in Paris by Herr Heina, rue de Seine, Faubourg St. Germain, à l'Hôtel de Lille, at the price of four livres.[1] But we haven't any copies left. Perhaps I ought to mention that my son never gives any compositions to be engraved or printed which are already in other hands. For we are very particular about having only one set of copies of every work.[2]

(421) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 22 d'Août*, 1781

I cannot let you know the address of my new lodging, as I have not yet got one.[3] But I am bargaining about the prices of two, one of which I shall certainly take, as I cannot stay here next month and so must move out. It appears that Herr von Aurnhammer wrote and told you that I had actually found a lodging! I had one, it is true, but what a habitation! fit for rats and mice, but not for human beings. At noon I had to look for the stairs with a lantern. The room was a little closet and to get to it I had to pass through the kitchen. In the door there was a tiny window and although they promised me to put up a curtain inside, they asked me at the same time to draw it back as soon as I was dressed, for otherwise they would not be

[1] The first edition of K. 180 (six variations on "Mio caro Adone", composed in 1773), K. 179 (twelve variations on Fischer's minuet, composed in 1774) and K. 354 (twelve variations on "Je suis Lindor", composed in 1778).

[2] The autograph breaks off here. [3] See p. 1124, n. 4.

able to see anything either in the kitchen or in the adjoining rooms. The owner's wife [1] herself called the house the rats' nest—in short, it was a dreadful place to look at. Ah, what a splendid dwelling for me indeed, who have to receive visits from various distinguished people. The good man, of course, was only thinking of himself and his daughter, who is the greatest *seccatrice* I have ever met. As your last letter contains such a eulogy à la Count Daun of this family, I must really give you some account of them. I would have passed over in silence all you are going to read, regarding it as a matter of indifference and only as a private and personal *seccatura*, but, as your letter indicates that you place reliance on this family, I think myself bound to tell you frankly about their good and bad points. Well, he is the best-tempered fellow in the world—indeed, too much so, for his wife, the most stupid, ridiculous gossip imaginable, so rules the roost, that when she opens her mouth, he does not dare to say a word. As we have often gone out walking together, he has begged me not to mention before his wife that we had taken a fiacre or drunk a glass of beer. Well, I simply cannot have any confidence in a man who is so utterly insignificant in his own family. He is quite a good fellow and a very kind friend; and I could often lunch at his house. But it is not my habit to allow people to pay me for *my favours*—though indeed a midday plate of soup at lunch would be no payment. But people of that type think that it is! I do not go to their house for my own advantage, but *for theirs*, for I can see no profit for myself; and I have never yet met a single person there who would be worth mentioning in this letter. In short—they are decent people, but nothing more—people who have sense enough to see how useful an acquaintance with me is to their daughter who, as everyone says who heard her play before, has entirely

[1] Frau Aurnhammer.

changed since I have been teaching her. I will not attempt to describe the mother. Suffice it to say that when I am at table it is all I can do not to burst out laughing. Basta! You know Frau Adlgasser? Well, this *meuble* is even more aggravating, for she is *médisante* into the bargain—I mean, she is both stupid and malicious. Now for the daughter. If a painter wanted to portray the devil to the life, he would have to choose her face. She is as fat as a farm-wench, perspires so that you feel inclined to vomit, and goes about so scantily clad that really you can read as plain as print: "*Pray, do look here*". True, there is enough to see, in fact, quite enough to strike one blind; but—one is thoroughly well punished for the rest of the day if one is unlucky enough to let one's eyes wander in that direction—tartar is the only remedy! So loathsome, dirty and horrible! Faugh, the devil! Well, I have told you how she plays, and also why she begged me to assist her. I am delighted to do people favours, provided they do not plague me incessantly. But she is not content if I spend a couple of hours with her every day. She wants me to sit there the whole day long—and, what is more, she tries to be attractive. But, what is worse still, she is *sérieusement* in love with me! I thought at first it was a joke, but now I know it to be a fact. When I perceived it—for she took liberties with me—for example, she made me tender reproaches if I came somewhat later than usual or could not stay so long, and more nonsense of the same kind—I was obliged, not to make a fool of the girl, to tell her the truth very politely. But that was no use: she became more loving than ever. In the end I was always very polite to her except when she started her nonsense—and then I was very rude. Whereupon she took my hand and said: "*Dear Mozart, please don't be so cross. You may say what you like, I am really very fond of you.*" Throughout the town people are saying that we are to be married, and they are very

much surprised at me, I mean, that I have chosen such a face. She told me that when anything of the kind was said to her, she always laughed at it; but I know from a certain person that she confirmed the rumour, adding that we would then travel together. That enraged me. So the other day I gave her my mind pretty plainly and warned her not to abuse my kindness. Now I no longer go there every day, but only every other day, and I shall gradually drop it altogether. She is nothing but an amorous fool. For before she got to know me, she once said in the theatre, on hearing me play: "He is coming to see me to-morrow and I shall play his variations to him in the very same style". On this account I did not go, because it was not only a conceited speech, but a downright lie, as I had never heard a word about calling on her the next day. Well, adieu, my paper is full. I have now finished the first act of my opera.[1] I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever your obedient son

W. A. MOZART

(422) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 29 *d'août*, 1781

I will now reply to your questions. Herr von ⟨Asee⟩ is Herr von Moll.[2] Madame Bernasconi gets 500 ducats from the management or, for all I can tell, from the Emperor, but only for one year. I should add that she grumbles and wishes she had left long ago; but that is only a *furberia italiana*[3]—and just because she is grumbling, she is going

[1] "Die Entführung aus dem Serail."

[2] See p. 1119. Evidently Leopold Mozart had not realised that the word was in cypher.

[3] A piece of Italian knavery.

to remain here. Otherwise she would hardly have left London to come to Vienna.[1] For one fine day she turned up, no one knows how or why. I believe that Count Dietrichstein (Master of the Horse), who is her protector, knew something about it beforehand, and that Gluck (who wanted to have his French operas performed in German) also lent a hand. What is certain is that she was really forced on the Emperor. The great herd of the nobility are very much taken with her, but in his heart of hearts not the Emperor, who in fact is as little taken with her as he is with Gluck. Nor is she a favourite with the public. It is true that in great tragic parts she will always remain Bernasconi, but in operettas she is a total failure, as they no longer suit her. Moreover, as she herself admits, she is more Italian than German, and her accent on the stage is as thoroughly Viennese as it is in ordinary conversation. So now you can picture her to yourself. And when she occasionally tries to correct her accent, it is just as if you were to hear a princess declaim in a puppet-show. Her singing too is now so bad that no one will compose for her.[2] But that she may not draw her 500 ducats for nothing, the Emperor (with some difficulty) has been induced to have Gluck's "Iphigenie" and "Alceste" performed—the former in German, the latter in Italian.[3] I know nothing of Signor Righini's success. He makes a good deal of money by teaching, and last Easter he was successful with his cantata,[4] which was performed twice in succession and had good receipts on both occasions. He composes *very charmingly* and he is not by any means

[1] Antonia Bernasconi (1741–1803) had been singing at the Italian Opera in London from 1778 until 1781.

[2] Antonia Bernasconi was well past her prime.

[3] Gluck's "Iphigenie in Tauris" was given in German on October 23rd, 1781, and was followed by further performances of "Alceste" on December 3rd and "Orfeo" in Italian on December 31st.

[4] "Il Natale d'Apollo."

superficial; but he is a monstrous thief. He offers his stolen goods in such superfluity, in such profusion, that people can hardly digest them. As for the Dorotheans,[1] it is only gossip that is going round—nothing has happened—perhaps it will. The Emperor went off again for a fortnight, but has now returned.

We have had hardly any thunderstorms. At the most there were two, and they were very slight. But we have had terrible heat, so that everyone has been saying that never in his life has he endured anything like it.

The Grand Duke of Russia is not coming until November, so I can write my opera more at leisure. I am delighted. I shall not have it performed before All Saints' Day, for that is the best time, as everyone returns from the country then.

I have now taken a very prettily furnished room in the Graben and shall be living there when you read this letter.[2] I purposely chose one not looking on the street in order to be quiet. Continue to address your letters to Peisser, for I shall always get them. But, if you do not send them through Hagenauer, you must enclose them in a cover and put his address on it. For I have all my letters addressed to him. As for Herr Duschek, I have already mentioned in a letter to his wife the price of the sonatas, which is three ducats.[3]

Well, adieu. I have no more news. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

P.S.—My greetings to all Salzburg.

[1] The Dorotheerkloster in Vienna, founded by Duke Albrecht II in the 14th century, was occupied from 1414 onwards by the Augustinerchorherren, and incorporated with Klosterneuburg in 1782.

[2] See p. 1124, n. 4.

[3] See p. 1092, n. 1.

(422a) *Mozart to his Sister*[1]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

You will probably have not been able to read this letter, for my pen is a wretched one. Please give my most cordial greetings to M. D'Yppold and tell him to count on my true friendship. My greetings to Katherl and all my good friends. Adieu. I have asked you to address your letters to Peisser. But, if you do, you will have to put each letter into a separate cover and then it will immediately cost sixteen kreutzers. So perhaps you had better direct them as usual: *Auf dem Peter, im Auge Gottes; 2nd floor.* This address is so well known at the post office that even when a letter has arrived in Vienna with only my name on it, it has been delivered to me. If you do this, I shall certainly receive your letters. Adieu.

(423) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNA, *ce* 5 *de* 7*bre*, 1781

I am now writing to you in my *new room in the Graben, No. 1175, 3rd floor.* From the way in which you have taken my last letter—as if I were an arch-scoundrel or a blockhead or both!—I am sorry to see that you rely more on the gossip and scribblings of other people than you do on me—and that in fact you have no trust in me whatever. But I assure you that all this does not disturb me; people may write themselves blind—and you may believe them as much as you please—but I shall not alter by a hair's breadth; I shall remain the same honest

[1] This postscript, which is written on a separate sheet, is undated, but probably belongs to this letter.

fellow as ever. And I swear to you that if you had not wanted me to move into another lodging, I should not have left the Webers; for I feel just like a person who has left his own comfortable travelling carriage for a post-chaise. But not another word on the subject. It is really no use talking about it. For the nonsense which God knows who puts into your head always outweighs any reasons of mine. But one thing I do beg of you. When you write to me about something I have done, of which you disapprove or which you think might have been done better, and in reply I send you my ideas on the subject, please regard the whole matter as one between father and son alone, a secret, I mean, and something which is not to be told to others, as I myself always regard it. I therefore entreat you to leave it at that and not to apply to other people, for, by God, I will not give the smallest account to others of what I do or leave undone, no, not even to the Emperor himself. Do trust me always, for indeed I deserve it. I have trouble and worry enough here to support myself, and it therefore does not help me in the very least to read unpleasant letters. From the first moment I came here I have had to live entirely on my own means, that is, on what I could make by my own efforts. The others always drew their pay. Ceccarelli made more money than I did, but blew every penny of it in Vienna. If I had done the same, I should never have been in a position to quit the service. It is certainly not my fault, my dearest father, that you have not yet had any money from me; it is due to the present bad season. Only have patience—I, too, have to cultivate it. God knows that I shall never forget you! At the time of my affair with the Archbishop I wrote to you for clothes, for I had nothing with me but my black suit. The mourning was over, the weather was hot and my clothes did not arrive. So I had to have some made, as I could not go about

Vienna like a tramp, particularly in the circumstances. My linen was a pitiful sight; no house-porter in Vienna wore shirts of such coarse linen as mine, which in a man is certainly the most objectionable thing. That meant more expense. I had only one pupil—and she stayed away for three weeks, which was a further loss for me. One must not make oneself cheap here—that is a cardinal point—or else one is done. Whoever is *most impertinent* has the best chance. From all your letters I gather that you believe that I do nothing but amuse myself. Well, you are most dreadfully mistaken. I can truthfully say that I have no pleasure—none whatever—save that of being away from Salzburg. I hope that all will go well in winter; and then, my most beloved father, I shall certainly not forget you. If I see that it is to my advantage, I shall remain here. If not, I am thinking of going straight to Paris—and I should like to have your opinion about this. Now farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MZT.

P.S.—My compliments to the Duscheks. Please send me too when you can the aria I composed for Countess Baumgarten, the rondo for Mme Duschek and the one for Ceccarelli.[1] Adieu.

(424) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 12 *de Septbre*, 1781

I have received your two letters, the one of the 5th through M. Marchall and the one of the 7th through the post—and, what is more, that of the 7th reached me before

[1] K. 369, 272 and 374.

that of the 5th. Rust's serenade must have sounded very effective in the Rock Theatre,[1] particularly as the singers were seated and sang from their music, which would not have been practicable in a room or a hall. Really I have to laugh. People are always talking here about concerts to be given in honour of the Grand Duke[2] and—one fine day the Grand Duke will arrive—and we shall have no Rock Theatre for him. Herr Lipp must have cut a nice figure before the great dignitaries, a little worse even than Haydn, if that were possible. The pluck which the latter displayed in the hospital grounds was of no little benefit to my health![3] I am dreadfully sorry for the poor unfortunate sufferers in Radstadt. Speaking of fire, I must tell you that the Magdalen Chapel in St. Stephen's Church has been blazing away the whole night. The smoke wakened the watchman at five o'clock in the morning, but until half past five not a soul came to extinguish it, and it was six o'clock and the fire was raging most fiercely before they brought water and hoses. The whole altar with all its decorations, and the chairs and everything in the chapel were burnt to ashes. They were obliged to drive the people with blows to assist in putting out the fire and, as scarcely anyone wanted to help, people in laced coats and embroidered waistcoats were seen lending a hand. It is said that no such disgraceful lack of organisation has ever been seen since Vienna was a city. The Emperor is not here, of course. If only Daubrawaick[4] would come soon, so that I could have my music. Fräulein von Aurnhammer is worrying me to death about the two double concertos.[5] We are now having one rehearsal after another in

[1] A natural grotto in the park of Schloss Hellbrunn, the summer residence of the Archbishop, about half an hour's drive from Salzburg.

[2] The Grand Duke Paul Petrovitch of Russia. See p. 1124, n. 2.

[3] i.e. made me laugh heartily.

[4] Possibly a son of Johann Anton Daubrawa von Daubrawaick, Court Councillor in Salzburg.

[5] See p. 1113, n. 3.

the theatre.[1] The ballet-master Antoine has been summoned from Munich, and supers are being recruited throughout Vienna and all its suburbs. There is still a sorry remnant of Noverre's ballet,[2] who, however, have not moved a leg for the last eight years and most of whom are like sticks. I think I mentioned the other day that Gluck's "Iphigenie" is to be given in German and his "Alceste" in Italian.[3] If only one of the two were to be performed, I should not mind, but both—that is very annoying for me. I will tell you why. The translator of "Iphigenie" into German is an excellent poet,[4] and I would gladly have given him my Munich opera to translate.[5] I would have altered the part of Idomeneo completely and changed it to a bass part for Fischer. In addition I would have made several other alterations and arranged it more in the French style. Mme Bernasconi, Adamberger and Fischer would have been delighted to sing it, but, as they now have two operas to study, and such exhausting ones, I am obliged to excuse them. Besides, a third opera would be too much.

I must now hurry off to Marchall (for I have promised to introduce him to Count Cobenzl), or I shall be too late. Now farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

P.S.—My greetings to all my good friends. A kiss to Marchand.

[1] For Mozart's opera "Die Entführung aus dem Serail".

[2] Noverre had left Vienna for good in 1775 to take up his appointment as maître des ballets en chef to the Paris Opéra. Hence Mozart's statement is a slight exaggeration.

[3] See p. 1134.

[4] Johann Baptist von Alxinger (1755–1797), a young Viennese pòet. Gluck helped with the translation.

[5] Evidently Mozart was not altogether satisfied with Schachtner's translation of his "Idomeneo".

(425) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MA TRÈS CHÈRE SŒUR! VIENNE, *ce* 19 *de* 7^{bre}, 1781

I gather from our dear father's last letter that you are ill, which causes me no little sorrow and anxiety. I see that for a fortnight you have been drinking waters, so you must have been ill for a long time—and yet I never heard a word about it. Well, I am going to be quite frank with you about your constantly recurring indispositions. Believe me, dearest sister, that I am quite serious when I say that the best cure for you would be a husband—and if only because marriage would have such a profound influence on your health, I wish with all my heart that you could marry soon. In your last letter you scolded me, but not as much as I deserved. I am ashamed when I think of it—and the only excuse I can offer is that I started to write to you the moment I received your last letter but one, and then—left it unfinished! In the end I tore it up. For the time has not yet arrived for me to be able to give you *more definite and comforting news*, although I hope to be able to do so soon. Now listen to my suggestions.

You know that I am composing an opera. Those portions which I have finished have won extraordinary applause on all sides. I know this nation—and I have reason to think that my opera will be a success. If it is, then I shall be as popular in Vienna as a composer as I am on the clavier. Well, when I have got through this winter, I shall know better how I stand, and I have no doubt that my circumstances will be favourable. For you and D'Yppold there are scarcely any—indeed, I may say with certainty—no prospects in Salzburg. But could not D'Yppold manage to get something *here*? I suppose he is not *absolutely* penniless? Ask him about it—and if he

thinks the project at all practicable, he has only to tell me what steps to take, and I will certainly do my utmost, for I take the greatest interest in this affair. If this were accomplished, you could certainly marry; for, believe me, you could earn a great deal of money in Vienna, for example, by playing at private concerts and by giving lessons. You would be very much in demand—and you would be well paid. In that case my father would have to resign his post and come too—and we could live very happily together again. I see no other solution—and even before I knew that your affair with D'Yppold was serious, I had something like this in mind for you. Our dear father was the only difficulty, for I wanted him to enjoy his rest and not to have to worry and torment himself. But I think that in this way it might be arranged. For with your husband's earnings, your own and mine, we can easily manage, and enable our father to live in peace and comfort. Do talk this over soon with D'Yppold and let me know at once what you would like me to do, for the sooner I begin to arrange matters, the better. I can do most through the Cobenzls—but D'Yppold must write and let me know how and what.

M. Marchall sends his greetings to you—and particularly to M. D'Yppold, whom he thanks most warmly for his great kindness to him on his departure. Well, I must close, for I have still to write to Papa. Farewell, dearest sister! I hope to have better news of your health in Papa's next letter—and to have it confirmed soon by your own hand. Adieu. I kiss you a thousand times and am ever your brother who will always love you with all his heart

W. A. MOZART

(425a) *Mozart to his Father*

[*From Ludwig Nohl, Mozarts Briefe, 2nd edition, pp.* 305-306][1]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

Forgive me if you have to pay a little more for the letter this time. I wanted to give you some idea at least of the first act, so that you may judge what the whole opera will be like—and I could not have done it with less. I hope that your fits of dizziness will soon cease. You gave me rather a fright about my sister, because it was so unexpected. I do hope that she is better now. I kiss her a thousand times and kiss your hands a hundred times and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

(426) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the possession of Frau Floersheim-Koch, Florence*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 26 de Septembre*, 1781

Forgive me for having made you pay an extra heavy postage fee the other day. But I happened to have nothing important to tell you and thought that it would afford you pleasure if I gave you some idea of my opera. As the original text began with a monologue,[2] I asked Herr Stephanie to make a little arietta out of it—and then to put in a duet instead of making the two chatter together after Osmin's short song.[3] As we have given the

[1] Nohl, p. 306, in a note to this undated postscript, of which he declares he used the autograph, states that the other side of the sheet contained a copy in Constanze Weber's handwriting of Constanze's aria "Ach, ich liebte, war so glücklich".

[2] In the original text by C. F. Bretzner. See p. 1123, n. 3.

[3] It is worthy of note that the part of Osmin, which in Bretzner's libretto is negligible, was transformed by Mozart in collaboration with Stephanie to the towering figure in the "Entführung". Possibly Mozart was encouraged to do this as he was composing for a magnificent singer.

part of Osmin to Herr Fischer, who certainly has an excellent bass voice (in spite of the fact that the Archbishop told me that he sang too low for a bass and that I assured him that he would sing higher next time), we must take advantage of it, particularly as he has the whole Viennese public on his side. But in the original libretto Osmin has only this short song and nothing else to sing, except in the trio and the finale; so he has been given an aria in Act I, and he is to have another in Act II. I have explained to Stephanie the words I require for this aria—indeed I had finished composing most of the music for it before Stephanie knew anything whatever about it. I am enclosing only the beginning and the end, which is bound to have a good effect. Osmin's rage is rendered comical by the accompaniment of the Turkish music. In working out the aria I have given full scope now and then to Fischer's beautiful deep notes (in spite of our Salzburg Midas).[1] The passage "Drum beim Barte des Propheten" is indeed in the same tempo, but with quick notes; but as Osmin's rage gradually increases, there comes (just when the aria seems to be at an end) the allegro assai, which is in a totally different measure and in a different key; this is bound to be very effective. For just as a man in such a towering rage oversteps all the bounds of order, moderation and propriety and completely forgets himself, so must the music too forget itself. But as passions, whether violent or not, must never be expressed in such a way as to excite disgust, and as music, even in the most terrible situations, must never offend the ear, but must please the hearer, or in other words must never cease to be *music*, I have gone from F (the key in which the aria is written), not into a remote key, but into a related one, not, however, into its nearest relative D minor, but into the more remote A minor. Let me now

[1] i.e. the Archbishop.

turn to Belmonte's aria in A major, "O wie ängstlich, o wie feurig". Would you like to know how I have expressed it—and even indicated his throbbing heart? By the two violins playing octaves. This is the favourite aria of all those who have heard it, and it is mine also. I wrote it expressly to suit Adamberger's voice. You feel the trembling—the faltering—you see how his throbbing breast begins to swell; this I have expressed by a crescendo. You hear the whispering and the sighing—which I have indicated by the first violins with mutes and a flute playing in unison.

The Janissary chorus is, as such, all that can be desired, that is, short, lively and written to please the Viennese. I have sacrificed Constanze's aria a little to the flexible throat of Mlle Cavalieri, "Trennung war mein banges Los und nun schwimmt mein Aug' in Tränen". I have tried to express her feelings, as far as an Italian bravura aria will allow it. I have changed the "Hui" to "schnell", so it now runs thus—"Doch wie schnell schwand meine Freude". I really don't know what our German poets are thinking of. Even if they do not understand the theatre, or at all events operas, yet they should not make their characters talk as if they were addressing a herd of swine. Hui, sow!

Now for the trio at the close of Act I. Pedrillo has passed off his master as an architect—to give him an opportunity of meeting his Constanze in the garden. Bassa Selim has taken him into his service. Osmin, the steward, knows nothing of this, and being a rude churl and a sworn foe to all strangers, is impertinent and refuses to let them into the garden. It opens quite abruptly—and because the words lend themselves to it, I have made it a fairly respectable piece of real three-part writing. Then the major key begins at once pianissimo—it must go very quickly—and wind up with a great deal of noise,

which is always appropriate at the end of an act. The more noise the better, and the shorter the better, so that the audience may not have time to cool down with their applause.

I have sent you only fourteen bars of the ouverture, which is very short with alternate fortes and pianos, the Turkish music always coming in at the fortes. The ouverture modulates through different keys; and I doubt whether anyone, even if his previous night has been a sleepless one, could go to sleep over it. Now comes the rub! The first act was finished more than three weeks ago, as was also one aria in Act II and the drunken duet[1] (*per i signori viennesi*) which consists entirely of *my Turkish tattoo*. But I cannot compose any more, because the whole story is being altered—and, to tell the truth, at my own request. At the beginning of Act III there is a charming quintet or rather finale, but I should prefer to have it at the end of Act II.[2] In order to make this practicable, great changes must be made, in fact an entirely new plot must be introduced—and Stephanie is up to the eyes in other work. So we must have a little patience. Everyone abuses Stephanie. It may be that in my case he is only very friendly to my face. But after all he is arranging the libretto for me—and, what is more, as I want it—exactly—and, by Heaven, I do not ask anything more of him. Well, how I have been chattering to you about my opera! But I cannot help it. Please send me the march[3] which I mentioned the other day.[4] Gilowsky says that Daubrawaick will soon be here. Fräulein

[1] The duet between Pedrillo and Osmin, "Vivat Bacchus, Bacchus lebe".

[2] This is the quartet at the end of Act II.

[3] Probably K. 249, written in 1776 for the wedding of Elizabeth Haffner to F. X. Späth, for which Mozart also composed K. 250, the Haffner serenade.

[4] The letter in which Mozart made this request has unfortunately been lost.

von Aurnhammer and I are longing to have the two double concertos.[1] I hope we shall not wait as vainly as the Jews for their Messiah. Well, adieu. Farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace with all my heart my dear sister, whose health, I hope, is improving, and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

(427) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 6 d'octobre*, 1781

I have so far always received your letters on Mondays and have been accustomed to reply to them on Wednesdays; but the other day I did not receive your letter until Wednesday and, what is more, it arrived so late in the afternoon that I hadn't time to write to you. Meanwhile you will have received the description of the music of my opera. The day after I got your letter I went to see Herr von Scharf himself at the Post Office, had a word with him and gave him my address, so that he should send me the music at once. For I simply cannot bring myself to walk out to Leopoldstadt or spend a zwanziger[2] to drive out there just to please young Herr von Mayer. However, he has not yet arrived. Moreover, Herr von Scharf too knows nothing whatever about the arrival of his father-in-law, which is supposed to be so imminent. There was a rumour that the Archbishop intended to come here this month (with a numerous suite, too), but people are now contradicting it. As for Ceccarelli, I am quite sure that he will be appointed, for indeed I don't know where the Archbishop could find a better castrato *for the money*. Perhaps you already know what happened

[1] See p. 1113, n. 3. [2] i.e. twenty pfennigs, about twopence halfpenny.

to the Alumni who were travelling to Strassburg—on their arrival there? Why, they were actually refused permission to pass through the gates of the town, because they looked not only like beggars but scamps. Herr von Aurnhammer told me that he heard this from the cousin of the person to whom they had an introduction, adding that he said to them: "Well, my dear young men, you will have to stay in my house for four or five days, so that first of all I may have you decently dressed. For you cannot go out as you are, without running the risk of having street-urchins running after you and pelting you with mud." A nice testimonial to His Grace the Prince! I must now carry out a commission and put a question to you, exactly as it was put to me:—Who were the Counts von Klessheim? *And what has become of them?* Schmidt, my cousin's [1] poor, unfortunate adorateur, who is now in Trattner's [2] bookshop, begged me most urgently to obtain some information for him on the point.

Well, I am beginning to lose patience at not being able to go on writing my opera. True, I am composing other things in the meantime—yet—all my enthusiasm is for my opera, and what would at other times require fourteen days to write I could now do in four. I composed in one day Adamberger's aria in A, Cavalieri's in B♭ and the trio, and copied them out in a day and a half.[3] At the same time nothing would be gained if the whole opera

[1] Maria Anna Thekla Mozart, the "Bäsle".

[2] Johann Thomas Edler von Trattner (1717–1798) kept a printing business and a bookshop in Vienna. His second wife, Therese Edle von Trattner (1758–1793), was an excellent clavierist. She became a pupil and an intimate friend of Mozart, who dedicated to her his clavier sonata in C minor, K. 457, written in 1784, and his clavier Fantasia in the same key, K. 475, written in 1785. Nottebohm, p. 131, quotes a statement of Constanze Mozart according to which Mozart is supposed to have written to Frau von Trattner "two interesting letters about music". Niemetschek, p. 59, mentions one letter. There is no trace of these valuable documents.

[3] All in Act I.

were finished, for it would have to lie there until Gluck's two operas [1] were ready—and there is still an enormous amount in them which the singers have to study. Moreover, Umlauf has been obliged to wait with his opera,[2] which is ready and which took him a whole year to write. But (between ourselves) you must not believe that the opera is any good, just because it took him a whole year. I should have thought (again between ourselves) that it was the work of fourteen or fifteen days, particularly as the fellow must have learnt so many operas *by heart*, and all he had to do was to sit down—and that is precisely how he composed it—you notice it at once when you hear it! That reminds me, I must tell you that he invited me to his house in the most polite manner (*c'est-à-dire*, in his own manner) that I might hear his opera, adding: "You must not think that it is worth your while to hear it—I have not got as far as you have, but indeed I do my best". I heard afterwards that he said: "It's quite certain that Mozart has a devil in his head, his limbs and his fingers—why, he played off my opera (which I have written out so disgracefully that I myself can hardly read it) as if he had composed it himself". Well, adieu. I hope that my dear sister, whom I embrace with all my heart, will gradually recover. And you, my dear father —get some cart-grease, wrap it in a bit of paper and wear it on your chest. Take the bone of a leg of veal and wrap it up in paper with a kreutzer's worth of leopard's bane and carry it in your pocket. I am sure that this will cure you. Farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

[1] "Iphigenie in Tauris" and "Alceste".

[2] Probably "Das Irrlicht". See p. 1124, n. 3.

(428) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 13 *d'octobre*, 1781

Fräulein von Aurnhammer and I thank you for the concertos.[1] M. Marchall brought young Herr von Mayer to my room yesterday morning and in the afternoon I drove out and fetched my things. M. Marchall has hopes of becoming tutor in the family of Count Jean Esterhazy; Count Cobenzl has given him a written recommendation to the Count. He said to me: "J'ai donné une lettre à Monsieur votre protégé", and when he saw Marchall again, he said to him: "D'abord que j'aurai de réponse, je le dirai à M. Mozart, votre protecteur".

Now as to the libretto of the opera. You are quite right so far as Stephanie's work is concerned. Still, the poetry is perfectly in keeping with the character of stupid, surly, malicious Osmin. I am well aware that the verse is not of the best, but it fitted in and it agreed so well with the musical ideas which already were buzzing in my head, that it could not fail to please me; and I would like to wager that when it is performed, no deficiencies will be found. As for the poetry which was there originally, I really have nothing to say against it. Belmonte's aria "O wie ängstlich" could hardly be better written for music. Except for "Hui" and "Kummer ruht in meinem Schoss" (for sorrow—cannot rest), the aria too is not bad, particularly the first part. Besides, I should say that in an opera the poetry must be altogether the obedient daughter of the music. Why do Italian comic operas please everywhere—in spite of their miserable libretti—even in Paris, where I myself witnessed their success? Just because there the music reigns supreme and when one listens

[1] See p. 1113, n. 3.

to it all else is forgotten. Why, an opera is sure of success when the plot is well worked out, the words written solely for the music and not shoved in here and there to suit some miserable rhyme (which, God knows, never enhances the value of any theatrical performance, be it what it may, but rather detracts from it)—I mean, words or even entire verses which ruin the composer's whole idea. Verses are indeed the most indispensable element for music—but rhymes—solely for the sake of rhyming—the most detrimental. Those high and mighty people who set to work in this pedantic fashion will always come to grief, both they and their music. The best thing of all is when a good composer, who understands the stage and is talented enough to make sound suggestions, meets an able poet, that true phoenix; in that case no fears need be entertained as to the applause even of the ignorant. Poets almost remind me of trumpeters with their professional tricks! If we composers were always to stick so faithfully to our rules (which were very good at a time when no one knew better), we should be concocting music as unpalatable as their libretti.

Well, I think I have chattered enough nonsense to you; so I must now enquire about what interests me most of all, and that is, your health, my most beloved father! In my last letter I suggested two remedies for giddiness, which, if you do not know them, you will probably not think any good. But I have been assured that they would certainly have a splendid effect; and the pleasure of thinking that you might recover made me believe this assurance so entirely that I could not refrain from suggesting them with my heart's wishes and with the sincere desire that you may not need them—but that if you do use them, you will recover completely. I trust that my sister is improving daily. I kiss her with all my heart and, my dearest, most beloved father, I kiss

your hands a thousand times and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

As soon as I receive the watch, I shall return yours. Adieu.

(429) *Mozart to his Cousin, Maria Anna Thekla Mozart, Augsburg*

[*From Ludwig Nohl, Mozarts Briefe, 2nd edition, p.* 310 *f.*]

MA TRÈS CHÈRE COUSINE! VIENNE, *ce* 21 *d'octobre*, 1781[1]

I had been hungering all this long time for a letter from you, dearest cousin—wondering what it would be like—and it proved to be exactly what I had imagined. For after once letting three months elapse, I should never have written again—even if the executioner had stood behind me with his naked sword. For I should not have known how, when, where, why and what? I simply had to wait for your letter.

As you doubtless know, several important things have happened to me in the meantime, in connection with which I have had to do a good deal of thinking and have had a great amount of vexation, worry, trouble and anxiety, which indeed may serve to excuse my long silence. As for all the other things, let me tell you that the gossip which people have been so kind as to circulate about me, is partly true and partly false. That is all I can say at the moment. But let me add, in order to set your mind at rest, that I never do anything without a reason—and, what is more, without a well-founded reason. If you had shown more confidence and friendship and had applied to me direct (and not to others—and what is more . . . !). But

[1] It is doubtful whether this date is correct. See p. 1154, n. 2.

silence. If you had addressed yourself direct to me, you would certainly have heard more than everyone else—and, possibly, more than—I myself! But—Well, I was nearly forgetting. Be so kind, dearest, most beloved cousin, as to deliver immediately, in person, the enclosed letter to Herr Stein,[1] and ask him to answer it at once or at any rate to tell you what you should write to me about it. For I hope that our correspondence, dear little cousin, will now start off again! That is, if our letters do not cost you too much! If, as I hope, you honour me with a reply, be so gracious as to address your letter as you did the other day, namely, *Auf dem Peter, im Auge Gottes, 2nd floor.* True, I no longer live there, but the address is so well known at the post office, that when a letter is addressed to my new lodging, it is held up for a day or two.

Now farewell, dearest, most beloved cousin! Keep me in your friendship which is so precious to me. Be completely assured of my friendship. I am ever, ma très chère cousine, your most sincere cousin and friend,

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

My greetings to your father and mother and also to Fräulein Juliana.

Mme[2] Weber and her three daughters[3] send their greetings to you—and she asks you to do her a favour. Herr Bartholomei, the bookseller (whom no doubt you know), asked for the portrait of Aloysia, who is now Mme Lange, in order to have an engraving made. Well, it will be two years next March and we have heard nothing either about the portrait or about the payment for it—and its return was promised for last March. So Mme Weber requests

[1] There is no trace of this letter.

[2] The autograph of this portion of the postscript is in the Hatzfeld Collection, Paris, and was published in *Le Ménéstrel*, August 16th, 1932, p. 355.

[3] Josefa, Constanze and Sophie.

you to make a few enquiries, as she would like to know what she ought to do. I should add that it is the same portrait which Baron Götz had in Munich. I think that you too have seen it. So it is very bad of him to have given it into strange hands without saying a word about it. Adieu, ma chère, write to me soon.

(430) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 24 *d'octobre*, 1781

I have had no letter from you to-day, most beloved father—and my only consolation is the thought that probably you have had no time to write. Many thanks for the two divertimenti[1] and the cuffs, which I have received safely. I was not at home when young Daubrawaick called, and he would not entrust the watch to the people in the house. I shall fetch it myself some day soon and at the same time give him yours in exchange. I hear that he is going to remain here for two months, but this time he is not lodging in Trattner's house. I can't write very much to you at the moment, as I have still to write to my cousin and to Herr Stein at Augsburg;[2] for Count Czernin has asked me to order a pianoforte for his wife. A propos, do you know that Count Czernin . . . I wish . . . I should not like . . .[3] The first performance of "Iphigenie"[4] took place yesterday, but I wasn't there,

[1] See p. 1115, n. 2.

[2] Mozart obviously refers to Letter 429, in which he enclosed a letter for Herr Stein. From Mozart's remark about the performance of Gluck's opera which took place on October 23rd, the date of Letter 430 is correct. Hence there must be some mistake about the date of Letter 429.

[3] In the first case two lines, in the second and third cases several words have been blotted out, probably by Nissen.

[4] Gluck's "Iphigenie in Tauris".

for whoever wanted to get a seat in the parterre had to be at the theatre by four o'clock, so I preferred to stay away. I tried to get a reserved seat in the third circle six days beforehand, but they were all gone. However, I was at nearly all the rehearsals. Well, I must close. I trust that both you, my most beloved father, and my dear sister are in good health. Praise and thanks be to God, I am too. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever, mon très cher père, your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

(431) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 3 *de* 9^{bre}, 1781

Please forgive me for not having acknowledged by the last post the receipt of the cadenzas,[1] for which I thank you most submissively. It happened to be my name-day,[2] so I performed my devotions in the morning and, just as I was going to write to you, a whole crowd of congratulating friends literally besieged me. At twelve o'clock I drove out to Baroness Waldstädten[3] at Leopoldstadt, where I spent my name-day. At eleven o'clock at night I was treated to a serenade performed by two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons—and that too of my own composition[4]—for I wrote it for St. Theresa's

[1] Probably the cadenzas for K. 242, Mozart's concerto for three claviers, which he himself had arranged for two.

[2] October 31st.

[3] Martha Elizabeth, Baroness von Waldstädten, *née* von Schäfer (1744–1811). She was separated from her husband and lived at Leopoldstadt, no. 360. She was an excellent performer on the clavier and became a friend and patroness of Mozart.

[4] K. 375, a serenade composed in October 1781.

Day,[1] for Frau von Hickel's sister, or rather the sister-in-law of Herr von Hickel, court painter,[2] at whose house it was performed for the first time. The six gentlemen who executed it are poor beggars who, however, play quite well together, particularly the first clarinet and the two horns. But the chief reason why I composed it was in order to let Herr von Strack, who goes there every day, hear something of my composition; so I wrote it rather carefully. It has won great applause too and on St. Theresa's Night it was performed in three different places; for as soon as they finished playing it in one place, they were taken off somewhere else and paid to play it. Well, these musicians asked that the street door might be opened and, placing themselves in the centre of the courtyard, surprised me, just as I was about to undress, in the most pleasant fashion imaginable with the first chord in E♭. I shall add the second piano part to the cadenzas[3] and return them to you.

It would be a very good thing if my opera were ready, for Umlauf cannot produce his at present, because both Mme Weiss and Mlle Schindler are ill. I must go off to Stephanie at once, as he has sent word at last that he has something ready for me.

I have no news whatever to give you, for small matters are not likely to interest you and important ones you surely know quite as well as we Viennese. There is now a Dauphin[4]—a small thing, I admit, until it becomes a big one—I am telling you this so that the Duc d'Artois may not have all the credit of a bon mot. For when

[1] October 15th.

[2] Joseph Hickel (1736–1807) studied in Vienna and in 1768 was sent to Italy by the Empress Maria Theresa. On his return he did a portrait of Joseph II and was appointed in 1772 court painter to the Emperor.

[3] See p. 1155, n. 1.

[4] Louis Joseph Xavier François, born on October 22nd, 1781. He died on June 4th, 1789.

during her pregnancy the Queen complained one day that the Dauphin was causing her great inconvenience and said: "Il me donne de grands coups de pied au ventre", the Duke replied: "O Madame, laissez-le venir dehors; qu'il me donnera de grands coups de pied au cul". Well, the day the news arrived all the theatres and shows in Vienna were free.

It is striking three, so I must hurry off to Stephanie, or I may miss him and then have to wait again. I hope that every day you will feel better and my dear sister too, whom I embrace with all my heart. Farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

(432) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 10 *de* 9^{bre}, 1781

I thank you a thousand times for your congratulations on my name-day, and send you mine for St. Leopold's Day.[1] Dearest, most beloved father! I wish you every imaginable good that one can possibly wish. Nay rather, I wish nothing for you, but everything for myself. So I wish for my own sake that you may continue to enjoy good health, and that you may live many, many years for my happiness and my infinite pleasure. I wish for my own sake that everything I do and undertake may be in accordance with your desire and pleasure, or rather that I may never do anything which may not cause you the very greatest joy. I hope it may be so, for whatever contributes to your son's happiness must naturally be agreeable to you.

Herr von Aurnhammer, in whose house I am writing,

[1] November 15th.

his wife and the two young ladies also send you their congratulations.

At the play the other day I was talking to Gschwendner, who told me that Frau Späth[1] has died. I hope that I may perhaps hear from you to-morrow whether this news is true or false.

The Duke of Wurtemberg[2] is expected to-day, so to-morrow there is to be a Redoute and on the 25th there is to be a public Redoute at Schönbrunn. But people are extremely embarrassed about this, for, according to general report, the Grand Duke will only stay ten days, and the festival of St. Catherine, which the ball is to celebrate, falls according to the Greek calendar on December 6th. So no one knows yet what will be done. Now for another comical tale. The Emperor commanded each of the actors to select a part in which to appear before the Grand Duke. Lange[3] applied for that of Hamlet, but Count Rosenberg, who does not like Lange, said that this could not be, because Brockmann[4] had been playing that part for ages. When this was repeated to Brockmann, he went to Rosenberg and told him that he could not appear in the part and that the play could not be performed at all. And why? *Because the Grand Duke himself was Hamlet.*[5] The Emperor (it is said—it is said—it is said) on hearing this sent Brockmann fifty ducats. Now I have no more

[1] Probably Elise Haffner, daughter of Sigmund Haffner, merchant and burgomaster of Salzburg, for whose marriage to F. X. Späth, July 22nd, 1776, Mozart composed a march, K. 249, and a serenade, K. 250.

[2] The visitors were Duke Karl Eugen of Wurtemberg and his wife, his daughter Princess Elizabeth, who was betrothed to the Archduke Francis, and his son Prince Ferdinand. They arrived in Vienna on November 11th.

[3] Josef Lange, who had married as his second wife Aloysia Weber. See p. 1089, n. 2.

[4] Hieronymus Brockmann, a popular actor.

[5] A popular comparison at the time. After the death of his father, Peter III, and the establishment of his mother, Catherine, as sole ruler of Russia, the Grand Duke Paul, feeling that his rights had been usurped and that he had no part to play in the government of his country, fell into a state of melancholy.

news. I thank you again a thousand times and renew my wishes. I shall write to my sister very soon. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

P.S.—My thanks and greetings to all who sent me their congratulations. A propos. Is it true that the Elector of Bavaria is dying?[1] Adieu.

(433) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 17 *de Nov^bre*, 1781

I have received your letter of the 6th. In regard to Ceccarelli, it is quite impossible even for a single night; for I have only one room, which is not large and is so crammed already with my wardrobe, table and clavier that really I do not know where I could put another bed—and as for sleeping in one bed—that I shall only do with my future wife. But I shall look about for as cheap a lodging as possible, provided I know precisely when he is to arrive. I have not seen Countess Schönborn at all this time. I had not the heart to call and I still feel just the same. *I know her through and through.* She would most certainly say something which I should probably not swallow without retorting, and it is always better to avoid such incidents. In any case she knows that I am here; and if she wants to see me, she can send for me. Czernin could not get the hang of the Mölk affair and asked him at a public dinner whether he had any news of his brother, the Court Councillor? Mölk was taken aback and could not

[1] The Elector of Bavaria lived until 1799.

reply. I would certainly have given him some answer. He was corrupted in a house which you frequented a great deal.[1] I shall look up the Kletzl family as soon as possible. Well, I have at last got something to work at for my opera. Indeed, if we were always to trust and believe tale-bearers, how often should we injure ourselves! I simply cannot tell you how people abused Stephanie junior to me. I really became quite uneasy about him, and if I had acted as I was advised, I should have transformed a good friend into an enemy who might have done me a great deal of harm; and all this without any just cause.

Yesterday at three o'clock in the afternoon the Archduke Maximilian[2] sent for me. When I went in, he was standing near the stove in the first room and was waiting for me. He came up to me at once and asked me if I had anything particular to do that day. I replied: "Nothing whatever, your Royal Highness; and if I had, I should still consider it a favour to be allowed to wait on your Royal Highness". "No, no," he said, "I refuse to inconvenience anyone." He then told me that he was intending to give a concert that very evening to the visitors from Wurtemberg[3] and suggested that I should play and accompany the arias, adding that I was to come back at six o'clock when all the guests would be assembled. So I played there yesterday. When God gives a man a sacred office, He generally gives him understanding; and so it is, I trust, in the case of the ⟨Archduke.⟩ But before he became a priest, he was far more witty and intelligent and talked less, but more sensibly. You should see him now! ⟨Stupidity⟩ oozes out of his eyes. He talks and holds forth incessantly and always in falsetto—and he has started a

[1] This obscure passage is probably connected with the passages in Letter 430 which have been obliterated.

[2] The Archduke Maximilian (1756–1801) was the Emperor's youngest brother. He was Archbishop of Cologne.

[3] See p. 1158, n. 2.

goitre. In short, the fellow seems to have changed completely. The Duke of Wurtemberg, however, is a charming person and so are the Duchess and the Princess. But the Prince, who is eighteen, is a regular stick and an out-and-out calf.

Well, I must close. Farewell and be as cheerful as possible! I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

(434) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 24 *Nov*^{bre}, 1781

I happened to be at Aurnhammer's concert yesterday, when Ceccarelli brought your letter to my lodging. So, as he did not find me in, he left it with the Webers, who at once sent it on to me. At the concert there were Countess Thun (whom I had invited), Baron van Swieten, Baron Godenus, the rich converted Jew Wetzlar,[1] Count Firmian, Herr von Daubrawaick and his son. We played the concerto a due[2] and a sonata for two claviers,[3] which I had composed expressly for the occasion and which was a great success. I shall send you this sonata by Herr von Daubrawaick, who said he would be proud to have it lying in his trunk. The son told me this and, mark you, he is a native of Salzburg. The father, however, when he was leaving, said aloud to me: "I am proud of being your

[1] Baron Raimund Wetzlar von Plankenstern (1752–1810). Mozart and his wife occupied the third floor of his house at the Hohe Brücke 412 (now no. 17) from December 1782 until March 1783. He was godfather to their first child, Raimund Leopold, and appears to have helped them financially.

[2] K. 365, concerto in E$^{\flat}$ for two claviers, composed in 1779.

[3] K. 448, sonata in D major for two claviers.

countryman. You are doing Salzburg great credit. I hope the times will change so that we shall have you back again, and then most certainly we shall not let you go." My reply was: "My own country will always have the first claim upon me". I have seen Herr Gschwendner once at the theatre and once at the Redoute. As soon as I meet him again, I shall ask him when he is leaving. Kerschbaumer, the king of the Moors, is also in Vienna; and when I went to see Mme Contrarini (who is living in this house and also on the third floor), in order to borrow a domino from her, who should walk in but Freysauf [1] and Atzwanger.[2] One damned Salzburger after another!

The Grand Duke,[3] the big noise, has arrived. Tomorrow "Alceste" [4] is to be given (in Italian) at Schönbrunn, followed by a free Redoute. I have been looking about for Russian popular songs, so as to be able to play variations on them.[5]

My sonatas [6] have been published and I shall send them to you as soon as I get a chance.

No doubt Ceccarelli will want to give a concert with me. But he won't succeed, for I don't care about going shares with people. All that I can do, as I intend to give a concert in Lent, is to let him sing at it and then to play for him gratis at his own.

Well, I must close, for I must be off to Frau von Trattner.[7] Some time during the next few days I shall reply to my dear sister, whom I embrace with all my heart.

[1] Anton Freysauf, who with his brother Franz kept a shop in the Judengasse.

[2] Probably a son of Raimund Felix Atzwanger (1726–1804), a wealthy grocer and town councillor of Salzburg.

[3] The Grand Duke Paul Petrovitch of Russia.

[4] Gluck's "Alceste" was not performed until December 3rd.

[5] There is no trace of these compositions, if Mozart ever wrote them down.

[6] The six violin and clavier sonatas, K. 296 and 376-380. They were dedicated to Mozart's pupil, Josephine Aurnhammer.

[7] See p. 1148, n. 2.

Dearest, most beloved father, I kiss your hands a thousand times and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

(435) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 5 *de Dec*^{bre}, 1781

I have had no letter from you to-day, so I shall send you all the news I have heard, which is, indeed, little enough and most of it made up. That is just the reason why I never send you any, because I am afraid of disgracing myself. For example, General Laudon was positively dead—and is now risen again, fortunately for the house of Austria![1] The Grand Duke is to remain here until the New Year and the Emperor is wondering how he is going to entertain him for such a long time. But to avoid racking his brains too much—he is not entertaining him at all. It is quite enough, he thinks, if he looks after ⟨the Grand Duchess,⟩ and for this ⟨he himself suffices.⟩ There was horrible confusion at the Schönbrunn ball. As the admirable arrangements made it perfectly easy to foresee what would happen, Herr Ego did not put in an appearance, for he is no lover of crushes, digs in the ribs and blows, even if they happen to be ⟨Imperial⟩ ones! Strobel, the Court messenger, had to distribute the tickets, and three thousand people were expected. It was publicly announced that everyone could be entered on the list by applying to Strobel. So they all went, and Strobel took down their names, and all they had to do was to send for their tickets. A few very eminent persons had theirs sent to their houses, this commission being entrusted to any scamp who chanced to be loitering about. Well, it

[1] Laudon lived until 1790. He had been in poor health for some time.

happened that a fellow asked someone he met on the stairs whether his name was so-and-so, and for a joke he said it was and thus secured the ticket. I know of two families who owing to this lack of organisation got no tickets. They were on the list, but when they sent for their tickets, Strobel replied that he had despatched them long ago. In this way the ball was full of friseurs and housemaids. But now for the most amusing part of the story, which has greatly incensed ⟨the nobility. The Emperor⟩ walked about the whole time with ⟨the Grand Duchess⟩ on his arm. The nobility had arranged two sets of contredanses —Romans and Tartars. Into one of these sets the Viennese mob, who are never particularly civil, pushed themselves so roughly that they forced ⟨the Grand Duchess to let go⟩ the ⟨Emperor's⟩ arm, and shoved her forward among the dancers. ⟨The Emperor⟩ began to stamp furiously, cursed like a lazzarone, pushed back a crowd of people and dealt blows right and left. Some of the Hungarian Guards wanted to support him and help him to clear a space, but he sent them off. All I say is that it serves him right. For what else can you expect from a mob? I have this moment received your letter of November 27th. It is quite true that, out of love for the Princess, ⟨the Emperor⟩ drove out to meet the Duke of Wurtemberg. This affair is an open secret in Vienna, but no one knows whether she is going to be a morsel for himself or for some Tuscan prince. Probably the latter. All the same ⟨the Emperor⟩ is far too ⟨loving⟩ with her for my taste. He is always kissing her hands, first one and then the other, and often both at once. I am really astonished, because she is, you might say, still a child. But if it be true, and what people predict does happen, then I shall begin to believe that in his case charity begins at home. For she is to remain here in a convent for two years—and—probably—if there is no hitch—she will become my pupil on the clavier.

I know the bassoon-player well whom they want to foist on the Archbishop. He plays second to Ritter at the opera. You say that I must not forget you! That you rejoice to think that I do not, gives me the greatest pleasure. But if you could believe it possible that I should forget you, that indeed would pain me dreadfully. You say that I must remember that I have an immortal soul. Not only do I think it, but I firmly believe it. If it were not so, wherein would consist the difference between men and beasts? Just because I both know and most firmly believe this, I have not been able to carry out all your wishes exactly in the way you expected. Now farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

(436) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 15 *de Dec*^{bre}, 1781

I have this moment received your letter of the 12th. Herr von Daubrawaick will bring you this letter, the watch, the Munich opera,[1] the six engraved sonatas,[2] the sonata for two claviers[3] and the cadenzas.[4] As for the Princess of Wurtemberg and myself, all is over. The Emperor has spoilt everything, for he cares for no one but Salieri. The Archduke Maximilian recommended *me* to her and she replied that had it rested with her, she would never have engaged anyone else, but that on account of her singing the Emperor had suggested Salieri. She added that she was extremely sorry. What you tell me about the

[1] "Idomeneo."
[2] See p. 1162, n. 6.
[3] K. 448, composed in November 1781.
[4] See p. 1155, n. 1.

House of Wurtemberg and yourself may possibly prove useful to me.

Dearest father! You demand an explanation of the words in the closing sentence of my last letter! Oh, how gladly would I have opened my heart to you long ago, but I was deterred by the reproaches you might have made to me for *thinking of such a thing at an unseasonable time* —although indeed thinking can never be unseasonable. Meanwhile I am very anxious to secure here a small but *certain* income, which, together with what chance may provide, will enable me to live here quite comfortably— and then—to marry! You are horrified at the idea? But I entreat you, dearest, most beloved father, to listen to me. I have been obliged to reveal my intentions to you. You must, therefore, allow me to disclose to you my reasons, which, moreover, are very well founded. The voice of nature speaks as loud in me as in others, louder, perhaps, than in many a big strong lout of a fellow. I simply cannot live as most young men do in these days. In the first place, I have too much religion; in the second place, I have too great a love of my neighbour and too high a feeling of honour to seduce an innocent girl; and, in the third place, I have too much horror and disgust, too much dread and fear of diseases and too much care for my health to fool about with whores. So I can swear that I have never had relations of that sort with any woman. Besides, if such a thing had occurred, I should not have concealed it from you; for, after all, to err is natural enough in a man, and to err *once* would be mere weakness— although indeed I should not undertake to promise that if I had erred once in this way, I should stop short at one slip. However, I stake my life on the truth of what I have told you. I am well aware that this reason (powerful as it is) is not urgent enough. But owing to my disposition, which is more inclined to a peaceful and domesticated

existence than to revelry, I who from my youth up have never been accustomed to look after my own belongings, linen, clothes and so forth, cannot think of anything more necessary to me than a wife. I assure you that I am often obliged to spend unnecessarily, simply because I do not pay attention to things. I am absolutely convinced that I should manage better with a wife (on the same income which I have now) than I do by myself. And how many useless expenses would be avoided! True, other expenses would have to be met, but—one knows what they are and can be prepared for them—in short, one leads a well-ordered existence. A bachelor, in my opinion, is only half alive. Such are my views and I cannot help it. I have thought the matter over and reflected sufficiently, and I shall not change my mind. But who is the object of my love? Do not be horrified again, I entreat you. Surely not one of the Webers? Yes, one of the Webers—but not Josefa,[1] nor Sophie,[2] but Constanze,[3] the middle one. In no other family have I ever come across such differences of character. The eldest is a lazy, gross, perfidious woman, and as cunning as a fox. Mme Lange[4] is a false, malicious person and a coquette. The youngest—is still too young to be anything in particular—she is just a good-natured, but feather-headed creature! May God protect her from seduction! But the middle one, my good, dear

[1] Josefa Weber (1758–1819), the eldest daughter. She became a singer and took the part of the "Königin der Nacht" in the first performances of the "Zauberflöte" in Vienna. She married in 1788 Franz de Paula Hofer (1755–1796), an excellent violinist, and, after his death, Friedrich Sebastian Mayer (1773–1835), a well-known actor. See Blümml, p. 119 ff.

[2] Maria Sophie Weber (1767–1846), the youngest daughter. She married in 1806 the composer Jakob Haibel (1761–1826), who occasionally sang in Schikaneder's productions in Vienna.

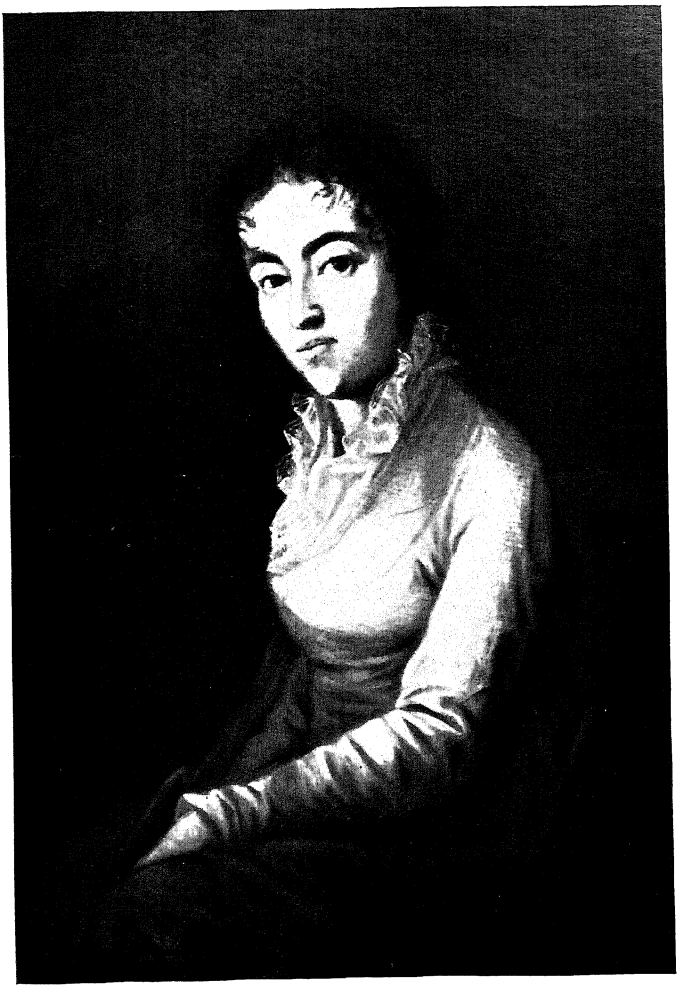
[3] Constanze Weber (1763–1842), the third daughter. The best account of Constanze's life and character is to be found in A. Schurig, *Konstanze Mozart* (Dresden, 1922). See also Farmer and Smith, *New Mozartiana* (Glasgow, 1935), pp. 29-52.

[4] Aloysia Weber (1760–1839), the second daughter.

Constanze, is the martyr of the family and, probably for that very reason, is the kindest-hearted, the cleverest and, in short, the best of them all. She makes herself responsible for the whole household and yet in their opinion she does nothing right. Oh, my most beloved father, I could fill whole sheets with descriptions of all the scenes that I have witnessed in that house. If you want to read them, I shall do so in my next letter. But before I cease to plague you with my chatter, I must make you better acquainted with the character of my dear Constanze. She is not ugly, but at the same time far from beautiful. Her whole beauty consists in two little black eyes and a pretty figure. She has no wit, but she has enough common sense to enable her to fulfil her duties as a wife and mother. It is a downright lie that she is inclined to be extravagant. On the contrary, she is accustomed to be shabbily dressed, for the little that her mother has been able to do for her children, she has done for the two others, but never for Constanze. True, she would like to be neatly and cleanly dressed, but not smartly, and most things that a woman needs she is able to make for herself; and she dresses her own hair every day. Moreover she understands housekeeping and has the kindest heart in the world. I love her and she loves me with all her heart. Tell me whether I could wish myself a better wife?

One thing more I must tell you, which is that when I resigned the Archbishop's service, our love had not yet begun. It was born of her tender care and attentions when I was living in their house.

Accordingly, all that I desire is to have a small assured income (of which, thank God, I have good hopes), and then I shall never cease entreating you to allow me to save this poor girl—and to make myself and her—and, if I may say so, all of us very happy. For you surely are happy when I am? And you are to enjoy one half of *my fixed*



CONSTANZE MOZART, NÉE WEBER (1782)

From a portrait by Josef Lange
(Hunterian Museum, University of Glasgow)

income. My dearest father, I have opened my heart to you and explained my remarks. It is now my turn to beg you to explain yours in your last letter. You say that I cannot imagine that you were aware of *a proposal which had been made to me and to which I, at the time when you heard of it, had not yet replied.* I do not understand one word of this—I know of no such proposal. Please take pity on your son! I kiss your hands a thousand times and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

(436a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*From Ludwig Nohl, Mozarts Briefe, 2nd edition, p.* 322]

MA TRÈS CHÈRE SŒUR! VIENNA, *December 15th*, 1781[1]

Here are the six engraved sonatas[2] and the sonata for two claviers.[3] I hope you will like them. Only four will be new to you.[4] The copyist was not able to finish the variations,[5] which I shall send you in my next letter.

Dear sister! I have beside me a letter which I began to you,[6] but as I have written a long letter to Papa, I have not been able to go on with yours. So please be content this time with this cover, and I shall write to you by the next post. Addio, farewell. I kiss you a thousand times and am ever your sincere brother

W. A. MOZART

[1] A postscript written on the cover of the letter to his father.
[2] K. 296, 376-380. [3] K. 448.
[4] K. 296 and 378 had been composed before Mozart went to Vienna.
[5] K. 359, 360, 352.
[6] The following letter (Letter 437), begun on the 15th and finished on the 22nd of December.

(437) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MA TRÈS CHÈRE SŒUR! VIENNE, *ce* 15 *de Decembre*, 1781[1]

I thank you for all the news you have sent me. Here are my six sonatas. Only four of them will be new to you. It is not possible to let you have the variations, as the copyists are too busy. But as soon as I can, I shall send them to you.

December 22nd. Meanwhile you will have received the cover,[2] in which I sent a letter to my father. Herr von Daubrawaick has returned the opera,[3] so I must look about for some other opportunity of sending it to Salzburg. Indeed Ceccarelli would have been taken aback, had you accepted his offer, for when I spoke to him about it, he quickly replied: "Certo, l'avrei presa meco subito".[4] And when I asked him why he had not done so, he had no better reason to give than "*Where could I have put her here?*" "Oh—as to that," I replied, "there would have been no difficulty, for I know plenty of houses where they would have been delighted to put her up." And, indeed, it is quite true. If you find a good opportunity of coming to Vienna for a time, just write and let me know beforehand.

Do you not think that "Das Loch in der Thür"[5] is a good comedy? But you ought to see it performed here. "Die Gefahren der Verführung"[6] is also a capital piece. "Das öffentliche Geheimnis"[7] is only endurable if one

[1] The beginning of this letter was written before the postscript to Letter 436. Mozart continued the letter on December 22nd.

[2] See Letter 436a. [3] "Idomeneo."

[4] Certainly, I would have taken her with me at once.

[5] See p. 1109, n. 1.

[6] It has not been possible to discover the author of this play.

[7] A German translation of Carlo Gozzi's "Il pubblico segreto", which was an adaptation of Calderon's "El secreto á voces". Gozzi's comedy was first performed at Modena on May 20th, 1769.

remembers that it is an Italian play, for the Princess's condescension to her servant is really too indecent and unnatural. The best part of this play is—the public secret itself—I mean, the way in which the two lovers, though preserving their secret, still contrive to communicate with one another publicly. What is the name of the acrobat? Elias Vogt is with Böhm and little Peter[1] is in Berlin. It was real news to me that Feigele has gone home and that Andretter is back in Salzburg.

I cannot send you any news, my dear sister, because at the moment I have none. In regard to our old acquaintances I must tell you that I have only been out once to see Frau von Mesmer.[2] The house is no longer what it was. If I want to get a free meal, I need not drive out to the Landstrasse for it, for there are plenty of houses in town to which I can go on foot. The Fischers are living in the Tiefer Graben where I scarcely ever happen to go; but if my way does take me in that direction, I pay them a visit of a few minutes, since I really cannot endure for longer their tiny, overheated room and the wine on the table. I am well aware that people of their class consider this to be the greatest possible compliment, but I am no lover of such compliments and still less of people of that type. I have not yet seen a single one of the Breans. I have talked quite often to Grill (who is now married) and to Heufeld. As for my shooting fund, I do not know either what is to be done. Surely there is some money there, some interest, I mean, on the hundred gulden? Why, you will just have to take some of it. Perhaps I shall be more fortunate next year. What about the target?

Good God! I have received this very moment a letter from my dearest and most beloved father! How can there

[1] See p. 1049, n. 3.

[2] The wife of Dr. Franz Anton Mesmer, who in the meantime had settled in Paris.

be such monsters in the shape of men? But patience! my rage and fury are such that I cannot write any more; but do tell him that I shall reply to his letter by the next post and that I shall convince him that there are men who are worse—than devils. In the meantime let him be easy in his mind. Say that his son is possibly more worthy of him than he thinks. Adieu. I kiss my dearest, most beloved father's hands a thousand times and embrace you, my dearest sister, with all my heart and am ever your sincere brother

W. A. MOZART

A thousand compliments to M. D'Yppold. Adieu.

(438) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 22 *X^bre*, 1781

I am still full of rage and fury at the disgraceful lies of that arch-villain Winter[1]—and yet I am calm and composed, because they do not affect me—and delighted and contented with my most inestimable, most dear and most beloved father. But I could never have expected anything else from your good sense, and your love and kindness to me. No doubt by this time you will have received my letter with the confession of my love and my intentions, and you will have gathered from it that I shall

[1] Peter von Winter (1754–1825), born in Mannheim, joined the Mannheim orchestra as violinist in 1775. In 1794 he became Vice-Kapellmeister to the Munich court orchestra, and in 1798 Kapellmeister. From 1793 to 1797 he had nine operas performed at the Burgtheater and Schikaneder's theatre in Vienna. He also composed a great deal of church music. He was in Vienna during the winter of 1781 for the production of three ballets, for which he had written the music.

not be so foolish as to marry rashly in my twenty-sixth year without having some certain income—and that I have very well founded reasons for getting married as soon as possible—and that, from the description of her which I gave you, my girl will be a very suitable wife for me. For she is just as I have described her, not one whit better or worse. As for the marriage contract, I want to make the most frank confession, fully convinced as I am that you will forgive me for taking this step; for had you been in my place, you would most certainly have done the same thing. But for one thing alone I ask your pardon—that is, that I did not tell you all about this long ago. In my last letter I apologised to you for my delay and gave you the reason which deterred me. So I hope that you will forgive me, particularly as no one has suffered more by it than I have—and even if you had not provided the occasion for doing so in your last letter, I should have written to you and disclosed everything. For, by Heaven, I could not have stood it—much—much longer.

Well, let's come to the marriage contract, or rather to the written assurance of my honourable intentions towards the girl. You know, of course, that as the father is no longer alive (unhappily for the whole family as well as for my Constanze and myself) a guardian[1] has taken his place. Certain busybodies and impudent gentlemen like Herr Winter must have shouted in the ears of this person (who doesn't know me at all) all sorts of stories about me—as, for example, that he should beware of me—that I have no settled income—that I was far too intimate with her—that I should probably jilt her—and that the girl would then be ruined, and so forth. All this made him smell a

[1] Johann von Thorwart (1737–*c.* 1813). From 1776 to 1791 he was in charge of the financial affairs of the National Theatre in Vienna, and was Count Rosenberg's right hand. For a full study of Thorwart's strange career see Blümml, p. 54 ff.

rat—for the mother who knows me and knows that I am honourable, let things take their course and said nothing to him about the matter. For my whole association with her consisted in my lodging with the family and later in my going to their house every day. No one ever saw me with her outside the house. But the guardian kept on pestering the mother with his representations until she told me about them and asked me to speak to him myself, adding that he would come some day to her house. He came—and we had a talk—with the result (as I did not explain myself as clearly as he desired) that he told the mother to forbid me to associate with her daughter until I had come to a written agreement with him. The mother replied: "Why, his whole association with her consists in his coming to my house, and—I cannot forbid him my house. He is too good a friend—and one to whom I owe a great deal. I am quite satisfied. I trust him. You must settle it with him yourself." So he forbade me to have anything more to do with Constanze, unless I would give him a written undertaking. What other course was open to me? I had either to give him a written contract or—to desert the girl. What man who loves sincerely and honestly can forsake his beloved? Would not the mother, would not my loved one herself place the worst interpretation upon such conduct? That was my predicament. So I drew up a document to the effect *that I bound myself to marry Mlle Constanze Weber within the space of three years and that if it should prove impossible for me to do so owing to my changing my mind, she should be entitled to claim from me three hundred gulden a year.* Nothing in the world could have been easier for me to write. For I knew that I should never have to pay these three hundred gulden, because I should never forsake her, and that even should I be so unfortunate as to change my mind, I should only be too glad to get rid of her for three hundred gulden, while Constanze,

if I know her, would be too proud to let herself be sold. But what did the angelic girl do when the guardian was gone? She asked her mother for the document, and said to me: "*Dear Mozart! I need no written assurance from you. I believe what you say*", and tore up the paper. This action made my dear Constanze yet more precious to me, and the document having been destroyed and the guardian having given his *parole d'honneur* to keep the matter to himself, I was to a certain extent easy in my mind on your account, my most beloved father. For I had no fear but that ultimately you would give your consent to our marriage (as the girl has everything but money), because I know your sensible ideas on this subject. Will you forgive me? Indeed I hope so! Nor do I doubt it for a moment. Well, now I want to talk about those blackguards (however repulsive it may be to me). I believe that Herr Reiner's only disease was that he was not quite right in the head. I happened to meet him in the theatre, where he gave me a letter from Ramm. I asked him where he was lodging, but he could neither tell me the street nor the house, and he cursed the day when he had let himself be persuaded to come here. I offered to present him to the Countess[1] and to introduce him wherever I had the entrée; and I assured him that if he found he could not give a concert, I should certainly take him to the Grand Duke.[2] All he said was: "Pooh! There is nothing to be done here. I shall go off at once." "Only have a little patience," I said, "and since you cannot tell me where you lodge, I shall give you my address, which is easy to find." However, I saw nothing more of him. I made enquiries, but by the time I had found out where he was living, he had left. So much for this gentleman. As for Winter, if he deserves to be called a man (for he is married) or at least a human

[1] The Countess Thun.

[2] The Grand Duke Paul Petrovitch of Russia.

being, I may say that on account of Vogler he has always been my worst enemy.[1] Since, however, he is a beast in his way of living and a child in the rest of his conduct and actions, I should be ashamed to write a single word about him. For he thoroughly deserves the contempt of every man of honour. So I shall not tell infamous truths about him in return for the infamous lies he has told about me, but—give you instead some account of my own manner of life.

Every morning at six o'clock my friseur arrives and wakes me, and by seven I have finished dressing. I compose until ten, when I give a lesson to Frau von Trattner and at eleven to the Countess Rumbeck, each of whom pays me six ducats for twelve lessons and to whom I go *every day*, unless they put me off, which I do not like at all. I have arranged with the Countess that she is never to put me off, I mean that, if I do not find her at home, I am at least to get my fee; but Frau von Trattner is too economical for that. I do not owe a single kreutzer to any man. I have not heard a word about any amateur concert where two persons played very finely on the clavier. And I must tell you candidly that I do not think it worth the trouble to reply to all the filth which such a lousy cad and miserable bungler may have said. He only makes himself ridiculous by doing so. If you really believe that I am detested at court and by the old and new aristocracy, just write to Herr von Strack, the Countess Thun, the Countess Rumbeck, Baroness Waldstädten, Herr von Sonnenfels, Frau von Trattner, *enfin*, to anyone you choose. Meanwhile let me tell you that at table the other day the Emperor gave me the very highest praise, accompanied by the words: "*C'est un talent décidé!*" and that the day before yesterday, December 24th, I played

[1] Peter von Winter was one of Abt Vogler's most loyal friends and supporters.

at court.[1] Another clavier-player, an Italian called Clementi,[2] has arrived here. He too had been invited to court. I was sent fifty ducats yesterday for my playing, and indeed I need them very badly at the moment.

My dearest, most beloved father, you will see that little by little my circumstances will improve. Of what use is a great sensation—and rapid success? It never lasts. *Chi va piano, va sano.*[3] One must just cut one's coat according to one's cloth. Of all the mean things which Winter said, the only one which enrages me is that he called my dear Constanze a slut. I have described her to you exactly as she is. If you wish to have the opinion of others, write to Herr von Aurnhammer, to whose house she has been a few times and where she has lunched once. Write to Baroness Waldstädten, who had her at her house, though, unfortunately, for a month only, because she, the Baroness, fell ill. Now Constanze's mother refuses to part with her and let her go back. God grant that I may soon be able to marry her.

Ceccarelli sends you his greetings. He sang at court yesterday. There is one thing more I must tell you about Winter. Among other things he once said to me: "You are a fool to get married. Keep a mistress. You are earning enough money, you can afford it. What prevents you from doing so? Some damned religious scruple?" Believe now what you will. Adieu. I kiss your hands a

[1] Mozart did not finish this letter, begun on December 22nd, until December 26th.

[2] Muzio Clementi (1752–1832), a famous composer for the pianoforte. He was born in Rome, where Peter Beckford, cousin of William Beckford, the author of *Vathek*, discovered him in 1766 and took him to England, where he was trained to be a musician. Clementi was conductor at the Italian Opera in London from 1777 until 1780. In 1781 he started on his travels to the various capitals of Europe and returned to England the following year, where he remained until 1802. He then spent eight years touring as a performer on the pianoforte, and again returned to England, where he remained until his death. He taught J. B. Cramer and John Field.

[3] Slow and steady wins the race.

thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

The address of the Baroness is
A Madame La Baronne de Waldstädten
née de Schäfer
à Vienne
Leopoldstadt no. 360.

(439) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 9 *de Janvier*, 1782

I have not yet received a reply to my last letter, which accounts for my not having written to you by the last post. I do hope I shall have a letter from you to-day. As in my last letter, though without being aware of it, I partly replied in advance to yours of December 28th, I must first await your reply.

Meanwhile I must inform you that the Pope is supposed to be coming to Vienna.[1] The whole town is talking about it. But I do not believe it, for Count Cobenzl told me that the Emperor will decline his visit. The Russian Royalties left on the 5th. Well, I have just been to Peisser's myself to see whether there was a letter from you, and I have sent again; it is almost five o'clock. I cannot understand why I do not hear from you! Can it be that you are so angry with me? You may be annoyed with me for having so long concealed the affair from you, and no doubt you are right. But if you have read my apology, surely you can forgive me. And surely you cannot be vexed with me for wishing

[1] Pius VI (1717–1799), formerly Cardinal Braschi, who succeeded Clement XIV in 1775. He visited Vienna in order to obtain from the Emperor a promise that the latter's ecclesiastical reforms would not contain any violation of Catholic dogmas nor compromise the dignity of the Pope. Though magnificently received, his mission on the whole proved a failure.

to marry? I believe that in my wishing to do so you will have been able to recognise what is best of all, my religion and my honourable feelings. Oh, I could say a great deal more in reply to your last letter and make many remonstrances, but my maxim is: what does not affect me I do not consider it worth while to discuss. I cannot help it —such is my nature. I am really shy of defending myself, when I am falsely accused. I always think that the truth will come out some day. Well—I cannot write anything more to you on the subject, because I have not yet received a reply to my last letter. I have no news. So farewell. Once more I ask your forgiveness and implore you to be indulgent and merciful towards me. I never can be happy and contented without my dearest Constanze, and without your approval I shall only be so in part. So make me altogether happy, my dearest, most beloved father! I entreat you to do so. I am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

P.S.—I kiss my dearest sister a thousand times with all my heart. Fräulein von Aurnhammer played the treble in the sonata for two claviers.[1]

(440) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 12 *de Janvier*, 1782

I have begun a reply to your last letter of January 7th, but I cannot possibly finish it, as a servant of Countess Rumbeck has just come with an invitation to a small musical party at her house. Well, I must first have my hair dressed and I must change all my clothes. So, although I do not wish to leave you entirely without any news of me, I cannot write very much.

[1] K. 448.

Clementi plays well, so far as execution with the right hand goes. His greatest strength lies in his passages in thirds. Apart from this, he has not a kreutzer's worth of taste or feeling—in short he is simply a *mechanicus*.

The friseur has arrived, so I must close. In my next letter I shall tell you more about Clementi. I entreat you to make me happy by giving me your approval—I implore you to do so. I am convinced that you will learn to love my dear Constanze. I kiss your hands a thousand times and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

I embrace my dear sister with all my heart.

(441) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 16 *de Janvier*, 1782

I thank you for your kind and affectionate letter. If I were to give you detailed replies to every point, I should have to fill a quire of paper. As this is impossible, I shall deal only with the most important of them. The guardian's name is Herr von Thorwart; he is Inspector of theatrical properties, that is to say, everything connected with the theatre has to pass through his hands; the Emperor's fifty ducats were sent to me through him; I applied to him too about my concert in the theatre, as most matters of this kind depend on him and because he has much influence with Count Rosenberg and Baron Kienmayr.[1] I must confess that I myself thought that he would disclose the whole affair to you without saying a word to me on the subject. This he has not done. But (notwithstanding his word of honour) he has told the story to the whole town of Vienna,

[1] Johann Michael, Baron von Kienmayr (1727–1792), vice-manager of the Vienna court theatre.

which has very much shaken the good opinion I once had of him. I quite agree with you in thinking that Madame Weber and Herr von Thorwart have been to blame in showing too much regard for their own interests, though the Madame is no longer her own mistress and has to leave everything, particularly all matters of this kind, to the guardian, who (as he has never made my acquaintance) is by no means bound to trust me. But that he was too hasty in demanding from me a written undertaking is undeniable, especially as I told him that as yet you knew nothing about the affair and that at the moment I could not possibly disclose it to you. I asked him to have patience for a short time until my circumstances should take another turn, when I should give you a full account of everything and then the whole matter would be settled. However, it is all over now; and love must be my excuse. Herr von Thorwart did not behave well, but not so badly that he and Madame Weber "should be put in chains, made to sweep streets and have boards hung round their necks with the words '*seducers of youth*' ". That too is an exaggeration. And even if what you say were true, that in order to catch me she opened her house, let me have the run of it, gave me every opportunity, etc., even so the punishment would be rather drastic. But I need hardly tell you that it is not true. And it hurts me very much to think that you could believe that your son could frequent a house where such things went on. Let me only say that you should believe precisely the opposite of all you have been told. But enough of this. Now a word about Clementi. He is an excellent cembalo-player, but that is all. He has great facility with his right hand. His star passages are thirds. Apart from this, he has not a farthing's worth of taste or feeling; he is a mere *mechanicus*.

After we had stood on ceremony long enough, the Emperor declared that Clementi ought to begin. "La

Santa Chiesa Cattolica", he said, Clementi being a Roman. He improvised and then played a sonata.[1] The Emperor then turned to me: "Allons, fire away". I improvised and played variations. The Grand Duchess produced some sonatas by Paisiello [2] (wretchedly written out in his own hand), of which I had to play the Allegros and Clementi the Andantes and Rondos. We then selected a theme from them and developed it on two pianofortes. The funny thing was that although I had borrowed Countess Thun's pianoforte, I only played on it when I played alone; such was the Emperor's desire—and, by the way, the other instrument was out of tune and three of the keys were stuck. "*That doesn't matter*", said the Emperor. Well, I put the best construction on it I could, that is, that the Emperor, already knowing my skill and my knowledge of music, was only desirous of showing especial courtesy to a foreigner. Besides, I have it from a very good source that he was extremely pleased with me.[3] He was very gracious, said a great deal to me privately, and even mentioned my marriage. Who knows? Perhaps—what do you think? At any rate I might make the attempt. More of this in my next letter. Farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART.

[1] In the next edition which was published of this sonata Clementi headed it with the remark: "Cette sonate, avec la toccata qui la suit, a été jouée par l'auteur devant Sa Majesté Joseph II en 1781, Mozart étant présent". It is generally accepted that the first movement of Clementi's sonata gave Mozart the idea for the theme of the opening allegro in his ouverture to the "Zauberflöte".

[2] Giovanni Paisiello (1740–1816), an eminent composer of the Neapolitan school and a rival of Piccinni, who wrote over a hundred operas and many other works. During the years 1776–1784 he lived in St. Petersburg and dedicated some clavier compositions to the Grand Duchess.

[3] Bridi in his *Brevi notizie*, p. 51 f., when describing this competition, states that the Emperor had laid a wager with the Grand Duchess that Mozart would excel, and won it.

(442) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 23 *de Janvier*, 1782

There is nothing more disagreeable than to be obliged to live in uncertainty, not knowing what is happening. Such is my case at the moment with regard to my concert; and it is the same with everyone who wishes to give one. Last year the Emperor intended to continue the plays throughout Lent; perhaps he may do so this year. Basta! At all events I have secured the day (if there is no play), namely, the third Sunday in Lent. If I know a fortnight ahead, I shall be satisfied; otherwise my whole plan will be upset, or I shall be obliged to incur expenses for nothing. Countess Thun, Adamberger and other good friends of mine are advising me to select the best scenes from my Munich opera[1] and have them performed in the theatre, and myself to play only one concerto and to improvise at the close. I too had thought of this and I have now quite decided to do so, particularly as Clementi is also giving a concert. So I shall have a slight advantage over him, the more so as I shall probably be able to give mine twice.

I have enquired at Peisser's, but no letter has arrived. Well, I want to give you my opinion as to my prospects of a small permanent income. I have my eye here on three sources. The first is not certain, and, even if it were, would probably not be much; the second would be the best, but God knows whether it will ever come to pass; and the third is not to be despised, but the pity is that it concerns the future and not the present. The first is young Prince Liechtenstein,[2] who would like to collect a

[1] "Idomeneo."

[2] Prince Alois Josef, nephew of Prince Karl Borromäus Josef Liechtenstein (1730–1789), Imperial Field-marshal.

wind-instrument band (though he does not yet want it to be known), for which I should write the music. This would not bring in very much, it is true, but it would be at least something certain, and I should not sign the contract unless it were to be for life. The second (in my estimation, however, it is the first) is the Emperor himself. Who knows? I intend to talk to Herr von Strack about it and I am certain that he will do all he can, for he has proved to be a very good friend of mine; though indeed these court flunkeys are never to be trusted. The manner in which the Emperor has spoken to me has given me some hope. Great lords do not like to hear these speeches, and, needless to say, they themselves do not make them; for they must always expect a stab in the back and are great adepts in avoiding it. The third is the Archduke Maximilian. Now of him I can say that he thinks the world of me. He shoves me forward on every occasion, and I might almost say with certainty that if at this moment he were Elector of Cologne, I should be his Kapellmeister. It is, indeed, a pity that these great gentlemen refuse to make arrangements beforehand. I could easily manage to extract a simple promise from him, but of what use would that be to me now? Cash would be more acceptable. Dearest, most beloved father! If I could have it in writing from God Almighty that I shall keep in good health and not get ill, ah! then I should marry my dear, faithful girl this very day. I have three pupils now,[1] which brings me in eighteen ducats a month; for I no longer charge for twelve lessons, but monthly. I learnt to my cost that my pupils often dropped out for weeks at a time; so now, whether they learn or not, each of them must pay me six ducats. I shall get several more on these terms, but I really need only one more, as four pupils are quite enough. With four

[1] The Countess Rumbeck, Frau von Trattner and Fräulein Josephine Aurnhammer.

I should have twenty-four ducats, or 102 gulden, 24 kreutzer. With this sum a man and his wife can manage in Vienna if they live quietly and in the retired way which we desire; but, of course, if I were to fall ill, we should not make a farthing. I can write, it is true, at least one opera a year, give a concert annually and have some things engraved and published by subscription. There are other concerts too where one can make money, particularly if one has been living in a place for a long time and has a good reputation. But I should prefer not to count on such takings but rather to regard them as windfalls. However, if the bow will not bend, it must break, and I will rather take the risk than go on waiting indefinitely. My affairs cannot get worse; on the contrary, they must continue to improve. And my reason for not wishing to wait any longer is not so much on my account as on hers. I must rescue her as soon as possible. I shall tell you about this in my next letter. Now farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

(443) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 30 de Janvier*, 1782

I am writing to you in a great hurry, and at half past ten at night, as I had really intended to postpone writing until Saturday. But I have an urgent request to make. I hope that you will not take it amiss if I send you such a short letter. Will you please send me, when you next write, a libretto of "Idomeneo", with or without the German translation? I lent one copy to the Countess

Thun, who has now moved into another house, and cannot find it. Probably it is lost. Fräulein Aurnhammer had my other copy, which she has looked for but has not yet found. Perhaps she will find it. But if she doesn't, I shall be left high and dry and at the very moment when I really require it. In order therefore to be on the safe side, please let me have it at once, whatever the cost may be, for I need it immediately in order that I may arrange the programme of my concert, which is to take place on the third Sunday in Lent. Please send it off to me directly. I shall forward the sonatas[1] by the next mail coach. My opera[2] has not gone to sleep, but—has suffered a set-back on account of Gluck's big operas[3] and owing to many very necessary alterations which have to be made in the text. It is to be performed, however, immediately after Easter.[4]

Well, I must close. Just one thing more (for if I did not say it I could not sleep in peace). Please do not suspect my dear Constanze of harbouring such evil thoughts. Believe me, if she had such a disposition, I could not possibly love her. Both she and I long ago observed her mother's designs. But the latter is very much mistaken, for she wishes us (when we marry) to live with her, as she has apartments to let. This is out of the question, for on no account would I consent to it, and my Constanze still less. Au contraire, she intends to see very little of her mother and I shall do my best to stop it altogether, for we know her too well. Dearest, most beloved father, my only wish is that we may soon meet, so that you may see her and—love her, for you love those who have kind hearts—that I know. Now farewell, dearest, most beloved father. I kiss

[1] K. 296 and 376-380.
[2] "Die Entführung aus dem Serail."
[3] "Iphigenie in Tauris", "Alceste" and "Orfeo".
[4] The first performance took place on July 26th, 1782.

your hands a thousand times and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

I embrace my dear sister with all my heart. I shall not forget the variations.[1]

(444) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MA TRÈS CHÈRE SŒUR! VIENNE, *ce* 13 *febrier*, 1782

Thank you for sending me the libretto,[2] for which indeed I have been waiting with the greatest longing! I hope that by the time you receive this letter, you will have our dearest, most beloved father with you again. You must not gather from my not replying, that you and your letters are a nuisance to me! I shall always be delighted, dear sister, to have the honour of receiving a letter from you. If the necessary business of earning my living did not prevent me, God knows I should answer your letters at once! And have I never sent you a reply? Well, then—forgetfulness it cannot be—nor negligence, either; therefore it is entirely due to positive hindrances—to genuine impossibility. Do I not write little enough to my father? And very wrong, too, you will say! But, in Heaven's name, you both know what Vienna is. In such a place has not a man (who has not a kreutzer of assured income) enough to think about and to work at day and night? Our father, when he has finished his duties in church, and you, when you have done with your few pupils, can both do what you like for the rest of the day and write letters containing whole litanies. But it is not so with me. I described my manner of life the other day to my father and I will repeat it to you. My hair is always done by

[1] K. 359, 360, 352.

[2] The text of "Idomeneo".

six o'clock in the morning and by seven I am fully dressed. I then compose until nine. From nine to one I give lessons. Then I lunch, unless I am invited to some house where they lunch at two or even three o'clock, as, for example, to-day and to-morrow at Countess Zichy's [1] and Countess Thun's. I can never work before five or six o'clock in the evening, and even then I am often prevented by a concert. If I am not prevented, I compose until nine. I then go to my dear Constanze, though the joy of seeing one another is nearly always spoilt by her mother's bitter remarks. I shall explain this in my next letter to my father. For that is the reason why I am longing to be able to set her free and to rescue her as soon as possible. At half past ten or eleven I come home—it depends on her mother's darts and on my capacity to endure them! As I cannot rely on being able to compose in the evening owing to the concerts which are taking place and also to the uncertainty as to whether I may not be summoned now here and now there, it is my custom (especially if I get home early) to compose a little before going to bed. I often go on writing until one—and am up again at six. Dearest sister! If you imagine that I can ever forget my dearest, most beloved father and you, then—but I shall say no more. God knows all about me and that is consolation enough. May He punish me, if I can ever forget you. Adieu. I am ever your sincere brother

W. A. MOZART

P.S.—If my dearest father is back in Salzburg,[2] tell him that I kiss his hands a thousand times.

[1] There were two Countesses Zichy, Anna Maria Antonia, *née* Khevenhüller-Metsch (1759–1809), the wife of Count Karl Zichy (1753–1826), Court Councillor in Vienna, and Maria Theresa, *née* Palfy (1760–1833), the wife of Count Stefan Zichy.

[2] Leopold Mozart had gone to stay with the Marchands in Munich. See p. 1115, n. 3.

(445) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 23 de mars*, 1782

I am very sorry that I heard only yesterday that a son of Leutgeb's was going to Salzburg by the mail coach, which would have been a capital opportunity of sending you a whole lot of things free of charge. But as it was impossible to copy out the variations [1] in these two days, I have only been able to give him the two copies of my sonatas.[2] I am sending you at the same time *the last rondo* [3] which I composed for my concerto in D major and which is making such a furore in Vienna. But I beg you to guard it like a *jewel*—and not to give it to a soul to play—not even to Marchand and his sister.[4] I composed it *specially* for myself—and no one else but my dear sister must play it. I also take the liberty of presenting you with a snuff-box and a few watch-ribbons. The snuff-box is quite pretty; the painting represents an English scene. The watch-ribbons are of no great value, but are now very much in fashion. I am sending my dear sister two caps in the latest Viennese mode. Both are the handiwork of my dear Constanze. She sends her most devoted greetings to you and kisses your hands and also embraces my sister most affectionately and asks her to forgive her if the caps are not as becoming as she would have wished, but the time was too short. Please return the bandbox by the next mail coach, for I borrowed it. But that the poor

[1] K. 359, 360, 352. [2] K. 296 and 376-380.

[3] K. 382, a rondo written for K. 175, clavier concerto in D major, composed in 1773. This is probably the rondo which Mozart sent to Baroness von Waldstädten. See p. 1228.

[4] Heinrich and Margarete Marchand, who had gone to live with Leopold Mozart. Heinrich, then aged twelve, became an excellent violinist, and Margarete, then aged fourteen, a fine operatic singer.

fool may not travel all alone, be so good as to put the rondo in again (after you have had it copied)—and also, if possible, the last scena I composed for Countess Baumgarten [1]—and the scores of a few of my masses [2]—enfin—whatever you may find and may think might be useful to me. Well, I must close. But I must tell you that the Pope arrived in Vienna yesterday afternoon at half past three—a pleasant piece of news.[3] And now for a sad one. Frau von Aurnhammer has at last worried her poor dear husband to death. He died yesterday evening at half past six. He had been poorly for some time, but his death was not expected so soon. It was all over in a moment. May God have mercy on his soul. He was a good, kind man. Well, I must close, for Leutgeb is waiting for my letter. I really recommend the lad to you, my dear father. His father would like to get him into a business house or into the Salzburg printing firm. Please lend him a helping hand. My dear Constanze has surprised me this very moment and has just asked me whether she might dare to send my sister a little souvenir? At the same time I am to apologise for her, and to say that, as she is a poor girl, she has nothing to give—and that she hopes that my sister will take the will for the deed. The little cross is of no great value, but it is all the fashion in Vienna. But the little heart pierced by an arrow is something like my sister's *heart with the arrow*—and will please her better on that account. Now farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and am ever your [4]

[1] K. 369.
[2] Probably K. 317, composed in 1779, and K. 337, composed in 1780.
[3] Cp. p. 1178, n. 1.
[4] The autograph has no signature.

(446) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 10 *d'avril*, 1782

I see from your letter of April 2nd that you have received everything safely. I am glad that you are so pleased with the watch-ribbons and the snuff-box and my sister with the two caps. I did not buy either the snuff-box or the watch-ribbons, as Count Zapara made me a present of them. I have delivered greetings from you both to my dear Constanze, who kisses your hands in return, my father, and embraces my sister most cordially and hopes that she will be her friend. She was absolutely delighted when I told her that my sister was very much pleased with the two caps, so greatly did she desire to give her pleasure. Your postscript about her mother is justified only in so far as she likes wine, and more so, I admit, than a woman ought to. Still, I have never yet seen her drunk and it would be a lie if I were to say so. The children only drink water—and, although their mother almost forces wine upon them, she cannot induce them to touch it. This often leads to a lot of wrangling—can you imagine a mother quarrelling with her children about such a matter?

I have said nothing to you about the rumour you mention of my being certainly taken into the Emperor's service, because I myself know nothing about it. It is true that here too the whole town is ringing with it and that a number of people have already congratulated me. I am quite ready to believe that it has been discussed with the Emperor and that perhaps he is contemplating it. But up to this moment I have no definite information. At all events things are so far advanced that the Emperor is

considering it, and that too without my having taken a single step. I have been a few times to see Herr von Strack (who is certainly a very good friend of mine) in order to let myself be seen and because I like his society, but I have not gone often, because I do not wish to become a nuisance to him, or to let him think that I have ulterior motives. As a man of honour he is bound to state that he has never heard me say a word which would give him reason to think that I should like to stay in Vienna, let alone enter the Emperor's service. We have only discussed music. Therefore it must have been quite spontaneously and entirely without self-interest that he has been speaking so favourably of me to the Emperor. If things have gone so far without any effort on my part, they can now proceed to their conclusion in the same way. For if one makes any move oneself, one immediately receives less pay, because, as it is, the Emperor is a niggard. If he wants me, he must pay me, for the honour alone of serving him is not enough. Indeed, if he were to offer me 1000 gulden and some Count 2000, I should decline the former proposal with thanks and go to the Count—that is, of course, if it were a permanent arrangement. A propos, I have been intending to ask you, when you return the rondo,[1] to enclose with it Handel's six fugues[2] and Eberlin's toccatas and fugues. I go every Sunday at twelve o'clock to Baron van Swieten, where nothing is played but Handel and Bach. I am collecting at the moment the fugues of Bach—not only of Sebastian, but also of Emanuel[3] and Friedemann.[4] I am also collecting Handel's and should like to have the six I mentioned. I should like the Baron to hear Eberlin's too. I

[1] See p. 1189, n. 3.
[2] Probably the six fugues for the clavecin, written about 1720.
[3] Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach (1714–1788), J. S. Bach's second son.
[4] Wilhelm Friedemann Bach (1710–1784), J. S. Bach's eldest son.

suppose you have heard that the English Bach [1] is dead? What a loss to the musical world! Now, farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

P.S.—May I also ask you to send me when you can (but the sooner the better) my concerto in C major, written for Countess Lützow? [2]

(447) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

DEAREST SISTER! VIENNA, *April 20th*, 1782

My dear Constanze has at last summoned up courage to follow the impulse of her kind heart—that is, to write to you, my dear sister! Should you be willing to favour her with a reply (and indeed I hope you will, so that I may see the sweet creature's delight reflected on her face), may I beg you to enclose your letter to me? I only mention this as a precaution and so that you may know that her mother and sisters are not aware that she has written to you. I send you herewith a prelude and a three-part fugue.[3] The reason why I did not reply to your letter at once was that on account of the wearisome labour of writing these small notes, I could not finish the composition any sooner. And, even so, it is awkwardly done, for the prelude ought to come first and the fugue to follow. But I composed the fugue first and wrote it down while I was thinking out the prelude. I only hope

[1] Johann Christian Bach, J. S. Bach's youngest son, died on January 1st, 1782. For the last twenty years of his life he had lived almost entirely in England.

[2] K. 246, written in 1776.

[3] K. 394, Fantasy and Fugue in C major.

that you will be able to read it, for it is written so very small; and I hope further that you will like it. Another time I shall send you something better for the clavier. My dear Constanze is really the cause of this fugue's coming into the world. Baron van Swieten, to whom I go every Sunday, gave me all the works of Handel and Sebastian Bach to take home with me (after I had played them to him). When Constanze heard the fugues, she absolutely fell in love with them. Now she will listen to nothing but fugues, and particularly (in this kind of composition) the works of Handel and Bach. Well, as she had often heard me play fugues out of my head, she asked me if I had ever written any down, and when I said I had not, she scolded me roundly for not recording some of my compositions in this most artistic and beautiful of all musical forms, and never ceased to entreat me until I wrote down a fugue for her. So this is its origin. I have purposely written above it *Andante Maestoso*, as it must not be played too fast. For if a fugue is not played slowly, the ear cannot clearly distinguish the theme when it comes in and consequently the effect is entirely missed. In time, and when I have a favourable opportunity, I intend to compose five[1] more and then present them to Baron van Swieten, whose collection of good music, though small in quantity, is great in quality. And for that very reason I beg you to keep your promise not to show this composition to a soul. Learn it by heart and play it. It is not so easy to pick up a fugue by ear. If Papa has not yet had those works by Eberlin copied, so much the better, for in the meantime I have got hold of them and now I see (for I had forgotten them) that they are unfortunately far too trivial to deserve a place beside Handel and Bach. With due respect for his four-part

[1] K. App. 39 and K. App. 40, both unfinished, were Mozart's attempt to carry out this plan. See Köchel, p. 476 f.

composition I may say that his clavier fugues are nothing but long-drawn-out voluntaries. Now farewell. I am glad that the two caps suit you. I kiss you a thousand times and remain your sincere brother

W. A. MOZART

Tell Papa I kiss his hand. I received no letter to-day.

(447a) *Constanze Weber to Nannerl Mozart*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

VIENNA, *April 20th*, 1782

MOST HONOURED AND VALUED FRIEND!

I should never have been so bold as to follow the dictates of my heart and to write to you, most esteemed friend, had not your brother assured me that you would not be offended by this step which I am taking solely from an earnest longing to communicate, if only in writing, with a person who, though unknown to me, is yet very precious, as she bears the name of Mozart. Surely you will not be angry if I venture to tell you that though I have not the honour of knowing you personally I esteem you most highly, as the sister of so excellent a brother, and that I love you and even venture to ask you for your friendship. Without undue pride I may say that I partly deserve it and shall endeavour to do so wholly! May I in exchange offer you mine, which, indeed, has long been yours in the secrecy of my heart? Ah! I trust you will accept it, and in this hope I remain, most honoured and valued friend, your most obedient servant and friend

CONSTANZE WEBER

Please tell your Papa that I kiss his hand.

(448) *Mozart to Constanze Weber*

[*Autograph in the possession of Frau Jähns, Berlin*]

VIENNA, *April 29th*, 1782

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED FRIEND!

Surely you will still allow me to address you by this name? Surely you do not hate me so much that I may be your friend no longer, and you—no longer mine? And even if you will not be my friend any longer, yet you cannot forbid me to wish you well, my friend, since it has become very natural for me to do so. Do think over what you said to me to-day. In spite of all my entreaties you have thrown me over three times and told me to my face that you intend to have nothing more to do with me. I (to whom it means more than it does to you to lose the object of my love) am not so hot-tempered, so rash and so senseless as to accept my dismissal. I love you far too well to do so. I entreat you, therefore, to ponder and reflect upon the cause of all this unpleasantness, which arose from my being annoyed that you were so impudently inconsiderate as to say to your sisters—and, be it noted, in my presence—that you had let a *chapeau*[1] measure the calves of your legs. No woman who cares for her honour can do such a thing. It is quite a good maxim to do as one's company does. At the same time there are many other factors to be considered—as, for example, whether only intimate friends and acquaintances are present—whether I am a child or a *marriageable* girl —more particularly, whether I am already betrothed—but, above all, whether only people of my own social standing or my social inferiors—or, what is even more important, my social superiors are in the company? If it be true that the Baroness[2] herself allowed it to be done to her, the case is still quite different, for she is

[1] A young gallant.

[2] The Baroness von Waldstädten.

already past her prime and cannot possibly attract any longer—and besides, she is inclined to be promiscuous with her favours. I hope, dearest friend, that, even if you do not wish to become my wife, you will never lead a life like hers. If it was quite impossible for you to resist the desire to take part in the game (although it is not always wise for a man to do so, and still less for a woman), then why in the name of Heaven did you not take the ribbon and measure your own calves *yourself* (as *all self-respecting women* have done on similar occasions in my presence) and not allow a *chapeau* to do so?—Why, I myself *in the presence of others* would never have done such a thing to you. I should have handed you the ribbon myself. Still less, then, should you have allowed it to be done to you by a stranger—a man about whom I know nothing. But it is all over now; and the least acknowledgment of your somewhat thoughtless behaviour on that occasion would have made everything all right again; and if you will not make a grievance of it, dearest friend, everything will still be all right. You realise now how much I love you. *I do not fly into a passion as you do.* I think, I reflect and I feel. *If you will but surrender to your feelings,* then I know that this very day I shall be able to say with absolute confidence that Constanze is the virtuous, honourable, prudent and loyal sweetheart of her honest and devoted

MOZART

(449) *Leopold Mozart to J. G. I. Breitkopf, Leipzig*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the Universitätsbibliothek, Bonn*]

SALZBURG, *April 29th,* 1782

My son is in Vienna and is remaining there. Herr Artaria has published some of his clavier sonatas.[1]

[1] K. 296 and 376-380, the violin and clavier sonatas dedicated to Fräulein Aurnhammer.

Meanwhile I am having a pleasant time with two pupils, the twelve-year-old son and the fourteen-year-old daughter of Herr Marchand,[1] theatrical manager in Munich, whom I am instructing. I hope to make a great violinist and clavierist out of the boy and a good singer and excellent clavierist out of the girl.

(450) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 8 *de maj*, 1782

I have received your last letter of April 30th and yesterday too my sister's letter with the enclosure for my dear Constanze, to whom I gave it at once. It caused her sincere pleasure and she will take the liberty of writing to her again very soon. Meanwhile (as I cannot possibly find time to write to my sister to-day) I must put a question to you on behalf of Constanze, which is, whether *fringes* are being worn in Salzburg? Whether my sister is wearing them already? Whether she can make them herself? Constanze has just trimmed two piqué dresses with them, for they are all the fashion in Vienna. As she can make them herself now, she would like to send some to my sister, if the latter will tell her which shade she prefers. For they are worn in all colours, white, black, green, blue, puce, etc. A satin or gros de turc silk dress must be trimmed, of course, with silk fringes, and Constanze has a dress of this kind. An ordinary dress of pretty Saxon piqué, trimmed with cotton fringes (which, unless you feel them, can hardly be distinguished from silk), looks very well; and the advantage of such a combination is that the fringes can be washed on the dress.

[1] Heinrich and Margarete Marchand.

Please write and tell me how Salieri's opera [1] in Munich went off. I am sure that you managed to hear it, but, if not, you are certain to know how it was received. I called twice on Count Daun, [2] but each time he was not at home. However, I sent for the music. Indeed he is only at home in the mornings, when not only do I never go out, but I do not even dress, as I have such a lot of composing to do. All the same I shall try to see him next Sunday. Perhaps he will be able to take my Munich opera [3] as well as the variations.[4]

I was at Countess Thun's yesterday and played through my second act [5] to her, with which she seems no less pleased than she was with the first. I have had Raaff's aria [6] copied long ago and have given it to Fischer, whom he had commissioned to get it. You said once in a letter that you would like to have the Robinig music.[7] Who has it? I haven't. I think Eck gave it back to you. I asked you for it in my letter as well as for the Cassations in F and B♭.[8] Do please send me soon the scena I composed for Countess Baumgarten.[9] This summer there is to be a concert every Sunday in the Augarten.[10] A certain Martin [11] organised last winter a series of amateur concerts, which took place every Friday in the Mehlgrube.[12] You know that there are a great many

[1] Salieri's "Semiramide", performed during the Munich carnival season, 1782. [2] Count Daun, canon of the Salzburg Cathedral.

[3] "Idomeneo." [4] K. 359, 360, 352.

[5] Of his opera "Die Entführung aus dem Serail".

[6] K. 295, composed in 1778.

[7] A divertimento, K. 334, and a march, K. 445, composed in 1779.

[8] K. 247, composed in 1776, and K. 287, composed in 1777. [9] K. 369.

[10] A well-known public garden in the Leopoldstadt suburb of Vienna, where, as at Vauxhall and Ranelagh, public concerts were held. It was opened in 1775 by the Emperor Joseph II.

[11] Philipp Martin of Regensburg.

[12] A very old building in the Neuer Markt, to which a flour warehouse in the basement gave its name. It was then an inn with a large hall, where balls and concerts were held. The Hotel Kranz-Ambassador now occupies the site.

amateurs in Vienna, and some very good ones too, both men and women. But so far these concerts have not been properly arranged. Well, this Martin has now got permission from the Emperor under charter (with the promise too of his gracious patronage) to give twelve concerts in the Augarten and four grand serenades in the finest open places of the city. The subscription for the whole summer is two ducats. So you can imagine that we shall have plenty of subscribers, the more so as I am taking an interest in it and am associated with it. Assuming that we get only a hundred subscribers, then each of us will have a profit of three hundred gulden (even if the costs amount to two hundred gulden, which is most unlikely). Baron van Swieten and the Countess Thun are very much interested in it. The orchestra consists entirely of amateurs, with the exception of the bassoon-players, the trumpeters and drummers. I hear that Clementi is leaving Vienna to-morrow. Have you seen his sonatas?

Please have a little patience with poor Leutgeb. If you knew his circumstances and saw how he has to muddle along, you would certainly feel sorry for him. I shall have a word with him and I feel sure that he will pay you, at any rate by instalments. Now farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

P.S.—I kiss my dear sister a thousand times. My remembrances to Katherl and a greeting to Thresel—and tell her that she is to be my nursery-maid, but that she will have to practise her singing hard. Adieu. A pinch of Spanish snuff for Bimperl.



LORENZO DA PONTE

From a water-colour painting by an unknown artist
(Signor Riccardo Rossi, Vittorio Veneto)

(451) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 25 *de may*, 1782

This time I must really steal a moment, so that you may not wait too long for a letter. For to-morrow our first concert takes place in the Augarten and at half past eight Martin is fetching me in a carriage and we have still six visits to pay, which I must finish off by eleven o'clock, as I then have to go to the Countess Rumbeck. Afterwards I am lunching with the Countess Thun and, I should add, in her garden. In the evening we are having the rehearsal of the concert. A symphony by Van Swieten and one of mine[1] are being performed; an amateur singer, Mlle Berger, is going to sing; a boy of the name of Türk is playing a violin concerto; and Fräulein Aurnhammer and I are playing my E♭ concerto for two pianos.[2]

(451a) *Constanze Weber to Leopold Mozart*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*

VIENNA, *May 25th*, 1782

Your dear son has been summoned this very moment to Countess Thun's and hasn't time to finish this letter to his dear father, which he much regrets. He has commissioned me to let you know this, for, as to-day is post-day, he does not wish you to be without a letter from him. He will write more to his dear father the next time. Please forgive me for writing to you. These few lines cannot be as agreeable to you as those which your son would have written.

[1] Probably K. 338, composed in 1780.
[2] K. 365, composed in 1779.

I am ever your faithful servant and friend

CONSTANZE WEBER

Please give my compliments to your amiable daughter.

(452) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 29 *de may*, 1782

I was positively prevented the other day from finishing my letter and therefore asked my dear Constanze to make my apologies to you. She hesitated for some time, fearing that you might laugh at her spelling and style; and she is giving me no peace until I write to you and convey her excuses.

The first amateur concert went off tolerably well. The Archduke Maximilian was there, the Countess Thun, Wallenstein, Baron van Swieten and a whole crowd of other people. I am earnestly longing for the arrival of the next mail coach, which is to bring me some music. In regard to the Robinig music[1] I can assure you most faithfully that I never took it with me—and that Eck must still have it, for he had not returned it when I left Munich. The organiser of these amateur concerts, M. Martin, knows Abbé Bullinger very well, for he was a pupil at the Munich seminary in his day. He is a very worthy young man, who is trying to make his way by his music, by his elegant writing and generally by his ability, intelligence and sound judgment. When he came to Vienna, he had a hard struggle—and had to manage for a fortnight on half a gulden. Adamberger, who knew him in Munich, has been very kind to him. He is a native of Regensburg and his father was private physician to Prince Taxis. My dear Constanze and I are lunching to-morrow with Countess

[1] See p. 1199, n. 7.

Thun and I am to play over my third act [1] to her. At the moment I have nothing but very tiresome work—that is, correcting. We are to have our first rehearsal next Monday. I must confess that I am looking forward with much pleasure to this opera. A propos. A few days ago I had a letter—from whom? From Herr von Feigele. And the contents—that he is in love—and with whom? With my sister? Not at all—with my cousin! [2] Well, he will have to wait a long time before getting an answer from me; for you know how little time I have for writing. But I am rather curious to see how long his infatuation will last.

Now for something that I heard quite by accident and which makes me very much annoyed with Count Kühnburg. Fräulein von Aurnhammer told me yesterday that Herr von Moll had asked her whether she would be willing to enter a nobleman's family in Salzburg at a salary of three hundred gulden a year. The name was Kühnburg. What do you think of that? So it seems that my sister's services count for nothing! Make your own use of this information. He was only here for a day, but if he returns, I shall find an opportunity of speaking to him on the subject. Now farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart. I also send to Mlle Marchand (with my dear Constanze's permission) a few kisses, and I am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

P.S.—My dear Constanze kisses your hands and embraces my sister as her true friend and future sister-in-law.

[1] Of the "Entführung aus dem Serail".

[2] Maria Anna Thekla Mozart, the "Bäsle". She died in 1841 at the age of eighty-three. According to Schurig, vol. i. p. 455, descendants of her illegitimate daughter, Marianne Viktoria Mozart (1793–1857), were living in Vienna in 1923.

(453) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 20 *de Jullet*, 1782

I hope that you received safely my last letter informing you of the good reception of my opera.[1] It was given yesterday for the second time. Can you really believe it, but yesterday there was an even stronger cabal against it than on the first evening! The whole first act was accompanied by hissing. But indeed they could not prevent the loud shouts of "bravo" during the arias. I was relying on the closing trio,[2] but, as ill-luck would have it, Fischer went wrong, which made Dauer (Pedrillo) go wrong too; and Adamberger alone could not sustain the trio, with the result that the whole effect was lost and that this time *it was not repeated.* I was in such a rage (and so was Adamberger) that I was simply beside myself and said at once that I would not let the opera be given again without having a short rehearsal for the singers. In the second act both duets were repeated as on the first night, and in addition Belmonte's rondo "Wenn der Freude Tränen fliessen". The theatre was almost more crowded than on the first night and on the preceding day no reserved seats were to be had, either in the stalls or in the third circle, and not a single box. My opera has brought in 1200 gulden in the two days. I send you herewith the original score and two copies of the libretto. You will see that I have cut out several passages. I knew that here the practice is for the score to be copied at once; but I first gave free rein to my ideas and then made my alterations and cuts at the last moment. The opera was performed just as you now have it; but here and there the parts

[1] The "Entführung aus dem Serail" was performed on July 16th. The letter to which Mozart refers is unfortunately lost.

[2] The last number of Act I.

for trumpets, drums, flutes, and clarinets, and the Turkish music are missing, because I could not get any music paper with so many lines. Those parts were written out on extra sheets, which the copyist has probably lost, for he could not find them.[1] The first act, when I was sending it somewhere or other—I forget where, unfortunately fell in the mud, which explains why it is so dirty.

Well, I am up to the eyes in work, for by Sunday week I have to arrange my opera for wind-instruments. If I don't, someone will anticipate me and secure the profits. And now you ask me to write a new symphony![2] How on earth can I do so? You have no idea how difficult it is to arrange a work of this kind for wind-instruments, so that it suits these instruments and yet loses none of its effect. Well, I must just spend the night over it, for that is the only way; and to you, dearest father, I sacrifice it. You may rely on having something from me by every post. I shall work as fast as possible and, as far as haste permits, I shall turn out good work.

Count Zichy[3] has this moment sent me a message inviting me to drive with him to Laxenburg, so that he may present me to Prince Kaunitz. So I must close this letter and dress. For when I have no intention of going out I always remain en négligé. The copyist has just sent me the remaining parts. Adieu. I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all my heart and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

P.S.—My dear Constanze sends greetings to you both.

[1] Cp. p. 1480, n. 2.

[2] K. 385, the "Haffner" symphony in D major. Mozart had already written a march (K. 249) and a serenade (K. 250) for the wedding of Elise Haffner, daughter of Sigmund Haffner, merchant and burgomaster of Salzburg. According to Deutsch-Paumgartner, *op. cit.* p. 533, the symphony was commissioned to celebrate the granting of a title of nobility to young Sigmund Haffner (1756–1787). See also Köchel, p. 490.

[3] His wife, Countess Zichy, was Mozart's pupil on the clavier.

(454) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the possession of Frau Floersheim-Koch, Florence*]

VIENNA, *July 24th*, 1782

Forgive me, dear sister, for not sending you a formal letter of congratulation, but I really have no time. Besides you know that, as it is, I wish you daily every good thing. It was impossible for me to find a moment to-day to write to my father. But I shall certainly do so next post-day. Adieu. Farewell. My opera is to be performed in your honour on your name-day.[1] I kiss my dear father's hands and I kiss you a thousand times and am ever your sincere brother

W. A. MOZART

(454a) *Constanze Weber to Nannerl Mozart*

[*Autograph in the possession of Frau Floersheim-Koch, Florence*]

MOST PRECIOUS FRIEND, VIENNA, *July 24th*, 1782

Forgive me for taking the liberty of worrying you again with my scrawl. Your approaching name-day must be my excuse! And if my good wishes are a nuisance to you, as indeed all congratulations are, my consolation must be that already I am not the only one who is bothering you in this way. All that I deserve is that for the love of God you should suffer me as you do all the others. Yet could you but see into my heart and read what is there, perhaps I might be exempted from your general complaint; that at least. Possibly, nay assuredly, among the exempted I should even be given some preference. So I wish with all my heart that you will be, and not only become, very happy, and that you will really be as happy

[1] July 26th.

as I am confident that I shall be in the future. If you are, then . . .[1]

(455) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 27 Jullet*, 1782

You will be surprised and disappointed to find that this contains only the first Allegro;[2] but it has been quite impossible to do more for you, for I have had to compose in a great hurry a serenade,[3] but only for wind-instruments (otherwise I could have used it for you too). On Wednesday the 31st I shall send the two minuets, the Andante and the last movement.[4] If I can manage to do so, I shall send a march too.[5] If not, you will just have to use the one[6] in the Haffner music, which hardly anyone knows—



I have composed my symphony in D major, because you prefer that key.

My opera was given yesterday for the third time in honour of all the Nannerls[7] and won the greatest applause; and again, in spite of the frightful heat, the theatre was packed. It was to be given again next Friday, but I have protested against this, for I do not want it to become hackneyed. I may say that people are absolutely infatuated with this opera. Indeed it does one good to win such approbation. I hope that you have safely received the original score. Dearest, most beloved father, I implore you

[1] The autograph breaks off here.

[2] Of his new symphony for the Haffner family, K. 385. [3] K. 388.

[4] Of his new symphony, K. 385. One minuet seems to have been lost. See Köchel, p. 490. [5] K. 408, No. 2.

[6] K. 249, composed in 1776. [7] July 26th, St. Anne's Day.

by all you hold dear in the world to give your consent to my marriage with my dear Constanze. Do not suppose that it is just for the sake of getting married. If that were the only reason, I would gladly wait. But I realise that it is absolutely necessary for my own honour and for that of my girl, and for the sake of my health and spirits. My heart is restless and my head confused; in such a condition how can one think and work to any good purpose? And why am I in this state? Well, because most people think that we are already married. Her mother gets very much annoyed when she hears these rumours, and, as for the poor girl and myself, we are tormented to death. This state of affairs can be remedied so easily. Believe me, it is just as easy to live in expensive Vienna as anywhere else. It all depends on economy and good management, which cannot be expected from a young fellow, particularly if he is in love. Whoever gets a wife like my Constanze will certainly be a happy man. We intend to live very modestly and quietly and yet we shall be happy. Do not be uneasy, for, if I were to fall ill to-day, which God forbid, I would wager that the leading nobles would stand by me manfully and the more so if I were married. I can say this with entire confidence. I know what Prince Kaunitz has said about me to the Emperor and to the Archduke Maximilian. Most beloved father, I am longing to have your consent. I feel sure that you will give it, for my honour and my reputation depend upon it. Do not postpone too long the joy of embracing your son and his wife. I kiss your hands a thousand times and am ever your

obedient son

W. A. MOZART

P.S.—I embrace my dear sister most cordially. My dear Constanze sends her kind regards to you both. Adieu.

(456) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 31 *de Julliette*, 1782

You see that my intentions are good—only what one cannot do one cannot! I am really unable to scribble off inferior stuff. So I cannot send you the whole symphony [1] until next post-day. I could have let you have the last movement, but I prefer to despatch it all together, for then it will cost only one postage. What I have sent you has already cost me three gulden. I received to-day your letter of the 26th, but a cold, indifferent letter, such as I could never have expected in reply to my news of the good reception of my opera.[2] I thought (judging by my own feelings) that you would hardly be able to open the parcel for excitement and eagerness to see your son's work, which, far from merely pleasing, is making such a sensation in Vienna that people refuse to hear anything else, so that the theatre is always packed. It was given yesterday for the fourth time and is to be repeated on Friday. But you—have not had the time. So the whole world declares that by my boasting and criticising I have made enemies of the professors of music and of many others! *What* world pray? Presumably the world of Salzburg, for everyone in Vienna can see and hear enough to be convinced of the contrary. And that shall be my reply. In the meantime you will have received my last letter; and I feel confident that your next will contain your consent to my marriage. You can have no objection whatever to raise—and indeed you do not raise any. Your letters show me that. For Constanze is a respectable honest girl of good parentage, and I am able *to support her*. We love each other—and want each other. All that you have

[1] K. 385. [2] "Die Entführung aus dem Serail."

written and may possibly write to me on the subject can only be *well-meaning advice* which, however fine and good it may be, is no longer applicable to a man who has gone so far with a girl. In such a case nothing can be postponed. It is better for him to put his affairs in order and act like an honest fellow! God will ever reward that. I mean to have nothing with which to reproach myself.

Now farewell. I kiss your hands a thousand times and am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

P.S.—I embrace my dear sister with all my heart. Adieu.

(457) *Mozart to Baroness von Waldstädten*

[*Autograph in the possession of Mrs. Enid Lambart, London*]

VIENNA, *August* [*? 2nd*], 1782[1]

MOST HIGHLY ESTEEMED BARONESS!

Madame Weber's maid-servant has brought me my music, for which I have had to give her a written receipt. She has also told me something in confidence which, although I do not believe it could happen, as it would be a disgrace to the whole family, yet seems possible when one remembers Madame Weber's stupidity, and which consequently causes me anxiety. It appears that Sophie[2] went to the maid-servant in tears and when the latter asked her what was the matter, she said: "Do tell Mozart in secret to arrange for Constanze to go home, for my mother is absolutely determined to have her fetched by the police". Are the police in Vienna allowed to go into any house? Perhaps the whole thing is only a trap to make her return home. But if it could be done, then the

[1] The autograph is undated.

[2] Sophie, Frau Weber's youngest daughter.

best plan I can think of is to marry Constanze to-morrow morning—or even to-day, if that is possible. For I should not like to expose my beloved one to this scandal—and there could not be one, if she were my wife. One thing more. Thorwart has been summoned to the Webers to-day. I entreat you, dear Baroness, to let me have your friendly advice and to assist us poor creatures. I shall be at home all day. I kiss your hands a thousand times and am your most grateful servant

W. A. MOZART

In the greatest haste. Constanze knows *nothing* of this as yet. Has Herr von Thorwart been to see you? Is it necessary for the two of us to visit him after lunch to-day?

(458) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 7 d'août*, 1782

You are very much mistaken in your son if you can suppose him capable of acting dishonestly. My dear Constanze—now, thank God, at last my wife [1]—knew my circumstances and heard from me long ago all that I had to expect from you. But her affection and her love for me were so great that she willingly and joyfully sacrificed her whole future to share my fate. I kiss your hands and thank you with all the tenderness which a son has ever felt for a father, for your kind consent and fatherly blessing. But indeed I could safely rely on it. For you know that I myself could not but see only too clearly all the objections that could be raised against such a step. At the same time you also know that I could not act otherwise without injury to my conscience and my

[1] The marriage took place on August 4th, 1782.

honour. Consequently I could certainly rely on having your consent. So it was that having waited two post-days in vain for a reply and the ceremony having been fixed for a day by which I was certain to have received it, I was married by the blessing of God to my beloved Constanze. I was quite assured of your consent and was therefore comforted. The following day I received your two letters at once—Well, it is over! I only ask your forgiveness for my too hasty trust in your fatherly love. In this frank confession you have a fresh proof of my love of truth and hatred of a lie. Next post-day my dear wife will ask her dearest, most beloved Papa-in-law for his fatherly blessing and her beloved sister-in-law for the continuance of her most valued friendship. No one was present at the wedding save her mother and her youngest sister, Herr von Thorwart as guardian and witness for both of us, Herr von Cetto, district councillor, who gave away the bride, and Gilowsky as my best man.[1] When we had been joined together, both my wife and I began to weep. All present, even the priest, were deeply touched and all wept to see how much our hearts were moved. Our whole wedding feast consisted of a supper given for us by the Baroness von Waldstädten, which indeed was more princely than baronial. My dear Constanze is now looking forward a hundred times more to a visit to Salzburg, and I wager—I wager—that you will rejoice in my happiness when you get to know her, that is, if you agree with me that a right-minded, honest, virtuous and amiable wife is a blessing to her husband.

I send you herewith a short march.[2] I only hope that all will reach you in good time, and be to your taste. The first Allegro must be played with great fire, the last—as fast as possible. My opera was given again yesterday—

[1] For Mozart's certificate of marriage see Abert, vol. ii. p. 907.

[2] K. 408, No. 2, the promised addition to K. 385, the Haffner symphony.

and that too at Gluck's request. He has been very complimentary to me about it. I am lunching with him to-morrow. You see by my writing how I must hurry. Adieu. My dear wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and we both embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and I am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

August 7th, 1782.

(459) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 17 d'Août*, 1782

I forgot to tell you the other day that on the Day of Portiuncula [1] my wife and I performed our devotions together at the Theatines. Even if a sense of piety had not moved us to do so, we should have had to do it on account of the banns, without which we could not have been married. Indeed for a considerable time before we were married we had always attended mass and gone to confession and taken communion together; and I found that I never prayed so fervently or confessed and took communion so devoutly as by her side; and she felt the same. In short, we are made for each other; and God who orders all things and consequently has ordained this also, will not forsake us. We both thank you most submissively for your fatherly blessing. I hope you have now received my wife's letter.

[1] August 2nd. In 1223 Pope Honorius III, at the request of St. Francis, granted an annual indulgence to anyone who should visit the Portiuncula chapel in the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli at Assisi on August 2nd. Gregory XVI in 1622 extended it to all churches of the Observant Franciscans; in 1856 it was further extended to all churches where the Third Order of St. Francis was canonically established, and in 1910 to all Catholic churches and chapels.

In regard to Gluck, my ideas are precisely the same as yours, my dearest father. But I should like to add something. The Viennese gentry, and in particular the ⟨Emperor,⟩ must not imagine that I am on this earth solely for the sake of Vienna. There is no monarch in the world whom I should be more glad to serve than the Emperor, but I refuse to beg for any post. I believe that I am capable of doing credit to any court. If Germany, my beloved fatherland, of which, as you know, I am proud, will not accept me, then in God's name let France or England become the richer by another talented German, to the disgrace of the German nation. You know well that it is the Germans who have always excelled in almost all the arts.[1] But where did they make their fortune and their reputation? Certainly not in Germany! Take even the case of Gluck. Has Germany made him the great man he is? Alas no! Countess Thun, Count Zichy, Baron van Swieten, even Prince Kaunitz, are all very much displeased with the Emperor, because he does not value men of talent more, and allows them to leave his dominions. Kaunitz said the other day to the Archduke Maximilian, when the conversation turned on myself, that "*such people only come into the world once in a hundred years and must not be driven out of Germany, particularly when we are fortunate enough to have them in the capital.*" You cannot imagine how kind and courteous Prince Kaunitz was to me when I visited him. When I took my leave, he said: "*I am much obliged to you, my dear Mozart, for having taken the trouble to visit me.*" You would scarcely believe what efforts Countess Thun, Baron van Swieten and other eminent people are making to keep me here. But I cannot afford to wait indefinitely, and indeed I refuse to remain hanging on here at their mercy.

[1] For an interesting article on Mozart's patriotism as revealed in his letters, see *MM*, November 1918, pp. 14-18.

Moreover, I think that even though he *is* the Emperor, I am not so desperately in need of his favour. My idea is to go to Paris next Lent, but of course not simply on chance. I have already written to Le Gros about this and am awaiting his reply. I have mentioned it here too—particularly to *people of position*—just in the course of conversation. For you know that often in conversation you can throw out a hint and that this is more effective than if the same thing were announced in the tones of a dictator. I might be able to get engagements for the Concert Spirituel and the Concert des Amateurs—and besides, I should have plenty of pupils—and now that I have a wife I could superintend them more easily and more attentively—and then with the help of compositions and so forth—but indeed I should rely chiefly on opera commissions. Latterly I have been practising my French daily and have already taken three lessons in English. In three months I hope to be able to read and understand English books fairly easily. Now farewell. My wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and I am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

P.S.—*What does Luigi Gatti*[1] *say?*

My compliments to Perwein.[2] I hope my dear sister's indisposition will not have serious consequences. My dear wife and I kiss her a thousand times and hope that she is now quite well again. Adieu.

[1] See p. 810, n. 1. Abbate Luigi Gatti was appointed Kapellmeister at Salzburg in February 1783.

[2] Probably Ignaz Perwein (1758–1812), a schoolmaster and organist in the neighbourhood of Salzburg. See Hammerle, *op. cit.* p. 56.

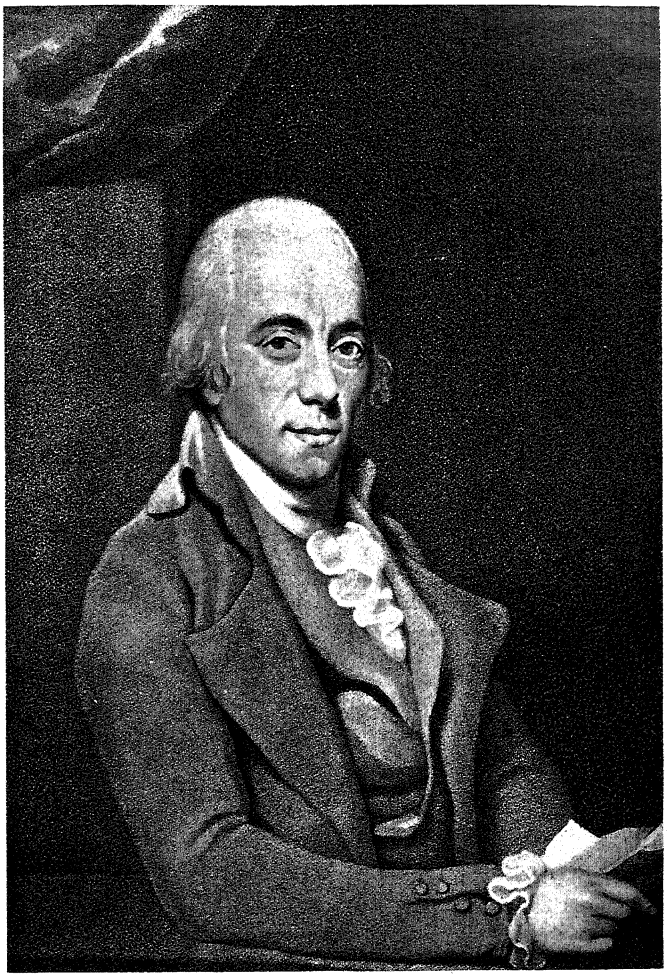
(460) *Leopold Mozart to Baroness von Waldstädten, Vienna*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

SALZBURG, *August 23rd*, 1782

HIGHLY BORN AND GRACIOUS LADY!

I thank your Ladyship most warmly for the very special interest you take in my circumstances and for your extraordinary kindness in celebrating my son's wedding day with such liberality. When I was a young fellow I used to think that philosophers were people who said little, seldom laughed and turned a sulky face upon the world in general. But my own experiences have completely persuaded me that without knowing it I must be a philosopher. For having done my duty as a father, having in countless letters made the clearest and most lucid representations to Wolfgang on every point and being convinced that he knows my trying circumstances, which are extremely grievous to a man of my age, and that he is aware of the degradations I am suffering in Salzburg, as he must realise that both morally and materially I am being punished for his conduct, all that I can now do is to leave him to his own resources (as he evidently wishes) and pray God to bestow on him His paternal blessing and not withdraw from him His Divine grace. For my part I shall not abandon the cheerfulness which is natural to me and which in spite of my advancing years I still possess, and I shall continue to hope for the best. On the whole, I should feel quite easy in my mind, were it not that I have detected in my son an outstanding fault, which is, that he is far too *patient* or rather *easy-going*, too *indolent*, perhaps even too *proud*, in short, that he has the sum total of all those traits which render a man *inactive*; on the other hand, he is too *impatient*, too



MUZIO CLEMENTI (1794)
From an engraving by T. Hardy
(British Museum)

hasty and will not bide his time. Two opposing elements rule his nature, I mean, there is either too *much* or too *little*, never the golden mean. If he is not actually in want, then he is immediately satisfied and becomes *indolent* and *lazy*. If he has to bestir himself, then he realises his worth and *wants to make his fortune at once*. Nothing must stand in his way; yet it is unfortunately the most capable people and those who possess outstanding genius who have the greatest obstacles to face. Who will prevent him from pursuing his present career in Vienna if he only has a little patience? Kapellmeister Bonno is a very old man. After his death Salieri [1] will be promoted and will make room for someone else. And is not Gluck too an old man? My dear lady, please instil a little patience into my son. And may I ask you to let me have your opinion of his circumstances? My daughter sends you her most respectful regards and both she and I wish that we had the good fortune to be able to kiss your Ladyship's hands. She is very much touched at being honoured quite undeservedly with a remembrance from your Ladyship. Ah, if only we were not so far away from Vienna! How delightful it would be to devote ourselves together to music! May Hope, sole consolation of our desires, soothe my spirit! Perhaps I may yet be happy enough to be able to assure your Ladyship in person not only of my friendship, which, though it may be of little advantage to you, is heartfelt and true, but also of my deepest esteem and regard. I am indeed your most humble and obedient servant

LEOPOLD MOZART

My son wrote to me some time ago saying that, when he married, he would not live with his wife's mother.

[1] After the death of Bonno in 1788 Salieri was appointed Kapellmeister to the Viennese court.

I trust that by now he has left that house. If not, he is storing up trouble for himself and his wife.

(461) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 24 *d'Août*, 1782

You have only imagined what I was really intending and still intend to do. I must likewise confess the truth to you, which is, that my wife and I have been waiting from day to day for some *sure* information about the arrival of the Russian visitors, in order to decide whether to undertake or to postpone the journey we have planned; and as we have heard nothing definite up to this moment, I have not been able to write to you on the subject. Some say they are to arrive on September 7th, others again that they are not coming at all. If the latter be the truth, we shall be in Salzburg by the beginning of October. If, however, they do come, then, according to the advice of my good friends, it is not only very necessary that I should be here, but my absence would be a real triumph for my enemies and consequently highly detrimental to me. If I am appointed music master to the Princess of Wurtemberg, which is extremely probable, I can easily obtain leave of absence for a time in order to visit my father. If our project has to be postponed, no one will be more disappointed than my dear wife and I, for we can hardly await the moment to embrace our dearest, most beloved father and our dearest sister.

You are perfectly right about France and England! It is a step which I can always take, and it is better for me to remain in Vienna a little longer. Besides, times may change too in those countries. Last Tuesday (after, thank

Heaven! an interval of a fortnight) my opera was again performed with great success.

I am delighted that the symphony[1] is to your taste. A propos, you have no idea (but perhaps you have?) where I am living. Where do you think? In the same house where we lodged fourteen years ago, on the Hohe Brücke, in Grünwald's house. But now it is called Grosshaupt's house, No. 387.[2] Stephanie junior arrived yesterday and I went to see him to-day. Elizabeth Wendling is also here. Well, you must forgive me if I close this letter already, but I have been wasting my time gossiping to Herr von Strack. I wish with all my heart that those Russian people may not come, so that I may soon have the pleasure of kissing your hands. My wife sheds tears of joy when she thinks of our journey to Salzburg. Farewell. We kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W. A. MOZART

Man and wife
Are one life.

(462) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 31 *August*, 1782

You wonder how I can flatter myself that I shall be maestro to the Princess?[3] Why, Salieri is not capable of teaching her the clavier! All he can do is to try to injure me in this matter by recommending someone else, which quite possibly he is doing! On the other hand the Emperor

[1] K. 385.

[2] Now Wipplingerstrasse no. 25. The Mozarts took rooms in this house on their return to Vienna from Olmütz in 1768.

[3] Princess Elizabeth of Wurtemberg.

knows me; and the last time she was in Vienna the Princess would gladly have taken lessons from me. Moreover, I know that my name is in the book which contains the names of all those who have been chosen for her service. Le Chevalier Hypolity has not put in an appearance yet. You say that I have never told you on what floor we are living? That in truth must have stuck in my pen! Well, I am telling you now—that we are living on the second floor. But I cannot understand how you got the idea that my highly honoured mother-in-law is living here too. For indeed I did not marry my sweetheart in such a hurry in order to live a life of vexations and quarrels, but to enjoy peace and happiness; and the only way to ensure this was to cut ourselves off from that house. Since our marriage we have paid her two visits, but on the second occasion quarrelling and wrangling began again, so that my poor wife started to cry. I put a stop to the bickering at once by saying to Constanze that it was time for us to go. We have not been there since and do not intend to go until we have to celebrate the birthday or name-day of the mother or of one of the two sisters. You say too that I have never told you on what day we got married. I must indeed beg your pardon—but either your memory has deceived you this time, in which case you need only take the trouble to look among my letters for that of August 7th, where you will find it stated clearly and distinctly that we confessed on Friday, the Day of Portiuncula, and were married on the following Sunday, August 4th—or you never received that letter, which, however, is not very likely, as you got the march[1] which was enclosed with it and also replied to various points in the letter. I now have a request to make. Baroness Waldstädten is leaving here and would like to have a good small pianoforte. As I have forgotten the name of the pianoforte maker in Zweibrücken, I should like to

[1] See p. 1212, n. 2.

ask you to order one from him. It must, however, be ready within a month or six weeks at the latest and the price should be the same as that of the Archbishop's. May I also ask you to send me some Salzburg tongues either by some acquaintance or by mail coach (if the customs duty does not make it impossible)? I am under great obligations to the Baroness and when the conversation one day turned on tongues and she said she would very much like to try a Salzburg one, I offered to get one for her. If you can think of any other delicacy for her and will send it to me, I shall indeed be very much obliged to you. I am particularly anxious to give her some such pleasure. I can refund the cost through Peisser or give it to you when we meet.

Can you send me some Schwarzreuter? [1] Now farewell. My wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and we embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever

your most obedient daughter
most obedient son

WOLFGANG and CONSTANZE MOZART [2]

P.S.—Should you be writing to my cousin,[3] please give her kind regards from us both. Addio.

(463) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNA, *September 11th*, 1782

Many thanks for the tongues. I gave two to the Baroness and kept the other two for myself; and we are

[1] A kind of trout (*Salmo salvelinis*) found in the Salzkammergut lakes.

[2] After his marriage to Constanze Weber, Mozart's letters to his father and to his sister bear, almost without exception, this double signature.

[3] Maria Anna Thekla Mozart, the "Bäsle".

to sample them to-morrow. Please be so good as to tell me how you wish the payment to be made. If you can also obtain some Schwarzreuter for me, you will indeed give me much pleasure. The Jewess Eskeles[1] has no doubt proved a very good and useful tool for breaking up the friendship between the Emperor and the Russian court, for the day before yesterday *she was taken to Berlin* in order that the King might have the pleasure of her company. She is indeed a sow of the first order. Moreover, she was the whole cause of Günther's misfortune, if indeed it be a misfortune to be imprisoned for two months in a beautiful room (with permission to have all his books, his pianoforte and so forth) and to lose his former post, but to be appointed to another at a salary of 1200 gulden; for yesterday he left for Hermannstadt. Yet an experience of that kind always injures an honest man and nothing in the world can compensate him for it. I just want you to realise that he has not committed a great crime. His conduct was due entirely to étourderie, or thoughtlessness, and consequently lack of discretion, which in a Privy Councillor is certainly a serious fault. Although he never divulged anything of importance, yet his enemies, chief of whom is the former Stadtholder, Count von Herberstein, managed to play their cards so cleverly that the Emperor who formerly had such immense confidence in Günther that he would walk up and down the room arm in arm with him for hours, now began to distrust him with an equal intensity. To make matters worse, who should appear on the scene but that sow Eskeles (a former mistress of Günther's), who accused him in the most violent terms. But when the matter was investigated, these gentlemen cut a very poor figure. However, the

[1] For a full account of the Günther-Eskeles *cause célèbre*, which vindicates the honour of Eleonore Fliess-Eskeles, see *MM*, February–May 1921, p. 41 ff.

affair had already caused terrific commotion; and great people never like to admit that they have been in the wrong. Hence the fate of poor Günther, whom I pity from my heart, as he was a very good friend of mine and, if things had remained as they were, might have rendered me good service with the Emperor. You can imagine what a shock and how unexpected it was to me and how very much upset I was; for Stephanie, Adamberger and I had supper with him one evening and on the morrow he was arrested. Well, I must close, for I may miss the post. My dear wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

CONSTANZE and MOZART

My wife is almost ninety-one.[1]

(464) *Leopold Mozart to Baroness von Waldstädten, Vienna*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

SALZBURG, *September 13th*, 1782

HIGHLY BORN AND GRACIOUS LADY!

It is impossible for me to describe to your Ladyship my heartfelt pleasure on reading your charming and flattering letter. It reminded me, as I read it, of Wieland's Sympathies.[2] It is undoubtedly true that many people are blessed with a higher plane of thought and unconsciously dwell together in a secret spiritual union before they have ever seen or spoken to one another. Good books and music are your Ladyship's occupation and entertainment.

[1] Constanze was nineteen.

[2] Wieland's *Sympathien*, published in 1756, was one of his earliest prose writings.

They are also mine. Your Ladyship has withdrawn herself from social functions; and for several months I too have not appeared at court and only do so when I am obliged to. I live quietly with my daughter and have a few friends who come to see me. Reading, music and an occasional walk are our recreation and in bad weather a very humble game of taroc or tresette and occasionally a game of chess. Further, your Ladyship feels that *sorrow has greatly saddened you* and refuses when out of humour to be a burden to anyone. I for my part have had so much to endure from unmerited persecutions and have become so closely acquainted with envy, falseness, deception, malice and all the many other fine qualities of human nature that I purposely avoid large social functions in order not to become completely *out of humour* and to retain that modicum of cheerfulness which I still possess. Hence it is naturally my most ardent wish to have the privilege of meeting your Ladyship, as I feel certain that your Ladyship's outlook entirely agrees with mine, and that we should chatter away to our hearts' content. I regard it indeed as a great compliment that your Ladyship should consider me worthy of your invaluable friendship and quite undeserved esteem; and as I see no means of deserving it—of really deserving it, I hope at least, without saying anything ridiculous or improper, to find suitable words to express the feeling of great regard which I cherish towards a lady of such worth.

Your Ladyship has been so gracious as to offer me a lodging, should I come to Vienna. Indeed I am quite overcome! It would be most daring of me to avail myself of this gracious invitation; but my first outing in Vienna will certainly be to kiss your Ladyship's hands. Who can tell? Perhaps I may still have the good fortune to do so!

I beg your Ladyship to take care of your health and

well-being. I was grievously distressed when I read that, owing to much sorrow and suffering, your Ladyship had lost your health and peace of mind. May God in His goodness watch over you! I am profoundly affected! After receiving my letter my son to some extent abandoned his resolve to leave Vienna; and, as he is coming to visit me in Salzburg, I shall make further very necessary and weighty representations to him. I am delighted to hear that his wife does not take after the Webers. If she did, he would indeed be unhappy. Your Ladyship assures me that she is a good soul—and that is enough for me!

My daughter kisses your Ladyship's hands and like myself is disappointed that we are so far from Vienna. Meanwhile I console myself with the thought that although mountains and valleys cannot meet, people can do so; that your Ladyship will continue to think me worthy of your favour and esteem; and that I, through my son, shall always continue to have news of the health and happiness of so kind a lady. I hope to be able to prove that with the greatest esteem, regard and devotion I am your Ladyship's most humble and obedient servant

LEOPOLD MOZART

(465) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 25th Sep^bre*, 1782

I have received your last letter of September 20th and hope that you got my four lines, which only said that we were in good health. Now for a really comical event! But who can prevent possible coincidences and developments? Herr Gabel, who arrived here some days ago, is actually with me and is waiting for me to finish this letter in order to accompany my sonatas on the violin, which, if he is

to be believed, he must play well. He has already played to me on the horn and could really do nothing on it. But what I can do for him I will; it is enough that I am your son. He sends his compliments to you both. It was news to me to hear that the paintings in the churches which serve no useful purpose, the many votive tablets and the instrumental music and so forth, which are to be done away with in Vienna, have already been abolished in Salzburg. No doubt ⟨the Archbishop⟩ hopes *by doing this* to ingratiate himself with ⟨the Emperor;⟩ but I can hardly believe that this policy of his will be of much service to him. Well, I can't bear to see anyone waiting for me; and I dislike to be kept waiting myself. So I must reserve for my next letter my description of Baroness von Waldstädten and merely ask you to do me a most urgent favour. But I beg you, on account of the place where I am, not to divulge what I am about to say. The Prussian Ambassador, Riedesel, has informed me that he has been commissioned by the Berlin court to send my opera "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" to Berlin and has asked me to have it copied, adding that the remuneration for the music will follow in due course. I promised at once to have this done. Now, as I have not got the opera myself, I should have to borrow it from the copyist, which would be very inconvenient, for I could not be *sure* of keeping it for three days in succession, as the Emperor often sends for it (he did so only yesterday) and, moreover, the opera is very often given. Why, since August 16th it has been performed ten times. So my idea is to have it copied in Salzburg, where it could be done more secretly and more cheaply! I beg you, therefore, to have the score copied out at once—and as quickly as possible. If, when you send me the copy, you will let me know the cost, I shall remit the amount at once through Herr Peisser. Now farewell. My wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and

embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and we are your most obedient children

W: A: and M: C: MOZART

(466) *Mozart to Baroness von Waldstädten*

[*Autograph in the possession of Frau Floersheim-Koch, Florence*]

DEAREST BARONESS! VIENNA, *September 28th*, 1782

When your Ladyship was so gracious yesterday as to invite me to lunch with you to-morrow, Sunday, I had forgotten that a week ago I had made an engagement to lunch on that day in the Augarten.

Martin, the little angel, who fancies himself under an obligation to me in several ways, absolutely insists on treating me to a dînée. I thought yesterday that I could arrange and accommodate the matter in accordance with my wishes; but it has proved impossible, as the little angel has already ordered and arranged everything, and consequently would be put to useless expense. Therefore on this account your Ladyship will kindly excuse me this time, and with your Ladyship's permission we shall both have the honour of waiting upon you next Tuesday to deliver our *congratulations* and to give Fräulein von Aurnhammer [1] some *purgations*, if she must let us see her toilet *operations*. But now, joking apart, I really do not want to let the concerto [2] which I played in the theatre go for less than six ducats. On the other hand I should undertake to pay for the copying. As for the beautiful red coat, which attracts me enormously, please, please let me know *where it is to be had and how much it costs*—for that I have completely forgotten, as I was so captivated

[1] Since her father's death Fräulein Aurnhammer had been living with the Baroness von Waldstädten.

[2] Probably K. 175, which Mozart played at his concert on March 3rd, 1782. See p. 1183.

by its splendour that I did not take note of its price. I must have a coat like that, for it is one that will really do justice to certain buttons which I have long been hankering after. I saw them once, when I was choosing some for a suit. They were in Brandau's button factory in the Kohlmarkt, opposite the Milano. They are mother-of-pearl with a few white stones round the edge and a fine yellow stone in the centre. I should like all my things to be of good quality, genuine and beautiful. Why is it, I wonder, that those who cannot afford it, would like to spend a fortune on such articles and those who can, do not do so? Well, I think it is long past the time for me to stop this scribbling. j kiss your hands, and hoping to see you in good health the Tuesday j am your most humble servant [1]

MOZART

Constanze, my better half, kisses your Ladyship's hands a thousand times and gives that Aurnhammer girl a kiss. But I am not supposed to know about this, for the very thought makes me shudder.

(467) *Mozart to Baroness von Waldstädten*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

VIENNA, *October 2nd*, 1782

DEAREST, BEST AND LOVELIEST OF ALL,
GILT, SILVERED AND SUGARED,
MOST VALUED AND HONOURED
GRACIOUS LADY
BARONESS!

Herewith I have the honour to send your Ladyship the rondo [2] in question, the two volumes of plays and

[1] In the autograph this sentence is in English.
[2] Probably K. 382. See p. 1189, n. 3.

the little book of stories. I committed a terrible blunder yesterday! I felt all the time that I had something more to say and yet I could cudgel nothing out of my stupid skull. But it was to thank your Ladyship for having at once taken so much trouble about the beautiful coat, and for your goodness in promising to give me one like it. But it never occurred to me, which is what usually happens with me. It is my constant regret that I did not study architecture instead of music, for I have often heard it said that he is the best architect to whom nothing ever occurs.[1] I can say with truth that I am a very happy and a very unhappy man—unhappy since the night when I saw your Ladyship at the ball with your hair so beautifully dressed—for—gone is my peace of mind! Nothing but sighs and groans! During the rest of the time I spent at the ball I did not dance—I skipped. Supper was already ordered, but I did not eat—I gobbled. During the night instead of slumbering softly and sweetly—I slept like a dormouse and snored like a bear and (without undue presumption) I should almost be prepared to wager that your Ladyship had the same experience *à proportion*! You smile! you blush! Ah, yes—I am indeed happy. My fortune is made! But alas! Who taps me on the shoulder? Who peeps into my letter? Alas, alas, alas! My wife! Well, well, in the name of Heaven, I have taken her and must keep her! What is to be done? I must praise her—and imagine that what I say is true! How happy I am that I need no Fräulein Aurnhammer as a pretext for writing to your Ladyship, like Herr von Taisen or whatever his name is! (how I wish he had no name!), for I myself had something to send to your Ladyship. Moreover, apart from this, I should have had occasion to write to your Ladyship, though indeed I do not dare to

[1] Mozart is punning on the word "einfallen", which means "to collapse" and "to occur".

mention it. Yet why not? Well then, courage! I should like to ask your Ladyship to—Faugh, the devil—that would be too gross! A propos. Does not your Ladyship know the little rhyme?

A woman and a jug of beer,
How can they rhyme together?
The woman has a cask of beer
Of which she sends a jugful here.
Why, then they rhyme together.

I brought that in very neatly, didn't I? But now, *senza burle*.[1] If your Ladyship could sent me a jugful this evening, you would be doing me a great favour. For my wife is—is—is—and has longings—but only for beer prepared in the English way! Well done, little wife! I see at last that you are really good for something. My wife, who is an angel of a woman, and I, who am a model husband, both kiss your Ladyship's hands a thousand times and are ever your

faithful vassals,
MOZART magnus, corpore parvus,
et
CONSTANTIA, omnium uxorum pulcherrima
et prudentissima.

Vienna, October 2nd, 1782.

Please give my kind regards to that Aurnhammer girl.

(468) *Leopold Mozart to J. G. I. Breitkopf, Leipzig*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph formerly in the possession of Dr. E. Prieger, Bonn*]

SALZBURG, *October 4th*, 1782

My son will probably remain in Vienna for good. He has written a German opera, "Die Entführung aus dem Serail". It is in three acts and is a free adaptation of

[1] Joking apart.

Bretzner's libretto and has been arranged for the Imperial National Theatre. That it has won applause I gather from the fact that it has already been performed sixteen times.

(469) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 5 *d'october*, 1782

I can only reply to the chief points of your letter, as I have just this moment received it. Unfortunately I have had to read the exact reverse of what I expected. I went myself to see Baron von Riedesel, who is a charming man, and as I was fully confident that my opera was already being copied, I promised to let him have it at the end of this month or the beginning of November at latest. I therefore beg you to make sure that I shall have it by that time. But in order to relieve you of all care and anxiety on the subject (which, however, I most gratefully regard as a proof of your fatherly love), I can say nothing more convincing than that I am extremely grateful to the Baron for having ordered the copy from me and not from the copyist, from whom he could have got it at any time by paying cash. Besides, it would mortify me very much, if my talent was such that it could be remunerated once and for all—and with a hundred ducats too! At the moment I shall say nothing to anyone, simply because it is unnecessary. If my opera is given in Berlin,[1] of which there seems no doubt (which is to me the most pleasing feature of the affair), people will certainly hear about it. And, what is more, my enemies will not mock me, nor treat me like a contemptible fellow, but will only be too glad to give me an opera to compose if I choose—though

[1] The "Entführung aus dem Serail" was not performed in Berlin until 1788. It was given in Prague, Mannheim, Frankfurt, Bonn and Leipzig in 1783, Salzburg in 1784, Kassel in 1785, and Breslau and Coblenz in 1787.

very likely I shall not choose. What I mean is that I am willing to write an opera, but not to look on with a hundred ducats in my pocket and see the theatre making four times as much in a fortnight.[1] I intend to produce my opera at my own expense, I shall clear at least 1200 gulden by three performances and then the management may have it for fifty ducats. If they refuse to take it, I shall have made some money and can produce the opera anywhere. Well, I hope that hitherto you have not detected the least sign of an inclination on my part to act shabbily. No man ought to be mean, but neither ought he to be such a simpleton as to let other people take the profits from his work, which has cost him so much study and labour, by renouncing all further claims upon it.

The Grand Duke arrived yesterday. Well, the distinguished clavier teacher for the Princess has at last been appointed. I need only mention his pay and you will easily estimate the competence of this master—400 gulden. His name is Summer.[2] Even if I were disappointed, I should do my best not to let it be seen. But as things are, I need not, thank God, make any pretence, for the only thing which would have mortified me would have been my appointment, which, of course, I should have had to decline—always an unpleasant proceeding, when one is in the unfortunate position of having to refuse a great lord. I must urge you once more to hurry up as much as possible the copying of my opera. And while I kiss your hands a thousand times I am ever your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

[1] According to a letter from Schröder to Dalberg of May 22nd, 1784 (quoted in Abert, vol. i. p. 896, n. 3), Mozart received 50 ducats for his opera. The usual sum paid to a composer was 100 ducats.

[2] Georg Summer (1742–1809) was appointed in 1781 instructor on the clavier to the Imperial Court. From 1791 until his death he was organist in the Vienna Court Chapel.



MARIANNE MOZART, FREIFRAU VON BERCHTOLD ZU SONNENBURG (1785)

From a portrait by an unknown artist
(Mozart Museum, Salzburg)

My dear wife kisses your hands and we both embrace our dear sister with all our hearts. We saw the cross which my sister received from Baroness Waldstädten the day before she sent it to her. I despatched by the mail coach to-day five quires of ruled paper with twelve staves to a page.

We do not yet know—nor indeed does the Baroness herself—when she is going into the country. But as soon as I hear, I shall write and tell you. Adieu.

(470) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNA, *October 12th*, 1782

If I could have foreseen that the copyists in Salzburg would have so much to do, I should have decided to have the opera copied here in spite of the extra expense. Well, I must go off to the Ambassador and explain the real reason to him. But please do your very best to have it sent to me soon, and the sooner, the better. You think that I should not have got it in a shorter time from a Vienna copyist? Why, I could have got it from the theatrical copyist here within a week or at most ten days. The fact that that *ass Gatti* asked the Archbishop to be allowed to compose a serenade, alone renders him worthy of the name and makes me surmise that it is equally applicable to his learning in music.

You say that 400 gulden a year as an *assured salary* are not to be despised. What you say would be true if in addition I could work myself into a good position and could treat these 400 gulden simply as an extra. But unfortunately that is not the case. I should have to consider the 400 gulden as my chief income and everything I could earn besides as a windfall, the amount of which would be very uncertain and consequently in all proba-

bility very meagre. For you can easily understand that you cannot act as independently towards a pupil who is a Princess as towards other ladies. If a Princess does not feel inclined to take a lesson, why, you have the honour of waiting until she does. She is living with the Salesians auf der Wieden, so that if you do not care to walk, you have the honour of paying at least a zwanziger[1] to drive there and back. Thus of my pay only 304 gulden would remain, I mean, if I were only to give three lessons a week; and if I were obliged to wait, I should be neglecting in the meantime my other pupils or other work (by which I might easily make more than 400 gulden). If I wanted to come in to Vienna, I should have to pay double, as I should be obliged to drive out again. If I stayed auf der Wieden and were giving my lesson in the morning, as no doubt I should be doing, I should have to go at lunch, time to some inn, take a wretched meal and pay extravagantly for it. Moreover, by neglecting my other pupils, I might lose them altogether—for everyone considers that his money is just as good as that of a Princess. At the same time I should be losing the time and inclination to earn more money by composition. To serve a great lord (be the office what it may) a man should be paid a sufficient income to enable him to *serve his patron alone,* without being obliged to seek additional earnings in order to avoid penury. A man must provide against want. Please do not think that I am so stupid as to tell all this to anyone else. But believe me, ⟨the Emperor⟩ himself is well aware of his own meanness and has passed me over solely on this account. No doubt, if I had applied for the appointment I should certainly have got it, but with more than 400 gulden, though probably with a less salary than would have been fair and just. I am not looking for pupils, for I can have as many as I please; and from two of them,

[1] See p. 1147, n. 2.

without causing me the slightest hindrance or inconvenience, I get as much as the Princess gives her master, who has thus no better prospect than that of avoiding starvation for the rest of his life. You know well how services are generally rewarded by great lords. Well, I must close, for the post is going. We kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W: ET C: MOZART

More the next time.

(471) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 19 *d'octobre*, 1782

I must again write in a hurry. I do not understand how it is, but formerly I always used to get a letter from you on Friday after lunch; but now, send as I will, I never get it until Saturday evening. I am very sorry that you have had so much trouble over my opera. Indeed I have heard about England's victories[1] and am greatly delighted too, for you know that I am an out-and-out Englishman.

The Russian Royalties left Vienna to-day. My opera was performed for them the other day, and on this occasion I thought it advisable to resume my place at the clavier and conduct it. I did so partly in order to rouse the orchestra who had gone to sleep a little, partly (since I happen to be in Vienna) in order to appear before the royal guests as the father of my child.

My dearest father, I must confess that I have the most impatient longing to see you again and to kiss your hands; and for this reason I wanted to be in Salzburg on November 15th, which is your name-day. But the most

[1] The relief of Gibraltar by Lord Howe and Sir Edward Hughes's crushing defeat of the French navy off Trincomalee.

profitable season in Vienna is now beginning. The nobility are returning from the country and are taking lessons. Moreover, concerts are starting again. I should have to be back in Vienna by the beginning of December. How hard it would be for my wife and myself to be obliged to leave you so soon! For we would much rather enjoy for a longer period the company of our dear father and our dear sister. So it depends on you—whether you prefer to have me for a longer or shorter time. We are thinking of going to you in the spring. If I only mention Salzburg to my dear wife, she is already beside herself with joy. The barber of Salzburg (not of Seville) called on me and delivered kind messages from you, from my sister and from Katherl. Now farewell. We both kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace my dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

M: C: ET W: A: MOZART

(472) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 26 *d'octobre*, '82

How gladly would we take the post-chaise and alla Wolfgang Mozart fly to Salzburg! But this is quite out of the question, because I cannot get away from here before November 3rd without ruining someone, as Fräulein von Aurnhammer (whom I have placed with Baroness von Waldstädten, who gives her board and lodging) is giving a concert in the theatre on that day and I have promised to play with her. My wife's boundless desire and my own to kiss your hands and to embrace our dear sister will make us do all in our power to enjoy this happiness and pleasure as soon as possible. Enough! All I can say as yet is that the month of November is not favourable to those natives of Salzburg who may not

be able to tolerate my presence. I have many things too to discuss with you, my dearest father, on the subject of music. It is all the same to me whether the opera is stitched together or bound; I should have it bound in blue paper. You will see by my writing that I am in a desperate hurry. It is now seven o'clock and in spite of all my enquiries I have only this moment received your letter. Well, adieu. My dear wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W. AND C. MOZART

(473) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 13 *de* 9^{bre}, 1782

We are in considerable perplexity. I did not write to you last Saturday, because I thought we were certain to leave Vienna on Monday. But on Sunday the weather became so dreadful that carriages could scarcely make their way through the town. I still wished to set off on Monday afternoon, but I was told at the post that not only would each stage take four or five hours, but we should not be able to get much beyond the first and should have to turn back. The mail coach with eight horses did not even reach the first stage and has returned to Vienna. I then intended to leave to-morrow, but my wife has such a severe headache to-day that, although she insists on setting out, I dare not allow her to run such a risk in this odious weather. So I am waiting for another letter from you (I trust that in the meantime road conditions will have improved) and then we shall be off. For the pleasure of embracing you again, my dearest father, outweighs all other considerations. My pupils can

quite well wait for me for three or four weeks. For although the Countesses Zichy and Rumbeck have returned from the country and have already sent for me, it is not at all likely that they will engage another master in the meantime. Well, as I have not been so fortunate as to be able to congratulate you in person, I now do so in writing and send you the wishes of my wife and your future grandson or granddaughter. *We wish you a long and happy life, health and contentment and whatever you wish for yourself.* We kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W: et C: MOZART

(474) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 20 *de* 9^{bre}, 1782

I see alas! that the pleasure of embracing you must be postponed until the spring, for my pupils positively refuse to let me go, and indeed the weather is at present far too cold for my wife. Everyone implores me not to take the risk. In spring then (for I call March, or the beginning of April at latest spring, as I reckon it according to my circumstances), we can certainly travel to Salzburg, for my wife is not expecting her confinement before the month of June. So I am unpacking our trunks to-day, as I left everything packed until I heard from you. For had you desired us to come, we should have been off at once without telling a soul, just to show you that we were not to blame in the matter. M. and Mme Fischer and the old lady (who all send their greetings) can best tell you how sorry I am not to be able to make the journey at present. Yesterday Princess Elizabeth (as it was her name-day) received from the Emperor a present of

90,000 gulden as well as a gold watch set with brilliants. She was also proclaimed an Archduchess of Austria, so she now has the title of Royal Highness. The Emperor has had another attack of fever. ⟨I fear that he will not live long⟩ and only hope that I am mistaken.

Madame Heisig, née De Luca, who visited Salzburg with her husband and played the psaltery in the theatre, is in Vienna and is giving a strumming recital. She sent me a written invitation and begged me to speak well of her, adding that she attached great value to my friendship. Well, I must close. My wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W: et C: MOZART

(475) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 21 de decembre*, 1782

Passionate as was my longing to get a letter from you again after a silence of three weeks, I was none the less amazed at its contents. In short, we have both been in the same state of anxiety. You must know that I replied to your last letter on December 4th and expected an answer from you in eight days. Nothing came. Well, I thought that perhaps you had not had time to write; and from a rather pleasant hint in your previous letter, we almost thought that you would arrive yourself. The next post again brought us nothing. All the same I intended to write, but was unexpectedly summoned to the Countess Thun and consequently was prevented from doing so. Then our anxiety began. We consoled ourselves, however, with the thought that if anything had been wrong, one of you would have written. At last your letter

came to-day, by which I perceive that you never received my last letter. I can scarcely think that it was lost in the post, so no doubt the maid must have pocketed the money. But, by Heaven! I would far rather have made a present of six kreutzers to such a brute than have lost my letter so *mal à propos*; and yet it is not always possible to post the letter oneself. We have now got another maid, whom I have lectured well on the subject. What annoys me most of all is that it has caused you so much anxiety and also that I can no longer remember exactly what I wrote. I know that I was at a concert at Galitzin's that same evening and that I mentioned among other things that my poor little wife was obliged to content herself for the present with a little silhouette portrait of yourself, which she always carries about in her bag and kisses more than twenty times a day. I also asked you to send me by the first opportunity which presents itself the new symphony which I composed for Haffner at your request.[1] I should like to have it for certain before Lent, for I should very much like to have it performed at my concert. I asked you too whether you would like to know to what little silhouette portrait I was referring? Ah! Yes! I added that I was most anxious to know what very urgent matter you wished to discuss with me. And then about our visit in the spring! That is all that I can remember. Confound the creature! For how can I know whether that letter did not contain something which I should be very sorry to see falling into other hands? But I do not think that it did and I trust that it didn't; and I am only pleased and happy to hear that you are both in good health. My wife and I, thank God, are very well.

Is it true that the Archbishop is coming to Vienna after the New Year? Countess Lützow has been here for three weeks and I only heard of her arrival yesterday. Prince

[1] K. 385.

Galitzin told me of it. I am engaged for all his concerts. I am always fetched in his coach and brought to his house and treated there most magnificently. On the 10th my opera was performed again with the greatest applause. It was the fourteenth time and the theatre was as full as on the first night, or rather it was as packed as it has invariably been. Count Rosenberg himself spoke to me at Prince Galitzin's and suggested that I should write an Italian opera. I have already commissioned someone to procure for me from Italy the latest opere buffe texts to choose from, but as yet I have not received any, although I myself wrote to Ignaz Hagenauer about it. Some Italian male and female singers are coming here at Easter. Please send me Lugiati's address at Verona, for I should like to try this channel too.

A new opera, or rather a comedy with ariettas by Umlauf, entitled "Welche ist die beste Nation?" was performed the other day [1]—a wretched piece which I could have set to music, but which I refused to undertake, adding that whoever should compose music for it without altering it completely would run the risk of being hooted off the stage; had it not been Umlauf's, it would certainly have been hooted; but, being his, it was only hissed. Indeed it was no wonder, for even with the finest music no one could have tolerated such a piece. But, what is more, the music is so bad that I do not know whether the poet or the composer will carry off the prize for inanity. To its disgrace it was performed a second time; but I think we may now say, *Punctum satis*.

Well, I must close, or I shall miss the post. My dear wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W. et C. MOZART

[1] On December 13th.

(476) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 28 *de decembre*, 1782

I must write in the greatest haste, as it is already half past five and I have asked some people to come here at six for a little concert. Altogether I have so much to do that often I do not know whether I am on my head or my heels. I spend the whole forenoon giving lessons until two o'clock, when we have lunch. After this meal I must give my poor stomach an hour for digestion. The evening is therefore the only time I have for composing and of that I can never be sure, as I am often asked to perform at concerts. There are still two concertos wanting to make up the series of subscription concertos.[1] These concertos are a happy medium between what is too easy and too difficult; they are very brilliant, pleasing to the ear, and natural, without being vapid. There are passages here and there from which connoisseurs alone can derive satisfaction; but these passages are written in such a way that the less learned cannot fail to be pleased, though without knowing why. I am distributing the tickets at six ducats apiece. I am now finishing too the piano arrangement of my opera, which is about to be published; and at the same time I am engaged in a very difficult task, the music for a bard's song by Denis [2] about Gibraltar. But this is a secret, for it is a Hungarian lady who wishes to pay this compliment to Denis. The ode is sublime, beautiful, anything you like, but too exaggerated and pompous for my

[1] K. 413-415, composed in 1782. According to Köchel, p. 502, K. 414 was composed before K. 413.

[2] An ode entitled "Gibraltar" by J. N. C. Michael Denis (1729–1800), Jesuit priest and poet. The poem was written in the style of Klopstock. Mozart's setting was never finished. The fragment "O Calpe!" K. App. 25, consists of 58 bars.

fastidious ears. But what is to be done? The golden mean of truth in all things is no longer either known or appreciated. In order to win applause one must write stuff which is so inane that a *fiacre* could sing it, or so unintelligible that it pleases precisely because no sensible man can understand it. This is not what I have been wanting to discuss with you; but I should like to write a book, a short introduction to music, illustrated by examples, but, I need hardly add, not under my own name.

I send you an enclosure from Baroness Waldstädten, who fears that her second letter may have gone astray. You cannot have received her last letter, for you have not mentioned it. I asked you about it in the letter which was lost. Well, adieu. More next time. My little wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W. et C. MZT.

(477) *Mozart to his Father*

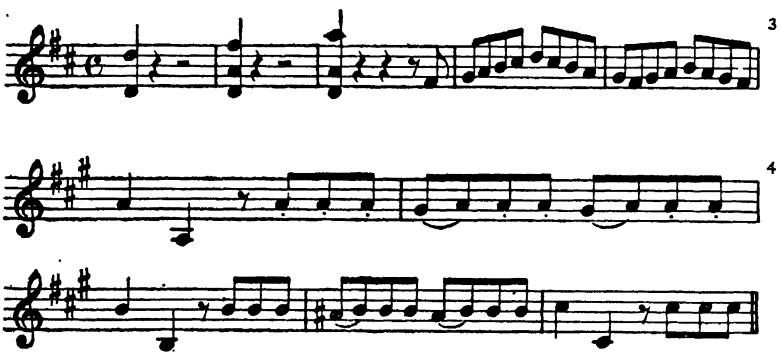
[*Autograph in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 4 *de Janvier*, 1783

It is impossible for me to write very much, as we have just got home from Baroness Waldstädten's and I have to change all my clothes, as I am invited to a concert at Court Councillor Spielmann's. We both thank you for your New Year wishes and confess of our own accord that we were absolute owls to have forgotten our duty so completely. So, laggards as we are, we are sending you, not our New Year wishes, but our general everyday wishes; and we must leave it at that. It is quite true about my moral obligation and indeed I let the word flow from my

pen on purpose. I made the promise in my heart of hearts and hope to be able to keep it. When I made it, my wife was not yet married; yet, as I was absolutely determined to marry her after her recovery, it was easy for me to make it—but, as you yourself are aware, time and other circumstances made our journey impossible. The score of half of a mass,[1] which is still lying here waiting to be finished, is the best proof that I really made the promise.

I got a new pupil to-day, the elder Countess Palfy, the daughter of ⟨the Archbishop's sister.⟩ But please keep this news to yourself for the present, for I am not quite sure whether her family would like it to be known. It is all the same to me whether you send me the symphony of the last Haffner music[2] which I composed in Vienna, in the original score or copied out, for, as it is, I shall have to have several copies made for my concert. I should like to have the following symphonies as soon as possible.



[1] K. 427, Mozart's mass in C minor, at which he worked during the years 1782 and 1783 and which he left unfinished. It was performed in the Peterskirche in Salzburg on August 25th, Constanze singing the soprano part. Mozart used portions of this mass for his cantata "Davidde penitente", written in 1785.

[2] K. 385. [3] K. 204, a serenade, composed in 1775.

[4] K. 201, composed in 1774.



Then there are a few counterpoint works by Eberlin copied out on small paper and bound in blue,[3] and some

sow
Porco ● cochon
sus

things of Haydn,[4] which I should like to have for Baron van Swieten, to whose house I go every Sunday from twelve to two. Tell me, are there any really good fugues in Haydn's last mass or vesper music, or possibly in both? If so, I should be very much obliged to you if you would have them both scored for me bit by bit. Well, I must close. You will have received my last letter with the enclosure from the Baroness. She did not tell me what she had written to you; she just said that she had asked you about something to do with music. But the next time I go to see her, she will certainly tell me all about it, as she knows that I am not at all inquisitive. Indeed she is a dreadful chatterbox. I have it, however, from a third party that she would like to have someone for herself, as she is leaving Vienna. Well, I just want to warn you that, if this is the case, you should be a little bit on your guard, as she is as *changeable* as the wind. Besides, I feel sure that however much she may imagine that she is

[1] K. 182, composed in 1773.
[2] K. 183, composed in 1773.
[3] Cp. p. 469, n. 1.
[4] Michael Haydn.

going to leave Vienna, she will hardly do so; for as long as I have had the honour of her acquaintance, she has always been on the point of leaving. Well, adieu. We kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your obedient children

W. et C. MOZART

P.S.—Only three concertos[1] are being published and the price is four ducats.

(478) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 8 de Janvier*, 1783

Were it not on account of poor Finck,[2] I should really have to ask you to excuse me to-day and put off writing until next post-day, as I have to finish a rondo[3] this evening for my sister-in-law Aloysia Lange, which she is to sing on Saturday at a big concert in the Mehlgrube. Meanwhile you will have received my last letter and you will have seen from it that I knew nothing whatever about the Baroness's commission, that I guessed what it might be and had heard about it privately from another quarter, upon which, as I know this lady only too well, I warned you to be a little bit on your guard. First of all, I must tell you that Finck would not be at all suitable for her, as she wants to have someone for herself and not for her children.[4] You see, therefore, that what is important is that he should play with taste, feeling and brilliancy; and that a knowledge of thorough bass and extemporising in the style of the organ would be of no use to him what-

[1] K. 413-415.

[2] Ignaz Finck, court trumpeter in Salzburg. Evidently he had offered to take a letter to Mozart's father.

[3] K. 416. Recitative "Mia speranza adorata"; rondo "Ah, non sai, qual pena". Aloysia sang this aria too at Mozart's concert on March 23rd. See p. 1257.

[4] The Baroness had three sons.

ever. Further, I should like you to realise that the words which I used, "*herself*"—"*for herself*", imply a good deal. She has often had someone of the kind in her house, but the arrangement has never lasted very long. You may put whatever construction you like on this. Suffice it to say that the result of these scenes is that people speak very lightly about her. She is weak; but I shall say no more—and the little I have said is only for yourself; for I have received a great many kindnesses from her and so it is my duty to defend her so far as possible, or at least to say nothing. Well, she is talking of going off in a few days to Pressburg and of staying there. My opinion is that she may do so—or that she may not. If I were in your place, I should politely decline to have anything to do with the whole business. Well, I must close or my aria will never be finished. My opera was given again yesterday in a crowded theatre and with the greatest applause. Do not forget my symphonies.[1] Adieu. My little wife who is quite plump (but only about the belly) and I both kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W. et C. MOZART

(479) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 22 de Janvier*, 1783

You need have no fear that the three concertos [2] are too dear. I think after all that I deserve a ducat for each concerto—and besides—I should like to know who could get them copied for a ducat! They cannot be copied, as I shall not let them out of my hands until I have secured a certain number of subscribers. They have been advertised

[1] See p. 1244. [2] K. 413-415.

three times in the *Wiener Diarium*;[1] and subscription tickets at four ducats each have been on sale since the 20th at my house, where the concertos can be obtained during the month of April.

I shall send the cadenzas and introductions[2] to my dear sister at the first opportunity. I have not yet altered the introductions in the rondo,[3] for whenever I play this concerto, I always play whatever occurs to me at the moment. Please send me the symphonies[4] I asked for as soon as possible, for I really need them. And now, one more request, for my wife is giving me no peace on the subject. You are doubtless aware that this is carnival time and that there is as much dancing here as in Salzburg and Munich. Well, I should very much like to go as Harlequin (but not a soul must know about it)—because here there are so many—indeed nothing but—silly asses at the Redoutes. So I should like you to send me your Harlequin costume. But please do so very soon, for we shall not attend the Redoutes until I have it, although they are now in full swing. We prefer private balls. Last week I gave a ball in my own rooms, but of course the *chapeaux* each paid two gulden. We began at six o'clock in the evening and kept on until seven. What! Only an hour? Of course not. I meant, until seven o'clock next morning. You will wonder how I had so much room? Why, that reminds me that I have always forgotten to tell you that for the last six weeks I have been living in a new lodging —but still on the Hohe Brücke, and only a few houses off. We are now in the small Herberstein house, No. 412, on the third floor.[5] The house belongs to Herr von Wetzlar—a rich Jew. Well, I have a room there—1000 feet long and

[1] A Vienna daily paper.

[2] The German expression "Eingänge" really means "short ornamental cadenzas". See p. 1252, n. 2. [3] K. 382. See p. 1189, n. 3. [4] See p. 1244.

[5] Now Wipplingerstrasse no. 17. This was Mozart's fourth move since his arrival in Vienna.

one foot wide[1]—and a bedroom, an anteroom and a fine large kitchen. Then there are two other fine big rooms adjoining ours, which are still empty and which I used for this private ball. Baron Wetzlar and his wife were there, Baroness Waldstädten, Herr von Edelbach, that gas-bag Gilowsky,[2] Stephanie junior et uxor, Adamberger and his wife, Lange and his, and so forth. It would be impossible to name them all. Well, I must close, as I still have a letter to write to Madame Wendling at Mannheim about my concertos. Please remind that ever ready operatic composer,[3] Gatti, about the opera libretti.[4] I do wish I had them already. Well, adieu. We kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W. et Co: MOZART

(480) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 5 *de fevrier*, 1783

I have received your last letter and trust that in the meantime you have also received my last one with my request for the Harlequin costume. I now repeat it, begging you at the same time to be so very kind as to dispatch it with all possible speed. And please send the symphonies,[5] especially the *last one*,[6] as soon as possible, for my concert is to take place on the third Sunday in

[1] A favourite joke of the Mozart family. See p. 11.

[2] Franz Wenzel Gilowsky de Urazowa (1757–1816), brother of Katherl Gilowsky. He was now a young surgeon in Vienna and had been best man at Mozart's wedding.

[3] Dr. A. Einstein suggests an allusion to Johann P. Kirnberger's *Der allezeit fertige Polonaisen- und Menuettenkomponist*, Berlin, 1757.

[4] Abbate Luigi Gatti, a native of Mantua, had lived in Italy until 1783, when he took up his appointment as Kapellmeister to the Salzburg court orchestra. Mozart hoped that through him he might find a suitable Italian text for an opera buffa. [5] See p. 1244. [6] K. 385.

Lent, that is, on March 23rd, and I must have several copies made. I think, therefore, that if it is not copied already, it would be better to send me back the original score just as I sent it to you; and remember to put in the minuets.[1]

Is Ceccarelli no longer in Salzburg? Or was he not given a part in Gatti's cantata? This I ask, as you do not mention him among the squabblers and wranglers.

My opera was performed yesterday for the seventeenth time with the usual applause and to a full house.

On Friday, the day after to-morrow, a new opera is to be given, the music of which, a *galimatias*, is by a young Viennese, a pupil of Wagenseil, who is called *gallus cantans, in arbore sedens, gigirigi faciens.*[2] It will probably not be a success. Still, it is better stuff than its predecessor, an old opera by Gassmann, "La notte critica", in German "Die unruhige Nacht",[3] which with difficulty survived three performances. This in its turn had been preceded by that execrable opera of Umlauf,[4] about which I wrote to you and which never got so far as a third performance. It really seems as if they wished to kill off before its time the German opera, which in any case is to come to an end after Easter; and Germans themselves are doing this—shame upon them!

I asked you in my last letter to keep on reminding Gatti about the Italian opera libretti and I again repeat my request. Let me now tell you of my plan. I do not believe that the Italian opera will keep going for long, and besides, I hold with the Germans. I prefer German

[1] See p. 1207, n. 4.

[2] Johann Mederitsch (1755–1835), called Gallus. His opera "Rose, oder Pflicht und Liebe im Streit" was performed on February 9th, 1783. He is better known as a successful composer of Viennese folk songs. See *MM*, February 1919, p. 21 ff.

[3] Gassmann's opera "La notte critica" was performed on January 10th, 1783.

[4] Umlauf's opera "Welche ist die beste Nation?". See p. 1241.

opera, even though it means more trouble for me. Every nation has its own opera and why not Germany? Is not German as singable as French and English? Is it not more so than Russian? Very well then! I am now writing a German opera for myself. I have chosen Goldoni's comedy "Il servitore di due padroni", and the whole of the first act has now been translated. Baron Binder is the translator. But we are keeping it a secret until it is quite finished.[1] Well, what do you think of this scheme? Do you not think that I shall make a good thing of it? Now I must close. Fischer, the bass singer, is with me and has just asked me to write about him to Le Gros in Paris, as he is going off there in Lent. The Viennese are making the foolish mistake of letting a man go who can never be replaced. My wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W: et C: MOZART

Gaetano Majorano (Caffarelli)
Amphion Thebas
Ego Domum.[2]

[1] This plan was never carried out. Saint-Foix, vol. iii. p. 389, n., suggests that the arias K. 433, 435, composed for bass and tenor respectively, have some connection with this project. See also Köchel, pp. 515, 517.

[2] These words are written on the cover of the letter.

Gaetano Majorano (1703–1783), a famous castrato, who took the name of Caffarelli from his friend and patron, Pasquale Caffaro, the Neapolitan composer, studied under Porpora and in 1724 made his first appearance in Rome. In 1738 he sang in London and then returned to Italy. When he was 65 he had amassed an immense fortune and built a palace near Naples, over the door of which was the inscription 'Amphion Thebas, ego domum', referring to the classical legend of Amphion, who is said to have built the walls of Thebes by the magic strains of his lute.

Caffarelli is not mentioned previously in the letters, but his name appears in Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 53, in the handwriting of Mozart himself, who adds the remark: "Musico ricchissimo, va nelle chiese per chiappare qualche denaro" (a very rich castrato, who goes and sings in churches in order to scrape up a few coins).

Caffarelli died on February 1st, 1783.

(481) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 15 *de fevrier*, 1783

Most heartfelt thanks for the music you have sent me. I am extremely sorry that I shall not be able to use the music of "Thamos",[1] but this piece, which failed to please here, is now among the rejected works which are no longer performed. For the sake of the music alone it might possibly be given again, but that is not likely. Certainly it is a pity! Herewith I send my sister the three cadenzas for the concerto in D and the two short cadenzas for the one in E♭.[2] Please send me at once the little book which contains the oboe concerto[3] I wrote for Ramm, or rather for Ferlendis. Prince Esterhazy's oboist is giving me three ducats for it and has offered me six, if I will compose a new concerto for him.[4] But if you have already gone to Munich, well, then, by Heaven, there is nothing to be done; for the only person to whom in that case we could apply, I mean, Ramm himself, is not there either. I should like to have sat in a corner at Strassburg —but indeed not—for I don't think I should have spent a peaceful night.[5] My new Haffner symphony[6] has positively amazed me, for I had forgotten every single note of it. It must surely produce a good effect. I think that during the last carnival days we shall collect a company of masqueraders and perform a small pantomime.

[1] K. 345. Mozart's incidental music to Baron von Gebler's drama "Thamos, König von Ägypten", composed during the years 1773–1779. See Köchel, p. 418 f.

[2] Cadenzas for K. 175, composed in 1773, and short cadenzas for K. 271, composed in 1777. These are to be found under K. 624.

[3] Probably K. 314. Cp. p. 466, n. 1.

[4] Possibly K. 293, a fragment, 61 bars, of an oboe concerto.

[5] Mozart may be referring to a performance at Strassburg of his "Entführung aus dem Serail".

[6] K. 385.

But please do not betray us. I have at last been fortunate enough to meet the Chevalier Hypolity, who had never been able to find me. He is a charming person. He has been to see me once and he is to come again soon and bring an aria so that I may hear him. I must close, as I am off to the theatre. My little wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W: A: MOZART

(482) *Mozart to Baroness von Waldstädten*

[*Autograph sold by Artaria and Co., Vienna, March 22nd,* 1934, *No.* 636]

VIENNA, *February 15th,* 1783

MOST HIGHLY ESTEEMED BARONESS!

Here I am in a fine dilemma! Herr von Tranner and I discussed the matter the other day and agreed to ask for an extension of a fortnight. As every merchant does this, unless he is the most disobliging man in the world, my mind was quite at ease and I hoped that by that time, if I were not in the position to pay the sum myself, I should be able to borrow it. Well, Herr von Tranner now informs me that the person in question absolutely refuses to wait and that if I do not pay the sum before to-morrow, he will *bring an action against me.* Only think, your Ladyship, what an unpleasant business this would be for me! At the moment I cannot pay—not even half the sum! If I could have foreseen that the subscriptions for my concertos[1] would come in so slowly, I should have raised the money on a longer time-limit. I entreat your Ladyship for Heaven's sake to help me to keep my honour and my good name!

My poor little wife is slightly indisposed, so I cannot

[1] K. 413-415.

leave her; otherwise I should have come to you myself to ask in person for your Ladyship's assistance. We kiss your Ladyship's hands a thousand times and are both your Ladyship's most obedient children

W. A. and C. MOZART

At home, February 15th, 1783.

(483) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 12 de Mars*, 1783

I hope that you have not been uneasy but have guessed the cause of my silence, which was that, as I did not know for certain how long you would stay in Munich,[1] I delayed writing until now, when I am almost sure that my letter will find you in Salzburg. My sister-in-law, Madame Lange, gave her concert yesterday in the theatre and I played a concerto.[2] The theatre was very full and I was received again by the Viennese public so cordially that I really ought to feel delighted. I had already left the platform, but the audience would not stop clapping and so I had to repeat the rondo; upon which there was a regular torrent of applause. It is a good advertisement for my concert which I am giving on Sunday, March 23rd. I added my symphony which I composed for the Concert Spirituel.[3] My sister-in-law sang the aria "Non so d'onde viene".[4] Gluck had a box beside the Langes, in which my wife was sitting. He was loud in his praises of the symphony and the aria and invited us

[1] Leopold Mozart had been to Munich on one of his frequent visits to the family of Theobald Marchand.

[2] Probably K. 175 with the rondo K. 382. See p. 1189, n. 3.

[3] K. 297, composed in 1778.

[4] K. 294, written in 1778.

all four to lunch with him next Sunday. It is possible that the German opera may be continued, but no one knows what will happen. One thing is certain, and that is, that Fischer is off to Paris in a week. I entreat you most earnestly to send me the oboe concerto[1] I gave to Ramm —and as soon as possible. When doing so, you might put in something else, for example, the original scores of my masses[2] and of my two vesper compositions.[3] This is solely with a view to Baron van Swieten hearing them. He sings treble, I sing alto (and play at the same time), Starzer sings tenor and young Teiber[4] from Italy sings bass. Send me in the meantime the "Tres sunt" by Haydn, which will do until you can let me have something else of his. Indeed I should very much like them to hear the "Lauda Sion". The full score of the "Tres sunt" copied out *in my own handwriting* must be somewhere at home.[5] The fugue "In te Domine speravi" has won great applause and so have the "Ave Maria" and the "Tenebrae" and so forth. I beg you to enliven our Sunday music practices[6] with something soon.

On Carnival Monday our company of masqueraders went to the Redoute, where we performed a pantomime which exactly filled the half hour when there is a pause in the dancing. My sister-in-law was Columbine, I Harlequin, my brother-in-law Pierrot, an old dancing master (Merk) Pantaloon, and a painter (Grassi) the doctor. Both the plot and the music of the pantomime were mine.[7]

[1] See p. 1252, n. 3.

[2] Probably K. 275, 317 and 337.

[3] K. 321, composed in 1779, and K. 339, composed in 1780.

[4] Anton Teiber (1754–1822), a brother of the famous singers, Elizabeth and Therese Teiber.

[5] See p. 469, n. 1. Haydn's "Tres sunt" and "Lauda Sion" appear to have been lost.

[6] At the house of Baron van Swieten.

[7] K. 446, The autograph, a fragment, has only the first violin part for a string quartet. See Köchel, p. 518 f.

Merk, the dancing master, was so kind as to coach us, and I must say that we played it charmingly. I am enclosing the programme which was distributed to the company by a mask, dressed as a postillion. The verses, although only doggerel, might have been done better. I had nothing to do with them. Müller,[1] the actor, dashed them off. Well, I must close, for I am going to a concert at Count Esterhazy's. Meanwhile farewell. Please do not forget about the music. My wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and I am ever your most obedient son

W: A: et C: MOZART

(484) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 29 de mars*, 1783

I need not tell you very much about the success of my concert,[2] for no doubt you have already heard of it. Suffice it to say that the theatre could not have been more crowded and that every box was full. But what pleased me most of all was that His Majesty the Emperor was present and, goodness!—how delighted he was and how he applauded me! It is his custom to send the money to the box-office before going to the theatre; otherwise I should have been fully justified in counting on a larger sum, for really his delight was beyond all bounds. He sent twenty-five ducats. Our programme was as follows:

(1) The new Haffner symphony.[3]
(2) Madame Lange sang the aria "Se il padre perdei"

[1] Possibly Johann Heinrich Friedrich Müller (1734–1815), an actor at the National Theatre in Vienna, who was particularly successful in comic parts. See Dr. R. Payer von Thurn, *Joseph II als Theaterdirektor*, Vienna, 1920, *passim*. [2] On March 23rd. [3] K. 385.

from my Munich opera, accompanied by four instruments.[1]

(3) I played the third of my subscription concertos.[2]

(4) Adamberger sang the scena which I composed for Countess Baumgarten.[3]

(5) The short concertante symphonie from my last Finalmusik.[4]

(6) I played my concerto in D major, which is such a favourite here, and of which I sent you the rondo with variations.[5]

(7) Mlle Teiber sang the scena "Parto, m'affretto" out of my last Milan opera.[6]

(8) I played alone a short fugue (because the Emperor was present) and then variations on an air from an opera called "Die Philosophen", which were encored. So I played variations on the air "Unser dummer Pöbel meint" from Gluck's "Pilgrimme von Mekka".[7]

(9) Madame Lange sang my new rondo.[8]

(10) The last movement of the first symphony.[9]

Mlle Teiber[10] is giving a concert to-morrow, at which I am going to play. Von Daubrawaick and Gilowsky are off to Salzburg next Thursday and will bring you my Munich opera,[11] the two copies of my sonatas,[12] some variations for my sister and also the money which I owe you for having my opera[13] copied. I have received the

[1] Ilia's aria in Act II of "Idomeneo", with flute, oboe, bassoon and horn obbligatos. It was written originally for Dorothea Wendling.

[2] K. 415. [3] K. 369. [4] K. 320, composed in 1779.

[5] K. 175, for which Mozart wrote the rondo K. 382.

[6] Aria no. 16 in "Lucio Silla", composed in 1772.

[7] The first set of variations are K. 398, six variations on "Salve tu, Domine" from Paisiello's opera "Socrate immaginario", which was performed in Vienna in 1781 as "Der eingebildete Philosoph". The second set are K. 455, ten variations on "Unser dummer Pöbel meint". [8] K. 416.

[9] The "Haffner" symphony, K. 385. [10] Probably Therese Teiber.

[11] "Idomeneo." [12] K. 296 and 376-380.

[13] "Die Entführung aus dem Sereil."

parcel of music and thank you for it. Please do not forget about the "Lauda Sion";[1] and what we should like to have as well, my dearest father, is some of your best church music, for we like to amuse ourselves with all kinds of masters, ancient and modern. So I beg you to send us very soon some of your own compositions. Well, I must close. My wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W. A. MOZART

(485) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 3 *d'avril*, 1783

I send you herewith my Munich opera [2] and the two copies of my sonatas! [3] The variations [4] I promised will be sent to you by the first opportunity, for the copyist could not finish them in time. The two portraits [5] will follow too. I only hope that you will be pleased with them. I think they are both good likenesses and all who have seen them are of the same opinion. Well, I am afraid you have read a lie at the beginning of my letter—I mean, about the two copies of my sonatas. But it is not my fault. When I went to buy them, I was told that there was not a single copy left, but that I could have them to-morrow or the day after. It is too late to get them off now, so I shall send them along with the variations. I enclose the sum I owe

[1] Michael Haydn's composition. See p. 1255. [2] "Idomeneo."

[3] K. 296 and 376-380. [4] K. 359, 360, 352.

[5] Probably the oil paintings of Mozart and his wife, which were done by his brother-in-law Josef Lange. Mozart's portrait is unfinished. It is at present in the Mozart Museum, Salzburg. Constanze's portrait is in the Hunterian Museum, University of Glasgow. For a discussion of the latter see Farmer and Smith, *New Mozartiana*, 1935, pp. 29-52. See illustrations nos. 26 and 29.

for the copying of my opera and I only hope that the balance may be of some use to you. I cannot spare any more at present, as I foresee many expenses in connection with my wife's confinement, which will probably take place towards the end of May or the beginning of June. Well, I must close, as Von Daubrawaick is leaving very early in the morning and I must send him the letter. My wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W: A: et C: MOZART

(486) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 12 *d'avril*, 1783

I received this morning your last letter of the 8th and see from it that you have got everything which I entrusted to Daubrawaick. I am sorry to say that the mail coach does not leave until this day week, so I cannot send you the two copies of my sonatas [1] until then. But you shall also have the voice part with variations of the aria "Non so d'onde viene".[2] The next time you send me a parcel, please let the rondo for an alto voice which I composed for the castrato who was with the Italian company in Salzburg [3] and the one which I composed for Ceccarelli *in Vienna* [4] take the same trip. When the weather gets warmer, please make a search in the attic under the roof and send us some of your own church music. You have no reason whatever to be ashamed of it. Baron van Swieten and Starzer know as well as you

[1] K. 296 and 376-380. [2] K. 294.

[3] K. 255, a recitative and aria, "Ombra felice", composed in 1776 for Francesco Fortini, a member of a company under Pietro Rosa, who were performing comic operas at Salzburg and Innsbruck. [4] K. 374.

and I that musical taste is continually changing—and, *what is more*, that this extends even to church music, which ought not to be the case. Hence it is that true church music is to be found *only* in attics and in a worm-eaten condition. When I come to Salzburg with my wife in July, as I hope to do, we shall discuss this point at greater length. When Daubrawaick went off, I really could scarcely hold back my wife, who insisted *absolument* on our following him to Salzburg. She thought that we might even get there first. And had it not been for the very short time we could have stayed—what am I saying —why, she might have had to be confined in Salzburg—which made this plan impossible, our most ardent wish to embrace you, most beloved father, and my dearest sister would by this time have been fulfilled; for, as far as my wife is concerned, I should have had no fears about this short journey. She is in such excellent health and has become so robust that all women should thank God if they are so fortunate in their pregnancy. As soon as my wife has sufficiently recovered from her confinement, we shall certainly go off to Salzburg at once. You will have seen from my last letter that I was to play at another concert, that is, at Mlle Teiber's. The Emperor was there too. I played my first concerto which I played at my concert.[1] I was asked to repeat the rondo. So I sat down again; but instead of repeating it I had the conductor's stand removed and played alone. You should have heard how delighted the public were with this little surprise. They not only clapped but shouted "bravo" and "bravissimo". The Emperor too stayed to hear me to the end and as soon as I left the piano he left his box; evidently he had only remained to listen to me. Please send me, if possible, *the reports* about my concert. I rejoice with my whole heart that the small sum which I was able to send has

[1] K. 175 with the rondo, K. 382. See p. 1252.

been so useful to you. I have a great deal more to write about, but I am afraid that the post may ride off without this letter, as it is a quarter to eight. So goodbye for the present. My dear little wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W: et C: MOZART

Our compliments to the whole of Salzburg. Adieu.

(487) *Mozart to J. G. Sieber, Paris*

[*From the "Bulletin de la Société française de musicologie", July* 1921]

MONSIEUR! VIENNA, *April 26th*, 1783

I have now been in Vienna for two years. You have probably heard about my pianoforte sonatas with accompaniment for one violin[1] which I have had engraved here by Artaria and Co. I am not very well pleased, however, with the way in which works are engraved in Vienna and, even if I were, I should like some of my compositions once more to find their way into the hands of my fellow-countrymen in Paris. Well, this letter is to inform you that I have three piano concertos[2] ready, which can be performed with full orchestra, or with oboes and horns, or merely a quattro. Artaria wants to engrave them. But I give you, my friend, the first refusal. And in order to avoid delay, I shall quote my lowest terms to you. If you give me thirty louis d'or for them, the matter is settled. Since I wrote those piano concertos, I have been composing six quartets for two violins, viola and cello.[3] If you

[1] K. 296 and 376-380, published by Artaria and Co. in November 1781.

[2] K. 413-415. They were published by Artaria and Co. in March 1785.

[3] K. 387, 421, 458, 428, 464, 465, the six quartets which Mozart dedicated in September 1785 to Joseph Haydn. K. 387 was composed in 1782, K. 421 and 428 in 1783. They were published by Artaria and Co. in October 1785.

would like to engrave these too, I will gladly let you have them. But I cannot allow these to go so cheaply, I mean that I cannot let you have these six quartets under fifty louis d'or. If you can and will make a deal with me on these conditions, I shall send you an address in Paris where you will be handed my compositions in exchange for the sums I have quoted. Meanwhile, I remain your most obedient servant

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

(488) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Bibliothèque de Nantes*]

VIENNE, in the Prater, *ce* 3 *de may*, 1783

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE!

I simply cannot make up my mind to drive back into town so early. The weather is far too lovely and it is far too delightful in the Prater to-day. We have taken our lunch out of doors and shall stay on until eight or nine in the evening. My whole company consists of my little wife who is pregnant, and hers consists of her little husband, who is not pregnant, but fat and flourishing. I went straight to Herr Peisser, got from him the address of the banker Scheffler and then went off to the said banker. But he knew nothing whatever about a merchant's son called Rosa, who might have an introduction to him. For safety's sake I left my address with him. I shall now wait and see what happens. I must ask you to wait patiently for a longer letter and the aria with variations [1]—for, of course, I cannot finish them in the Prater; and for the sake of my dear little wife I cannot miss this fine weather. Exercise is good for her. So to-day I am only sending you a short letter to say that, thank God, we are both well and

[1] K. 294.

have received your last letter. Now farewell. We kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your obedient children

W. A. and C. MOZART

(489) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNA, *May 7th*, 1783

Another short letter! I intended to postpone writing until next Saturday, as I have to go to a concert to-day; but as I have something to say which is of considerable importance to myself, I must steal time in order to write at least a few lines. I have not yet received the music I wanted, nor do I know what has happened. Well, the Italian opera buffa has started again here and is very popular. The buffo is particularly good—his name is Benucci.[1] I have looked through at least a hundred libretti and more, but I have hardly found a single one with which I am satisfied; that is to say, so many alterations would have to be made here and there, that even if a poet would undertake to make them, it would be easier for him to write a completely new text—which indeed it is always best to do. Our poet here is now a certain Abbate Da Ponte.[2] He has an enormous amount to do in

[1] Francesco Benucci, a basso buffo, who was the original Figaro in Mozart's opera, which had its first performance on May 1st, 1786. Benucci first sang in Venice, 1778–1779, and after the re-establishment of Italian opera by the Emperor Joseph II, was summoned to Vienna in 1781. In 1788 he sang in London, but with little success.

[2] Lorenzo Da Ponte (1749–1838), the famous librettist of Mozart's "Figaro", "Don Giovanni", "Così fan tutte", and probably of his unfinished "Lo sposo deluso". After an adventurous youth Da Ponte was appointed poet to the Imperial Theatre in Vienna, but left in 1791 on the death of Joseph II. He then lived for a time in London, where he tried to sell Italian books. Owing to money difficulties he was forced to leave England, and fled in 1805 to New York where he settled for the rest of his life, and where he wrote his well-known

revising pieces for the theatre and he has to write *per obbligo* an entirely new libretto for Salieri,[1] which will take him two months. He has promised after that to write a new libretto for me. But who knows whether he will be able to keep his word—or will want to? For, as you are aware, these Italian gentlemen are very civil to your face. Enough, we know them! If he is in league with Salieri, I shall never get anything out of him. But indeed I should dearly love to show what I can do in an Italian opera! So I have been thinking that unless Varesco is still very much annoyed with us about the Munich opera,[2] he might write me a new libretto for seven characters. Basta! You will know best if this can be arranged. In the meantime he could jot down a few ideas, and when I come to Salzburg we could then work them out together. The most essential thing is that on the whole the story should be really *comic*; and, if possible, he ought to introduce *two equally good female parts*, one of these to be *seria*, the other *mezzo carattere*, but both parts equal *in importance and excellence*. The third female *character*, however, may be entirely buffa, and so may all the male ones, if necessary. If you think that something can be got out of Varesco, please discuss it with him soon. But you must not tell him that I am coming to Salzburg in July, or he will do no work; for I should very much like to have some of it while I am still in Vienna. Tell him too that his share will certainly amount to 400 or 500 gulden, for the custom here is that the poet gets the takings of the third performance.

Well, I must close, for I am not yet fully dressed. Meanwhile, farewell. My wife and I kiss your hands a thousand

memoirs which began to appear in 1823. For the best accounts of Da Ponte's life see E. J. Dent, *Mozart's Operas* (London, 1913), p. 146 ff, J. L. Russo, *Lorenzo Da Ponte* (New York, 1922), and the introduction to L. A. Sheppard's *Memoirs of Lorenzo Da Ponte* (London, 1929).

[1] Salieri's "Il ricco d'un giorno", performed on December 6th, 1784.

[2] "Idomeneo", for which Abbate Varesco had written the libretto.



GOTTFRIED VAN SWIETEN

From an engraving by J. Axmann after a portrait by P. Fendi
(Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, Vienna)

times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W. A. MOZART

Vienna, May 7th, 1783.

(490) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 21 *de may*, 1783

I made enquiries the other day from the banker Scheffler about a person of the name of Rosa as well as Rossi. Meanwhile he himself has been to see me, so that at last I have received the music. I have also received Ceccarelli's rondo [1] from Gilowsky, for which I thank you. I am now sending you the voice part with variations of "Non so d'onde viene" [2] and only hope that you may be able to read it. I am heartily sorry to hear about poor dear Frau von Robinig.[3] My wife and I almost lost an honest friend, Baron Raimund Wetzlar, in whose house we used to live. That reminds me, we have been living in another house for some time and have not yet told you. Baron Wetzlar has taken a lady into his home; so, to oblige him, we moved before the time to a wretched lodging in the Kohlmarkt,[4] in return for which he refused to take any rent for the three months we had lived in his house, and also paid the expenses of our removal. Meanwhile we looked round for decent quarters and at last found them in the Judenplatz, where we are now living. Wetzlar paid for us too when we were in the Kohlmarkt. Our new address is: "Auf dem Judenplatz, im Burgischen Hause,

[1] K. 374.

[2] K. 294. See p. 861, n. 2. No doubt Leopold Mozart was proposing to teach these coloratura passages to his pupil, Margarete Marchand.

[3] Frau von Robinig died on April 24th, 1783.

[4] Nothing is known about these quarters, where the Mozarts spent three months.

No. 244. First floor".[1] Now our sole desire is to have the happiness of embracing you both soon. But do you think that this will be in ⟨Salzburg?⟩ I ⟨hardly⟩ think so, unfortunately! An idea has been worrying me for a long time, but as it never seemed to occur to you, my dearest father, I banished it from my mind. Herr von Edelbach and Baron Wetzlar, however, have confirmed ⟨my suspicion, which is that when I come to Salzburg, the Archbishop may have me arrested⟩ or at least—Basta!—What chiefly makes me ⟨dread⟩ this, is the fact that I have not yet received my formal ⟨dismissal.⟩ Perhaps he has ⟨purposely held it back, in order to catch me later.⟩ Well, you are the best judge; and, if your opinion is to the contrary, then ⟨we shall certainly come;⟩ but if you agree with me, then we must choose a third ⟨place⟩ for our meeting—perhaps ⟨Munich. For a priest⟩ is capable of anything. A propos, have you heard about the famous quarrel between the ⟨Archbishop and Count Daun⟩ and that ⟨the Archbishop received an infamous letter from the chapter of Passau?⟩ Please keep on reminding Varesco about the matter you know of. The chief thing must be the comic element, for I know the taste of the Viennese. Meanwhile farewell. My wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W. et C. MOZART

(491) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 7 Juin*, 1783

Praise and thanks be to God, I am quite well again! But my illness has left me a cold as a remembrance, which

[1] Now no. 3. The Mozarts' first child was born here.

was very charming of it! I have received my dear sister's letter. My wife's name-day is neither in March nor in May, but on February 16th; and is not to be found in any calendar. She thanks you both, however, most cordially for your kind good wishes, which are always acceptable, even though it is not her name-day. She wanted to write to my sister herself, but in her present condition she must be excused if she is a little bit commode—or, as we say, indolent. According to the midwife's examination she ought to have had her confinement on the 4th, but I do not think that the event will take place before the 15th or 16th. She is longing for it to happen as soon as possible, particularly that she may have the happiness of embracing you and my dear sister in Salzburg. As I did not think that this would happen so soon, I kept on postponing going down on my knees, folding my hands and entreating you most submissively, my dearest father, to be godfather! As there is still time, I am doing so now. Meanwhile, (in the confident hope that you will not refuse) I have already arranged (I mean, since the midwife took stock of the *visum repertum*) that someone shall present the child in your name, whether it is *generis masculini* or *feminini!* So we are going to call it Leopold or Leopoldine.

Well, I have a few words to say to my sister about Clementi's sonatas. Everyone who either hears them or plays them must feel that as compositions they are worthless. They contain no remarkable or striking passages except those in sixths and octaves. And I implore my sister not to practise these passages too much, so that she may not spoil her quiet, even touch and that her hand may not lose its natural lightness, flexibility and smooth rapidity. For after all what is to be gained by it? Supposing that you do play sixths and octaves with the utmost velocity (which no one can accomplish, not even Clementi) you only produce an atrocious chopping effect and nothing else whatever.

Clementi is a *ciarlatano,* like all Italians. He writes *Presto* over a sonata or even *Prestissimo* and *Alla breve,* and plays it himself *Allegro* in $\frac{4}{4}$ time. I know this is the case, for I have heard him do so. What he really does well are his passages in thirds; but he sweated over them day and night in London. Apart from this, he can do nothing, absolutely nothing, for he has not the slightest expression or taste, still less, feeling.

Now for Herr von Amann. Herr von Fichtl told me that Court Councillor Amann has been locked up, as he is supposed to be quite mad. I was not at all surprised to hear this, for he always went about with a morose expression. I always used to say that study was not the cause of it; upon which Herr von Fichtl used to laugh heartily. But I am very sorry for Basilius Amann. And indeed I should never have thought it of him. I would sooner have thought that he would become saner. Well, perhaps he will take me into his service when I come to Salzburg? I shall certainly go and see him. If you can get hold of some German song which he has written, be so kind as to send it to me, so that I may have something to make me laugh. I shall set it to music. No, no! I know a fool here who will do the job.

Have you heard anything yet from Varesco? Please do not forget what I asked you. When I am in Salzburg we should have such an admirable opportunity of working together, if in the meantime we had thought out a plan.

Now farewell. My wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W: et C: MOZART

P.S.—I trust that you received the voice part with variations of the aria "Non so d'onde viene"? [1]

[1] K. 294.

(492) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the possession of Geheimrat Henri Hinrichsen, Leipzig*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 18 *de Juin*, 1783

Congratulations, you are a grandpapa! Yesterday, the 17th, at half past six in the morning my dear wife was safely delivered of a fine sturdy boy,[1] as round as a ball. Her pains began at half past one in the morning, so that night we both lost our rest and sleep. At four o'clock I sent for my mother-in-law—and then for the midwife. At six o'clock the child began to appear and at half past six the trouble was all over. My mother-in-law by her great kindness to her daughter has made full amends for all the harm she did her *before her marriage*. She spends the whole day with her.

My dear wife, who kisses your hands and embraces my dear sister most affectionately, is as well as she can be in the circumstances. I trust with God's help that, as she is taking good care of herself, she will make a complete recovery from her confinement. From the condition of her breasts I am rather afraid of milk-fever. And now the child has been given to a foster-nurse against my will, or rather, at my wish! For I was quite determined that whether she should be able to do so or not, my wife was never to feed her child. Yet I was equally determined that my child was never to take the milk of a stranger! I wanted the child to be brought up on water, like my sister and myself. However, the midwife, my mother-in-law and most people here have begged and implored me not to allow it, if only for the reason that most children here who are brought up on water do not survive, as the people

[1] Raimund Leopold, who died on August 19th during his parents' visit to Salzburg. For a full account of Mozart's six children see Blümml, pp. 1-9.

here don't know how to do it properly. That induced me to give in, for I should not like to have anything to reproach myself with.

Now for the godfather question. Let me tell you what has happened. After my wife's safe delivery I immediately sent a message to Baron Wetzlar, who is a good and true friend of mine. He came to see us at once and offered to stand godfather. I could not refuse him and thought to myself: "After all, my boy can still be called Leopold". But while I was turning this round in my mind, the Baron said very cheerfully: "Ah, now you have a little Raimund"—and kissed the child. What was I to do? Well, I have had the child christened Raimund Leopold. I must frankly confess that if you had not sent me in a letter your opinion on the matter, I should have been very much embarrassed, and I am not at all sure that I should not have refused his offer! But your letter has comforted me with the assurance that you will not disapprove of my action! After all, Leopold is one of his names. Well, I must close. My newly confined wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister a thousand times and are ever your most obedient children

W. and C. MOZART

(493) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Library of Congress, Washington*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 21 *de Juin*, 1783

This will have to be a very short letter. I must only tell you what is absolutely necessary, as I have far too much to do. For a new Italian opera is being produced,[1] in which for the first time two German singers are

[1] Anfossi's "Il curioso indiscreto". It was performed on June 30th, 1783.

appearing, Madame Lange, my sister-in-law, and Adamberger, and I have to compose two arias for her [1] and a rondo for him.[2] I hope you received my last letter of rejoicing. Thank God, my wife has now survived the two critical days, yesterday and the day before, and in the circumstances is very well. We now hope that all will go well. The child too is quite strong and healthy and has a tremendous number of things to do, I mean, drinking, sleeping, yelling, pissing, shitting, dribbling and so forth. He kisses the hands of his grandpapa and of his aunt. Now for Varesco. I like his plan quite well.[3] But I must speak to Count Rosenberg at once, so as to make sure that the poet will get his reward. Why, I consider it a great insult to myself that Herr Varesco is doubtful about the success of the opera. Of one thing he may be sure and that is, that his libretto will certainly not go down if the music is no good. For in the opera the chief thing is the music. If then the opera is to be a success and Varesco hopes to be rewarded, he must alter and recast the libretto as much and as often as I wish and he must not follow his own inclinations, as he has not the slightest knowledge or experience of the theatre. You may even give him to understand that it doesn't much matter whether he writes the opera or not. I know the story now; and therefore anyone can write it as well as he can. Besides, I am expecting to-day four of the latest and best libretti from [?Fenice],[4] among which there will surely be one which will be some good. So there is plenty of time. Well, I must close. My newly confined wife and I kiss your hands, most

[1] K. 418, "Vorrei spiegarvi, oh Dio" and K. 419, "No, no, che non sei capace".

[2] K. 420, "Per pietà, non ricercate".

[3] Varesco's plan for the opera "L'oca del Cairo".

[4] If the reading "Fenice" is correct, possibly the Teatro La Fenice in Venice. This theatre and the Teatro San Benedetto (now Teatro Rossini) were the two leading opera houses in Venice.

beloved father, and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W. et C. MOZART

Herr von Gilowsky sends his greetings to both of you and thanks to his father and to others for never writing to him—although they must know that he is laid up with a fever.

(494) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Stadtarchiv, Pressburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 2 de juillet*, 1783

My head was so full last post-day that I completely forgot to write. Madame Lange was at our house to try over her two arias and we were discussing how we could be cleverer than our enemies—for I have plenty of them—and Madame Lange too has enough to do with this *new singer*, Mlle Storace.[1] Only when I was alone did I remember that it was post-day and then of course it was too late. Anfossi's opera "Il curioso indiscreto", in which Madame Lange and Adamberger appeared for the first time, was performed the day before yesterday, Monday, for the first time. It failed completely with the exception of my two arias,[2] the second of which, a bravura, had to be repeated. Well, I should like you to know that my friends were malicious enough to spread the report beforehand that "*Mozart wanted to improve on Anfossi's opera*". I heard of this and sent a message to Count

[1] Anna (Nancy) Storace (1766–1817), a famous English soprano. She was born in London, her mother being English and her father Italian. She studied under Rauzzini in Italy, where she made her first appearance in Venice in 1780. She came to Vienna in 1783, and was the original Susanna in Mozart's "Figaro". In March 1787 she returned to England and continued to sing in public until 1808. When in Vienna she married the English violinist John Abraham Fisher (1744–1806). [2] K. 418 and 419.

Rosenberg that I would not hand over my arias unless the following statement were printed in the copies of the libretto, both in German and in Italian.

Avvertimento

Le due arie a carta 36 e a carta 102 sono state messe in musica dal Signor Maestro Mozart, per compiacere alla Signora Lange, non essendo quelle state scritte dal Signor Maestro Anfossi secondo la di lei abilità, ma per altro soggetto. Questo si vuole far noto perchè ne vada l'onore a chi conviene, senza che rimanga in alcuna parte pregiudicata la riputazione e la fama del più molto cognito Napolitano.[1]

Well, the statement was inserted and I handed out my arias, which did inexpressible honour both to my sister-in-law and to myself. So my enemies were quite confounded! And now for a trick of Salieri's, which has injured poor Adamberger more than me. I think I told you that I had composed a rondo for Adamberger.[2] During a short rehearsal, before the rondo had been copied, Salieri took Adamberger aside and told him that Count Rosenberg would not be pleased if he put in an aria and that he advised him as his good friend not to do so. Adamberger, provoked by Rosenberg's objection and not knowing how to retaliate, was stupid enough to say, with ill-timed pride, "*All right. But to prove that Adamberger has already made his reputation in Vienna and does not need to make*

[1] The two arias on p. 36 and p. 102 have been set to music by Signor Maestro Mozart to suit Signora Lange, as the arias of Signor Maestro Anfossi were not written for her voice, but for another singer. It is necessary that this should be pointed out so that honour may be given to whom it is due and so that the reputation and the name of the most famous Neapolitan may not suffer in any way whatsoever.

[2] K. 420.

a name for himself by singing music expressly written for him, he will only sing what is in the opera and will never again, as long as he lives, introduce any aria." What was the result? Why, that he was a complete failure, as was only to be expected! Now he is sorry, but it is too late. For if he were to ask me this very day to give him the rondo, I should refuse. I can easily find a place for it in one of my own operas. But the most annoying part of the whole affair is that his wife's prophecy and mine have come true, that is, that Count Rosenberg and the management *know nothing whatever about it*, so that it was only a ruse on the part of Salieri. Thank God, my wife is quite well again, save for a slight cold. We and our little Raimund, aged a fortnight, kiss your hands and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W: A: C: MOZART

(495) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the possession of Frau Floersheim-Koch, Florence*][1]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE, VIENNE, *ce* 5 *de Jullet*, 1783

We both thank you for the prayer you made to God for the safe delivery of my wife. Little Raimund is so like me that everyone immediately remarks it. It is just as if my face had been copied. My dear little wife is absolutely delighted, as this is what she had always desired. He will be three weeks old next Tuesday and he has grown in an astonishing manner. As for the opera [2] you have given me a piece of advice which I had already given myself. But as I prefer to work slowly and with deliberation, I thought that I could not begin too soon. An Italian poet

[1] This letter was first published by the editor in *Music and Letters*, April 1937, pp. 128-133.

[2] "L'oca del Cairo."

here has now brought me a libretto[1] which I shall perhaps adopt, if he agrees to trim and adjust it in accordance with my wishes. I feel sure that we shall be able to set out in September; and indeed you can well imagine that our most ardent longing is to embrace you both. Yet I cannot conceal from you, but must confess quite frankly that many people here are alarming me to such an extent that I cannot describe it. *You already know what it is all about.*[2] However much I protest I am told: "*Well, you will see, you will* ⟨*never get away again.*⟩ *You have no idea of what* ⟨*that wicked malevolent Prince is capable of!*⟩ *And you* ⟨*cannot*⟩ *conceive what* ⟨*low tricks*⟩ *are resorted to in affairs of this kind. Take my advice and* ⟨*meet your father*⟩ *in some third place.*" This, you see, is what has been worrying my wife and me up to the present and what is still perturbing us. I often say to myself: "Nonsense, it's quite impossible!" But the next moment it occurs to me that after all it might be possible and that it would not be the ⟨first injustice⟩ which he has ⟨committed.⟩ Basta! In this matter no one can comfort me but you, my most beloved father! And so far as I am concerned, whatever happened would not worry me very much, for I can now adapt myself to any circumstances. But when I think of my wife and my little Raimund, then my indifference ceases. Think it over. If you can give me an assurance that I shall be ⟨running no risk,⟩ we shall both be overjoyed. If not, then we must hit on some plan; and there is one which I should prefer above all others! As soon as I receive your reply, I shall tell you about it. I am convinced that if one is to enjoy a great pleasure, one must forgo something. Why! In the greatest happi-

[1] Undoubtedly the Italian poet is Da Ponte and the libretto that of "Lo sposo deluso", Mozart's unfinished opera buffa. For a discussion of the evidence for this theory see *Music and Letters*, April 1937, p. 131 f.

[2] See p. 1266.

ness there is always something lacking. Meanwhile, farewell. Take care of your health. We both kiss your hands and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W: C: MOZART

P.S.—This does not mean that you are to give up prodding Varesco. Who knows whether I shall like the opera of the Italian poet?

Adieu

(496) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the possession of K. Geigy-Hagenbach, Basle*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNA, *July 12th*, 1783

I have received your letter of the 8th and am delighted to hear that, thank God, you are both well. If you insist on calling what are real obstacles mere humbug, I cannot prevent you from doing so. Anyone may call a thing by a wrong name if he pleases; but whether it is right to do so, is a very different matter. Have I ever given you the impression that I had no desire or longing to see you? Most certainly never! But assuredly you will have observed that I have no desire whatever to see Salzburg or the Archbishop. So, if we were to meet in a third place, who would then be humbugged? Why, the Archbishop, and not you. I suppose I need not repeat that I care very little for Salzburg and not at all for the Archbishop, that I shit on both of them and that it would never enter my head voluntarily to make a journey thither, were it not that you and my sister lived there. So the whole business was due solely to the well-meant caution of my good friends, who surely are not devoid of sound common sense. And I did not think that I was acting unreasonably

if I made some enquiries from you on the subject and then followed your advice. My friends' anxiety amounted to this, that, as I have never been discharged, the Archbishop might have me arrested. But you have now set my mind completely at rest and we shall come in August, or certainly in September at the latest. Herr von Babbius met me in the street and walked home with me; he went off to-day and if he had not had another engagement he would have lunched with us yesterday.

Dear father! You must not suppose that because it is summer I have nothing to do. Everyone has not gone into the country and I still have a few pupils to look after. Just now I have one for composition, who will make a nice face when I tell him of my journey. Well, I must close, as I have a good deal to write. Meanwhile, arrange the bowling-green in the garden, for my wife is a great lover of the game. She is always a little bit nervous lest you should not like her, because she is not pretty. But I console her as well as I can by telling her that my dearest father thinks more of inward than of outward beauty. Now farewell. My wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W. and C. MOZART

(497) *Constanze Mozart to Nannerl Mozart*

[*Autograph in the Bibliothek der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, Vienna*]

VIENNA, *July 19th*, 1783

MOST PRECIOUS AND DEAREST MADEMOISELLE SISTER-IN-LAW!

My dear husband has received your letter and both he and I are delighted that you are looking forward so

much to seeing us. But he was a little annoyed by your suspicion that we were not so very anxious to see you; and indeed I myself felt rather hurt. To prove, however, that everything is all right again, let me tell you that we always intended to go to you in August; and so we wanted to give you a little surprise, which will no longer be one for you, but will be so at any rate for our dear, beloved father—that is, if you can keep it quiet, which we beg you to do; for only on this condition are we telling you the truth. Well, you have dragged our secret out of us by your naughty letter; and we shall be quite content if only we give this unexpected pleasure to our dear father. So—please do not mention our plan. Well, about August 1st I shall have the joy and happiness of embracing you. Until then I remain with the deepest respect, my dearest sister-in-law, yours sincerely,

MARIA CONSTANZA MOZART

(497a) *Constanze Mozart to Margarete Marchand*

[*Autograph in the Bibliothek der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, Vienna*]

VIENNA, *July 19th*, 1783

DEAREST MADEMOISELLE MARCHAND!

I am delighted that you still remember me and have taken the trouble to write to me. Believe me, I am just as much longing to see Salzburg and to have the joy and happiness of meeting personally my dear papa-in-law and my dear sister-in-law and showing them my devotion as you can possibly be longing for an opportunity of seeing your own beloved parents again. And then the pleasure of embracing my dear Mademoiselle Marguérite, whom I knew in Mannheim and Munich as a very clever young woman and who in the meantime has had plenty of

opportunity of perfecting her gifts! How delighted I shall be to see her again, kiss her and admire her talents. God willing, I shall be able to do so on August 1st. Meanwhile I urge you to observe the strictest silence and I remain your most devoted servant and friend

MARIA CONSTANZA MOZART

(497b) *Mozart to Margarete Marchand and his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Bibliothek der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, Vienna*]

VIENNA, *July 19th*, 1783 [1]

MOST BELOVED MLLE MARCHAND AND DEAREST SISTER!

Neither of you should believe a word of what my wife has scrawled up above. How can we be in Salzburg on August 1st if we must be here on the 26th? But if it is not necessary for me to be here on the 26th, we shall certainly be with you on August 1st. I shall congratulate you then in person on your name-day,[2] my sister! and I shall be able to congratulate you also on the octave.[3] Meanwhile farewell, dear sister, and you too, dear Mlle Marchand. I hope soon to hear you sing and play on the clavier. We must celebrate my sister's name-day with a concert. Farewell to both of you. Dearest sister, I kiss you most cordially and am ever your sincere brother

W. A. MOZART

[1] A postscript to his wife's letters.
[2] July 26th.
[3] i.e. a week later.

(498) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*From Otto Jahn, W. A. Mozart, 2nd edition, vol. ii. p. 559 f.*]

SALZBURG, *July 31st*, 1783

Here's to you
In a fine punch-brew!
To-day I went out shopping, and why, you'd never guess,
But now that I must tell you, the reason was no less
Than with some trifling gift my sister to delight,
For her to please I'd strive with all my main and might.
Alas! I'm not quite sure if punch you like to drink?
Ah! Please do not say no, or else the seal will stink.
But to myself I thought, she loves the English faces.
For if she favoured Paris, I'd give her pretty laces,
A bouquet of fine flowers or perhaps some perfume rare.
But you, my dearest sister, are no coquette, I swear.
So from your brother take this punch (it's very strong and choice)
And may repeated draughts of it your heart and soul rejoice.

W. A. MOZART
Poet-laureate of the marksmen

Salzburg, July 31st,
1783.

(499) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Nationalbibliothek, Vienna*]

LINZ, *October 31st*, 1783 [1]

We arrived here safely yesterday morning at nine o'clock. We spent the first night in Vöcklabruck and

[1] Owing to the visit of Mozart and his wife to Salzburg during the months of August and September there is a gap in his letters to his father.



ANNA STORACE IN THE CHARACTER OF EUPHROSYNE

From an engraving by Condé after a portrait by De Wilde
(British Museum)

reached Lambach next morning, where I arrived just in time to accompany the "Agnus Dei" on the organ. The abbot [1] was absolutely delighted to see me again and told me the anecdote about you and himself in Salzburg. We spent the whole day there and I played both on the organ and on a clavichord. I heard that an opera was to be given next day at Ebelsberg at the house of the Prefect Steurer (whose wife is a sister of Frau von Barisani) and that almost all Linz was to be assembled. I resolved therefore to be present and we drove there. Young Count Thun (brother of the Thun in Vienna) called on me immediately and said that his father had been expecting me for a fortnight and would I please drive to his house at once for I was to stay with him. I told him that I could easily put up at an inn. But when we reached the gates of Linz on the following day, we found a servant waiting there to drive us to old Count Thun's, at whose house we are now staying. I really cannot tell you what kindnesses the family are showering on us. On Tuesday, November 4th, I am giving a concert in the theatre here and, as I have not a single symphony with me, I am writing a new one [2] at break-neck speed, which must be finished by that time. Well, I must close, because I really must set to work. My wife and I kiss your hands, ask you to forgive us for inconveniencing you for so long and thank you once more very much for all the kindnesses we have received. So farewell. We send cordial greetings to little Greta,[3] to Heinrich [4] (about whom I have already said a great deal here) and Hanni.[5] Please give a special message to little

[1] Amandus Schickmayr, whom Mozart had met in 1767.

[2] K. 425, the "Linz" symphony in C major.

[3] Margarete Marchand. [4] Heinrich Marchand.

[5] Maria Johanna Brochard, the eight-year-old cousin of Heinrich and Margarete Marchand, had also become a pupil of Leopold Mozart, in whose house she was living. In 1790 she joined the Munich court theatre and subsequently married the dancer Franz Renner.

Greta, and tell her that when she sings she must not be so arch and coy; for cajolings and kissings are not always palatable—in fact only silly asses are taken in by such devices. I for one would rather have a country lout, who does not hesitate to shit and piss in my presence, than let myself be humbugged by such false toadyings, which after all are so exaggerated that anyone can easily see through them. Well, adieu. We kiss our dear sister most cordially. I am ever your most grateful son

W. A. MOZART

(500) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNA, *December 6th*, 1783

As I had no idea that you would write to me at Vienna until I had informed you of my arrival, I only went to Peisser to-day to ask for letters and found your letter of November 21st, which had been lying there for twelve days. I trust that you have received my letter from Vienna. And now I have a request to make. No doubt you remember that when you came to Munich while I was composing my grand opera,[1] you reproached me with the debt of twelve louis d'or which I had drawn from Herr Scherz in Strassburg, adding these words: "*What annoys me is your lack of confidence in me. Well, at all events I now have the honour of paying twelve louis d'or for you.*" I went off to Vienna and you returned to Salzburg. From what you said I assumed that I need not give the matter another thought. Moreover, I presumed that if you had not paid my debt, you would have written to me or told me of it when we were together lately. So imagine my embarrassment and my surprise when the

[1] "Idomeneo."

day before yesterday a clerk of the banker Herr Öchser brought me a letter from Herr Haffner in Salzburg, which contained an enclosure from Herr Scherz. As the transaction took place five years ago, he is demanding interest on the sum. On hearing this I said quite frankly that any such payment was out of the question and added that legally I was not bound to pay a farthing, as the bill was payable six weeks from the date and consequently had expired. Still in consideration of Herr Scherz's friendship I should pay the original sum, but, no interest being named, I was not liable for anything more. All that I ask of you, dearest father, is to be good enough to go security for me with Haffner, or rather Triendl, just for a month. As a man of experience you can easily imagine that just now it would be very inconvenient for me to be left short of money. Herr Öchser's clerk had to admit that I was right, but contented himself with saying that he would tell Herr Haffner. What annoys me most about the whole business is that Herr Scherz will not have a very good opinion of me—a proof that chance, coincidence, circumstances, a misunderstanding and Heaven knows what may rob an innocent man of his good name! Why did Herr Scherz never mention the transaction all this long while? Surely my name is not so obscure! My opera [1] which was performed at Strassburg must at least have given him some idea that I was in Vienna! And then his connection with Haffner in Salzburg. If he had reminded me during the first year, I should have paid him on the spot with pleasure. I mean to pay it still, but at the moment I am not in a position to do so. Perhaps he thought that he had to do with some simpleton, who would pay what he does not owe? Well, then, let him keep the title for himself.

Now let us talk of something else. I have only three

[1] "Die Entführung aus dem Serail." See p. 1252, n. 5.

more arias to compose and then the first act of my opera [1] will be finished. I can really say that I am quite satisfied with the aria buffa, the quartet and the finale and am looking forward to their performance. I should therefore be sorry to have written this music to no purpose, I mean, if we do not secure what is absolutely necessary. Neither you nor Abbate Varesco nor I have noticed that it will have a very bad effect and even cause the entire failure of the opera if neither of the two principal female singers appear on the stage until the very last moment, but keep on walking about on the bastions or on the ramparts of the fortress. The patience of the audience might hold out for one act, but certainly not for a second one—that is quite out of the question. This first occurred to me at Linz, and it seems to me that the only solution is to contrive that some of the scenes in the second act shall take place in the fortress—*camera della fortezza.* The scene could be so arranged that when Don Pippo gives orders for the goose to be brought into the fortress, the stage should represent a room where Celidora and Lavina are. Pantea comes in with the goose and Biondello slips out. They hear Don Pippo coming and Biondello again becomes a goose. At this point a good quintet would be very suitable, which would be the more comic as the goose would be singing along with the others. I must tell you, however, that my only reason for not objecting to this goose story altogether was because two people of greater insight and judgment than myself have not disapproved of it, I mean yourself and Varesco. But there is still time to think of other arrangements. Biondello has vowed to make his way into the tower; how he manages to do so, whether in the form of a goose or by some other ruse, does not really matter. I should have thought that effects far more natural and amusing might be produced, if he were

[1] "L'oca del Cairo."

to remain in human form. For example, the news that in despair at not being able to make his way into the fortress he has thrown himself into the sea, could be brought in at the very beginning of Act II. He might then disguise himself as a Turk or anyone he chose and bring Pantea with him as a slave (a Moorish girl, of course). Don Pippo is willing to purchase the slave for his bride. Therefore the slave-dealer and the Moorish girl must enter the fortress in order to be inspected. In this way Pantea has an opportunity of bullying her husband and addressing all sorts of impertinent remarks to him, which would greatly improve her part, for the more comic an Italian opera is the better. Well, I entreat you to expound my views very clearly to Abbate Varesco and to tell him that I implore him to go ahead. I have worked hard enough in this short time. Why, I should have finished the whole of Act I, if I did not require some alterations in the words of some of the arias. *But say nothing of this to him at present.* My German opera "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" has been performed both in Prague and Leipzig excellently and with the greatest applause. I have heard both these facts from people who saw the performances. I shall make a point of looking up Herr von Deckelmann and shall give him *the cadenzas*, *the concerto* and the four ducats. Please send me as soon as possible my "Idomeneo", the two violin duets [1] and Sebastian Bach's fugues. I require "Idomeneo" because during Lent I am going to give as well as my concert in the theatre six subscription concerts, at which I should like to produce this opera. Further, will you please ask Tomaselli to let us have the prescription for that eczema ointment, which has done us excellent

[1] K. 423 and 424, duets for violin and viola, which Mozart composed during the summer at Salzburg for Michael Haydn, who owing to an indisposition could not carry out a commission from the Archbishop.

service. One never knows when one may need it again either for oneself or to hand on to someone else. A bird in the hand is always worth two in the bush. Well, adieu. My wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W: et C: MOZART

P.S.—Please give Varesco a good talking to and hurry him up. Do send the music soon. We kiss Greta, Heinrich and Hanni; I shall write to Greta one of these days. Tell Heinrich from me that both here and in Linz I have already said many things in his favour. Tell him too that he ought to concentrate hard on staccato-playing, for it is just in this particular that the Viennese cannot forget Lamotte.[1] Adieu.

(501) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 10 *Decembre*, 1783

I am writing in the greatest haste to tell you that I have already bought the opera "Der Rauchfangkehrer" [2] for six ducats and have it at home. If the mail coach leaves for Salzburg next Sunday, I shall send it along with the two concertos; if not, well then it shall go by letter post. As for the money, just please deduct the four ducats which you were good enough to advance me. There is no German translation of the opera "Fra due litiganti" [3]; and judging by your letter you seem to think

[1] Franz Lamotte, an excellent violinist, had been since 1772 in the service of the Viennese court. He died in 1781.

[2] The libretto of "Der Rauchfangkehrer", which was performed in 1781, was by Dr. Auenbrugger, the music by Salieri.

[3] "Fra i due litiganti", by Giuseppe Sarti (1729–1802), a famous operatic composer of the eighteenth century.

that "Der Rauchfangkehrer" is an Italian opera! Not at all. It is a German and, what is more, a wretched work, the author of which is Doctor Auernszucker[1] in Vienna. You will remember that I told you about it and of how Herr Fischer publicly damned it in the theatre. Herr Kühne has probably got the charming little libretto. Please give many compliments from us both to him and to his wife. As for Herr Lange and his wife, the truth is that he has obtained permission from His Majesty to travel for a few months and that before their departure they are going to perform an opera for their own benefit and that this opera will be my "Entführung aus dem Serail". There is not a word of truth in the story about Herr Schröder.

Meanwhile you will have received my last letter. Do your very best to make my libretto a success. I wish that in Act I some arrangement could be made to let the two women come down from the bastion when they have to sing their arias; in this case I should gladly consent to their singing the whole finale up above. We are both very sad about our poor, bonny, fat, darling little boy.[2] Well, I must close. Dearest, most beloved father! We both kiss your hands and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W. et C. MOZART

1000,000,000 kisses to Greta, Heinrich and little Hanni. Adieu!

P.S.—We both send Nannerl

(1) a couple of boxes on the ear
(2) a couple of slaps on the face
(3) a couple of raps on the cheek
(4) a couple of whacks on the jaw

[1] Cp. p. 1286, n. 2. [2] See p. 1269, n. 1.

(5) a couple of smacks on the jowl
(6) a couple of cuffs on the mug.

P.S.—Please do not forget about Tomaselli. That reminds me, will you please send us, when you have time, a couple of images of the infant Jesus of Loreto. By the way, I must not forget about little Lisa, Theresa's cousin, who often came to your house. If she wants to come to Vienna, we shall take her at once.[1] Well, *adieu, really adieu* this time.

(502) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Nationalbibliothek, Vienna*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 24 *de Xber*, 1783

I have received your last letter of the 19th enclosing a portion of the opera. Well, let me deal with this, which is the most urgent matter. Abbate Varesco has written in the margin beside Lavina's cavatina: "a cui servirà la musica della cavatina antecedente",[2] that is, Celidora's cavatina. But that is out of the question, for in Celidora's cavatina the words are very disconsolate and despairing, whereas in Lavina's they are most comforting and hopeful. Besides, for one singer to echo the song of another is a practice which is quite out of date and is hardly ever made use of. It can only be tolerated in the case of a soubrette and her amant, that is, in the ultime parti.[3] My opinion is that the scene should start with a fine duet, which might very well begin with the same words and with a short aggiunta for the coda. After the duet the

[1] Mozart and his wife employed her as their maid, a kindness which later they had cause to regret.

[2] For which the music of the preceding cavatina will do.

[3] i.e. secondary characters. Mozart himself did this in "La finta giardiniera", composed in 1775, that is to say, in nos. 9a and 9b of Act I.

conversation can be resumed. *E quando s'ode il campanello della custode,*[1] Mlle Lavina, not Celidora, will be so good as to remove herself, so that the latter, as a prima donna, may have an opportunity of singing a fine bravura aria. Some arrangement of this kind would suit much better the composer, the singer, the spectators and the audience, and the whole scene would undoubtedly become far more interesting. Further, the audience would hardly be able to tolerate *the same aria* from the second singer, after having heard it sung by the first. In the next place, I do not know what you are both driving at by the following arrangement. At the end of the newly inserted scene between the two women in Act I, the Abbate writes: Segue la scena VIII che prima era la VII e così cangiansi di mano in mano i numeri.[2] From this description I am to suppose that, contrary to my wish, the scene after the quartet in which both women sing their little tunes in turn at the window, is to remain; but that is impossible. For not only would the act be very much lengthened, and to no purpose, but it would become very tedious. It always seemed to me very ridiculous to read:—

CELIDORA: Tu qui m'attendi, amica. Alla custode farmi veder vogl'io; ci andrai tu poi.
LAVINA: Si, dolce amica, addio. (Celidora parte.)[3]

Lavina sings her aria. Celidora comes in again and says: Eccomi, or vanne, etc.[4] Now it is Lavina's turn to go and Celidora sings her aria. They relieve each other like soldiers on guard. Moreover, as in the quartet they all

[1] And when the duenna's bell is heard.

[2] Scene VIII, formerly Scene VII, then follows, and thus the numbers are correspondingly altered.

[3] Celidora: Wait for me here, my friend. I wish to show myself to the duenna. You may go later.
Lavina: Yes, sweet friend, good-bye. (Exit Celidora.)

[4] Here I am, now you may go, etc.

agree to carry out their proposed scheme, it is far more natural that the men should go off and beat up the people required for this purpose and that the two women should betake themselves quietly to their apartments. The most they could still be allowed is a few lines of recitative. Indeed, I have not the smallest doubt that it was never intended that the scene should be retained, and that Varesco simply forgot to indicate that it was to be omitted. I am very curious to see how you carry out your capital idea of bringing Biondello into the tower. Provided it is diverting, I shall raise no objection, even if it is a little unnatural. I am not at all alarmed at the notion of a few fireworks, for the arrangements of the Viennese fire brigade are so excellent that there is no cause for uneasiness about having fireworks on the stage. Thus "Medea" is often performed here, at the end of which one half of the palace collapses, while the other half goes up in flames. To-morrow I shall look round for copies of the libretto of the "Rauchfangkehrer".[1] I have not yet been able to find the "Contessina" (or the "Countess").[2] If it is not to be had, would any of the following be suitable, "Das Irrlicht" by Umlauf, "Die schöne Schusterin" by the same,[3] or "Die Pilgrimme von Mekka"?[4] The two latter operas especially would be very easy to perform. Kühne probably has them already. Please deliver greetings from both of us to him and to his wife. I trust that you received my last short letter. Let me remind you once more to send me the two duets, Bach's fugues and, *above all*, "Idomeneo"—you will know the reason. I am particularly anxious to go through this opera on the

[1] See p. 1286, n. 2. Evidently Leopold Mozart was looking for operas suitable for performance at Salzburg.

[2] By Florian Leopold Gassmann (1729–1774).

[3] "Das Irrlicht" was produced in 1782, "Die schöne Schusterin" in 1779, both at the Burgtheater in Vienna.

[4] Gluck's opera "Die Pilgrimme von Mekka" was produced in 1764.

clavier with Count Sickingen. If you could have Emanuel Bach's fugues (there are six of them, I think) copied and sent to me some time, you would be doing me a great kindness. I forgot to ask you to do this when I was at Salzburg. Meanwhile, farewell. The day before yesterday, Monday, we had another grand concert of the society,[1] when I played a concerto and Adamberger sang a rondo of my composition.[2] The concert was repeated yesterday, but a violinist played a concerto in my place. The day before yesterday the theatre was full. Yesterday it was empty. I should add that it was the violinist's first performance. Well, adieu. I kiss your hands a thousand times and we are both your most obedient children

W: et C: MOZART

A thousand smacks to my sister and to all. Adieu.

(503) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the possession of Artaria and Co., Vienna*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 10 *de Feb*: 1784

How very stupid of Artaria! He thought that they would not take the parcel at the Post Office and instead of returning it to me at once, he kept it back until it was time for the mail coach to leave, without telling me a word about the arrangement! This time I have had no letter from you. I really do not understand Peisser. These people are about *three yards* away from our house (I have measured the distance). Sometimes I myself ask whether any letters have arrived, but usually my maid does so. They bawl out "No" in the most impertinent manner, and when the *asses* (I mean, the gentlemen) have a look, why, they suddenly find one after all. Again, if a letter happens

[1] The Wiener Tonkünstlersozietät.

[2] Probably K. 431, composed in 1783.

to come at some odd time, they prefer to leave it lying for a fortnight rather than send it to me by the shopboy, which I have often asked them to do. So I beg you to write direct to my address. I have already received three letters from different countries. Just address it "Im Trattnerischen Hause, Zweite Stiege, im Dritten Stock".[1] Besides, I think that Herr Peisser makes a small profit on my letters.

In my last letter I wrote to you about Varesco and my opera.[2] At present I haven't the slightest intention of producing it. I have works to compose[3] which *at the moment* are bringing in money, but will not do so later. The opera will always bring in some; and besides, the more time I take, the better it will be. As it is, the impression I have gained from Varesco's text is that he has hurried too much, and I hope that in time he will realise this himself. That is why I should like to see the opera *as a whole* (he need only jot it down in rough and ready fashion). Then we can make drastic alterations. For by Heaven there is no need to hurry. If you were to hear what I have composed, then you would wish, as I do, that my work should not be spoilt! And that is so easily done—and so often. What I have composed has been put away safely. I guarantee that in all the operas which will be performed until mine is finished, not a single idea will resemble one of mine. Well, I must close, for I must really compose. I spend the whole morning giving lessons, so I have only the evening for my beloved task—composition. I have just one more question to ask, and that is, whether you are now having in Salzburg such unbearably cold

[1] The Mozarts had moved into new lodgings in a house belonging to J. T. von Trattner, am Graben no. 591 (now no. 29).

[2] "L'oca del Cairo", which Mozart never finished.

[3] Probably his clavier concertos, six of which (K. 449, 450, 451, 453, 456, 459) were composed in 1784. From 1784 to 1786 Mozart was the most popular and successful clavier-player in Vienna. See p. 1296 f.

weather as we are having here? Herr Freyhold [1] of Mainz wanted to call on me and sent up a servant with the letter, he himself remaining below—probably in the coach. But as I had to go out immediately I took the letter and asked him to come some afternoon, when I am always at home. I have been wanting to go along one of these days (for he has not turned up), but have not had the time. Well, adieu. My wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W. and C. MOZART

(504) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the possession of Rudolf Nydahl, Stockholm*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 20 *de fevrier*, 1784

I have received your last letter. Yesterday I was fortunate enough to hear Herr Freyhold [2] play a concerto of his own wretched composition.[3] I found very little to admire in his performance and missed a great deal. His whole tour de force consists in double-tonguing. Otherwise there is nothing whatever to listen to. I was delighted that the Adagio, which by the way he played at your house, was very short. For at first the players who accompanied him could not get the hang of it, as, although the movement was written in common time, he played it Alla Breve. And, when I thereupon noted down Alla Breve with my own hand, he admitted that my Papa in Salzburg had also made a fuss. The rondo ought to be jolly, but it was the silliest stuff in the world. As soon as I heard the first Allegro, I realised that if Herr Freyhold

[1] Little is known about Freyhold, who was a flautist in the service of the Margrave of Baden-Durlach. He gave concerts in 1776 and 1779 at Frankfurt-am-Main.

[2] See n. 1.

[3] The autograph has "scomposition", one of Mozart's favourite devices for expressing contempt.

would only learn composition properly, he would not be a bad composer. I am very sorry that Herr Hafeneder has died so prematurely, and particularly because you will now be saddled with that *seccatura*. Yet I must admit that the Prince is right. In his place I should have made the arrangement long before Hafeneder's death. But I should have accompanied my command with an increase of salary, and arranged that the boys should go to your house or that you should have free quarters in the Kapellhaus. Well, two gentlemen, a vice-contrôleur and a cook, are going off to Salzburg in a few days, and I shall probably ask them to take with them a sonata,[1] a symphony[2] and a new concerto.[3] The symphony is in the original score, which you might arrange to have copied some time. You can then send it back to me or even give it away or have it performed anywhere you like. The concerto is also in the original score and this too you may have copied; but have it done as quickly as possible and return it to me. Remember, do not show it to a *single soul*, for I composed it for Fräulein Ployer,[4] who paid me handsomely. But the sonata you may keep for good. Well, I must ask you something about which I know nothing whatever. If I have some work printed or engraved at my own expense, how can I protect myself from being cheated by the engraver? For surely he can print off as many copies as he likes and therefore

[1] Possibly K. 448, sonata for two claviers, composed in 1781.

[2] K. 425, the "Linz" symphony, composed in 1783.

[3] K. 449, composed for Barbara Ployer. This is the first entry in Mozart's *Thematisches Verzeichnis*, the list which he kept of his compositions from February 9th, 1784, until his death. A facsimile edition of this list, with an introduction by O. E. Deutsch, has been published by Herbert Reichner, Vienna, 1938.

[4] Barbara, daughter of Court Councillor Gottfried Ignaz von Ployer, since 1780 agent of the Salzburg Court in Vienna. She was Mozart's pupil on the clavier and in composition, and for her he composed his clavier concertos K. 449 and K. 453.

swindle me? The only way to prevent this would be to keep a sharp eye on him. Yet that was impossible in your own case, when you had your book printed, for you were at Salzburg and the printer was at Augsburg.[1] Why, I almost feel inclined not to sell any more of my compositions to any engraver, but to have them printed or engraved by subscription at my own expense, as most people do and in this way make good profits. I am not nervous about getting subscribers. For I have already had subscription offers from Paris and Warsaw. So please let me know what you think about this. Now I have another request to make. Would it be possible to let me have a copy of my certificate of baptism? They all swear here that the first time I came to Vienna I must have been at least ten years old.[2] The Emperor himself contradicted me to my face last year in the Augarten. Herr von Strack now believes *my statement*. If I showed them my certificate of baptism I could shut them all up at one go. Now farewell. My wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W: et C: MOZART

(505) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the possession of Paul Gottschalk, Berlin*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 3 *mars*, 1784[3]

I have received your letter of February 24th. It is much better for you to send your letters always through the post. I received on Monday your letter which, if you had sent it through Peisser, I should not have had until

[1] Mozart is referring to his father's *Violinschule*, which was published in 1756 by J. J. Lotter, Augsburg.

[2] Mozart's first visit to Vienna was in 1762, when he was six.

[3] Nissen, pp. 479-480, throws together this letter and the following one of March 20th, thereby producing a strange confusion in dates.

Tuesday or Wednesday. I have not yet received the concertos, but I shall ask Artaria about them at once.[1] You must forgive me if I don't write very much, but it is impossible to find time to do so, as I am giving three subscription concerts in Trattner's room on the last three Wednesdays of Lent, beginning on March 17th. I have a hundred subscribers already and shall easily get another thirty. The price for the three concerts is six gulden. I shall probably give two concerts in the theatre this year. Well, as you may imagine, I must play some new works —and therefore I must compose. The whole morning is taken up with pupils and almost every evening I have to play. Below you will find a list of all the concerts at which I am playing. But I must tell you quickly how it has come about that all of a sudden I am giving private concerts. Richter,[2] the clavier virtuoso, is giving six Saturday concerts in the said room. The nobility subscribed, but remarked that they really did not care much about going unless I played. So Richter asked me to do so. I promised to play three times and then arranged three concerts for myself, to which they all subscribed.

Thursday, February 26th, at Galitzin's
Monday, March 1st, at Johann Esterhazy's
Thursday, March 4th, at Galitzin's
Friday March 5th, at Esterhazy's
Monday 8th, at Esterhazy's
Thursday 11th, at Galitzin's
Friday 12th, at Esterhazy's
Monday 15th, at Esterhazy's
Wednesday 17th, my first *private* concert
Thursday 18th, at Galitzin's
Friday 19th, at Esterhazy's
Saturday 20th, at Richter's

[1] K. 413–415, which were published early in 1785 by Artaria and Co.
[2] Georg Friedrich Richter, a popular clavier-player and teacher.

Sunday 21st, my first concert *in the theatre*
Monday 22nd, at Esterhazy's
Wednesday 24th, my second *private* concert
Thursday 25th, at Galitzin's
Friday 26th, at Esterhazy's
Saturday 27th, at Richter's
Monday 29th, at Esterhazy's
Wednesday 31st, my third *private* concert
Thursday April 1st, my second concert *in the theatre*
Saturday 3rd, at Richter's

Well, haven't I enough to do? I don't think that in this way I can possibly get out of practice. Adieu. We both kiss your hands and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W: A: MOZART

(506) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Nationalbibliothek, Vienna*][1]

VIENNA, *March 20th*, 1784

Princesse d'Auersperg	Madame de Hess née de Leporini
Prince Charles d'Auersperg	L'evecque d'Herberstein
Comte Nadasty Général	Comte de Rottenhan
L'Ambassadeur d'Espagne	Comte Jos: d'Herberstein
Comte Joseph Seilern	Jacomini
Comte de Soldyk	Madame de Stökel
Madame de Trattner	Comte Gundacker Sternberg
De Grezmüller maj.	Baron Tögelman

[1] The first page of the autograph is a torn sheet. The beginning of the letter has been lost. The names of Mozart's subscribers have been left in their original spelling.

Madame de Hess née Baronin de Kanne-giesser
Comte de Würm
Madame de Margelique
Baron Gondar
Waseige

Mr. de Lamezan
Comtesse Kevenhüller
Baron van Swieten

Comtesse Sauer
De Sonnenfels
Lewenau
Comte Charles d'Auers-perg
Gotek
C. Aug. Seilern
Comte d'Herberstein
De Fichtl Agent
Princesse Palm
Prince Palm
Comte de Nimptsch
Conseiller Greiner
Ployer Agent
de Grezmüller Jun.
Comtesse Staremberg née Neiperg
Comtesse Althan née Batiany
Comtesse Passowitz
Comte Nep d'Herberstein
Comte Joseph Podstatzky
Comte Paar

Mr. de Käs
Raab

Mr. de Jahn
D'Edlenbach
Comtesse Schafgotsch née Kollmitsch
Comte de Sauer
D'Härring
Comte Wilhelm d'Auers-perg
Prince Joseph Lobkowitz
E. Würm
Comte de Banffi
Prince Adam d'Auersperg

P. J. Schwab
Pentzenstein
de Rosty
Baronin de Waldstädten
Isdenizy
Bedezowich
Névery
de Hönickstein
Paszthory
Le Comte Fries
de Schleinitz

de Puthon

de Madruce
de Jacobi
de Lutz
Comtesse Thun née d'Ulfeld

Joseph Palfy
Comte Koller
D'Arensteiner
Bar: Wetzlar Père
Comtesse Nimptsch
de Braun
de Luerewald
de Hentchl
Bar: de Ditmar
Bar: de Gebsattel
Comtesse Esterhazy
Comte Jean Esterhazy
Joseph Dietrichstein
Bar: de Brandau
Bar: de Stockmeyer
Bar: de Hochstätter

Comtesse Sauer
Prince Louis Lichtenstein
de Meyenberg
Comte Sallabourg
Bar: de Mandelsloh
Louis Würben
Ernest Harrach
Le Comte Keplowitz
Dominic Kaunitz
Comte d'Ötting
Comte de Kuffstein
Bar: Winkler
Reichshof: von Wölkern
Bar: de Braun
Prince de Paar
Comte d'Oeynhausen
Le Comte de Dzierzanowschy

Jos: de Weinbremes
de Switmer
Urmeny
Bar: de Martini
de Born
Prince Gallitzin
Bar: Vockel
Comte Ladislaus d'Erdödy
Comte Hugart
Comte Kollnitsch
Leopold Hoyos
Comte Czernin
Comte Neiperg
Comte Antoine Batiany
Prince de Würtemberg
Grenieri Envoyé de Sardaigne
Comte Kluschofsky
Joh: Adam Bienenfeld
Bar: Wetzlar Raimund
de Drostik
Strurrewitz
Arenfeld
Madame Türkheim
Madame de Poncet
Mylord Morton
Madame de Puffendorf
Chevalier Hall
Madame de Neuhold
Comte Adam Sternberg
Comte Etienne Zitchi
Lord Stopford
Princess Lignowsky
de Sonnenfeld

de Knecht
Comte Sternberg
Comte Waldstein
Comte George Waldstein
Le Comte Harrach l'ainé
Bar: Zois
von Ott
Le Comte de Nostiz
De Nostiz général
Bar: Jungwirth
Hofrat Bötti
Madame d'Engelsbourg
Comte Marchall
Hofrath Müller
Bar: Brandau

Comte Wolscheck
Comtesse Waldstein née d'Ulfeld

Madame de Burkart
Prince de Schwarzenberg
Madame d'Eichelbourg
Comte Zinzendorf
de Hartenstein
Bar: Burkardt
Comte Bergen
Bar: de Dalberg
Madame Betty
Bar: de Gleichen
Mr. de Techenbach
Bar: Findak
Comtesse Apumoni
Comte Charles Zitchi
Comte François d'Ester hazy
Bar: d'Engelstrom
Prince de Meklenbourg

Comtesse de Hazfeld
Comte Montecuculi

I am sending you the list of all my subscribers. I by myself have thirty more than Richter[1] and Fischer[2] together. The first concert on March 17th went off very well. The hall was full to overflowing; and the new concerto[3] I played won extraordinary applause. Everywhere I go I hear praises of that concert.

My first concert in the theatre was to have been to-morrow. But Prince Louis Liechtenstein is producing an opera in his own house, and has not only run off with

[1] See p. 1296, n. 2.

[2] Probably John Abraham Fisher (1744–1806), the English violinist and composer. He met in 1784 in Vienna Nancy Storace, who became his second wife.

[3] Probably K. 449. See Köchel, p. 568.

the cream of the nobility, but has bribed and seduced the best players in the orchestra. So I have postponed my concert until April 1st and have had a notice printed to this effect. Well, I must close, as I must go off to Count Zichy's concert. You must have patience with me until Lent is over. We both kiss your hands and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W. A. MOZART

Vienna, March 20th, 1784.

(507) *Leopold Mozart to Sebastian Winter, Donaueschingen*[1]

[*Autograph in the Fürstlich Fürstenbergische Hofbibliothek, Donaueschingen*]

DEAR HERR WINTER, SALZBURG, *April 3rd*, 1784

I write in haste just to send you the four concertos[2] which, as I informed you, are the latest and cost four ducats each. I still have six sonatas[3] for the clavier only, which no one knows about, as my son composed them for us alone. If His Highness, to whom we send our most respectful greetings, would care to have these too, he has only to let me know. Farewell. I must close, as four people have just turned up from Munich to fetch young Marchand,[4] now fifteen years old, whom I have been teaching for three years and who is now returning as an excellent violinist and performer on the clavier and also a proficient composer. At the same time he has not

[1] Sebastian Winter, formerly the Mozarts' friseur, had been since 1764 valet and friseur to the Prince von Fürstenberg at Donaueschingen.

[2] Leopold Mozart means the series of three clavier concertos, K. 413-415. See p. 1304.

[3] Possibly K. 310-311 and 330-333, which, with the exception of K. 311, composed in 1777, were all composed in 1778.

[4] Heinrich Marchand, Leopold Mozart's pupil.

neglected his Latin, although as his chief side-line he has been learning Italian and French, in which he has made good progress. Addio!

I ever remain your honest old friend

MOZART

(508) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Conservatoire de Paris*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNA, *April 10th*, 1784

Please don't be vexed that I haven't written to you for so long. Surely you realise how much I have had to do in the meantime! I have done myself great credit with my three subscription concerts, and the concert I gave in the theatre was most successful. I composed two grand concertos [1] and then a quintet,[2] which called forth the very greatest applause: I myself consider it to be the best work I have ever composed. It is written for one oboe, one clarinet, one horn, one bassoon and the pianoforte. How I wish you could have heard it! And how beautifully it was performed! Well, to tell the truth I was really worn out in the end after playing so much—and it is greatly to my credit that my listeners never got tired.

I now have a commission for you. Old Baron Beine du Pain,[3] who has all kinds of music, good and bad, would like to have the following compositions: Gatti's rondo and duet. Recitative. Ah! Non sdegnarti, o cara. Rondo. Nel lasciarti in questo istante. Duet. Nei giorni tuoi felici.[4] So I should be very much obliged if you could procure these two works for me as soon as possible. I shall send you the money for having them copied in due course through Herr Peisser. I have finished to-day another new concerto

[1] K. 450, finished on March 15th, and K. 451, finished on March 22nd.
[2] K. 452, finished on March 30th.
[3] Possibly Baron Dupin. See pp. 295 and 298. [4] On a text by Metastasio.

for Fräulein Ployer.[1] At the moment I am almost dressed to go to Prince Kaunitz. Yesterday I played at Leopold Palfy's. To-morrow I am playing at the concert which Mlle Ployer is giving. One thing more. As Hafeneder has died, Herr von Ployer has been commissioned to find a violinist. I recommended to him a certain Menzel,[2] a handsome and clever young fellow. But I asked him not to say anything about me, as otherwise it might not work. He is now awaiting the decision. I think he has asked for and is to get four hundred gulden—and a suit of clothes. I have already scolded him about the suit of clothes—for it is a beggarly request. If anything comes of this, I shall give him a letter for you and the music too. You will think him a charming violinist, and he is also a very good sight-reader. So far no one in Vienna has played my quartets[3] so well at sight as he has. Moreover he is the kindest fellow in the world, and he will be delighted to play at your house whenever you want him to. I had him in the orchestra at my concert. Well, I must close. My wife and I kiss your hands two thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your obedient children

MOZART

(509) *Leopold Mozart to Sebastian Winter, Donaueschingen*

[*Autograph in the Fürstlich Fürstenbergische Hofbibliothek, Donaueschingen*]

DEAR HERR WINTER, SALZBURG, *April 22nd*, 1784

Your letter of the 17th has made things rather difficult for me, as on the afternoon of April 3rd I packed

[1] K. 453, finished on April 12th.

[2] Zeno Franz Menzel (1756–1823), who in 1787 became violinist in the Vienna court orchestra.

[3] Probably K. 387, 421, 428.

the three concertos[1] in waterproof cloth and handed the parcel to the mail coach, which left here *on the 4th at eight o'clock in the morning*. You wrote to me exactly a fortnight later, when the concertos must long since have arrived at Donaueschingen. I addressed the parcel: *To Herr Sebastian Winter, valet to His Highness, etc.* If it has not reached you, please ask the postmaster to make urgent enquiries and investigations and I shall do the same both here and in Munich. Meanwhile I trust that I shall soon hear from you and be relieved of all anxiety. I write in great haste. We send our compliments to His Highness and I am ever your most devoted

MOZART

(510) *Mozart to his Father*

[*From Nissen*, p. 481]

VIENNA, *April 24th*, 1784

We now have here the famous Strinasacchi[2] from Mantua, a very good violinist. She has a great deal of taste and feeling in her playing. I am this moment composing a sonata[3] which we are going to play together on Thursday at her concert in the theatre.[4] I must tell you that some quartets have just appeared, composed by a certain Pleyel,[5] a pupil of Joseph Haydn. If you do not know them, do try and get hold of them; you will find

[1] K. 413-415.

[2] Regina Strinasacchi (1764–1823), a distinguished violinist and guitar player. She was trained in Venice and Paris, toured Italy 1780–1783, and in 1784 came to Vienna. She married later Johann Conrad Schlick (1759–1825), an excellent violoncellist in the orchestra of the Duke of Gotha.

[3] K. 454.

[4] April 29th.

[5] Ignaz Joseph Pleyel (1757–1831), a most prolific instrumental composer. He was trained in Vienna by Wanhall. His patron was Count Erdödy, who had Pleyel taught by Haydn, and who then appointed him his Kapellmeister. In 1783 he became deputy Kapellmeister and in 1789 Kapellmeister to the Strassburg Cathedral. In 1791 he was invited to London to take charge of the Professional Concerts. Ten years later he settled as a music-dealer in Paris, where he founded in 1807 the Pleyel pianoforte factory and where he remained until his death.

them worth the trouble. They are very well written and most pleasing to listen to. You will also see at once who was his master. Well, it will be a lucky day for music, if later on Pleyel should be able to replace Haydn.

(511) *Mozart to his Father*

[*From Ludwig Nohl, Mozarts Briefe, 2nd edition, p.* 406]

VIENNA, *April 28th*, 1784

I must write in a hurry. Herr Richter, the clavier-player, is making a tour on his way back to Holland, his native country. I have given him a letter to Countess Thun [1] at Linz. As he would like to visit Salzburg too, I have given him just four lines for you, dearest father. So I am now writing to say that he will turn up soon after you receive this letter. He plays well so far as execution goes, but, as you will discover when you hear him, he is too rough and laboured and entirely devoid of taste and feeling. Otherwise he is the best fellow in the world and is not the slightest bit conceited. When I played to him he stared all the time at my fingers and kept on saying: "Good God! How hard I work and sweat—and yet win no applause—and to you, my friend, it is all child's play." "Yes," I replied, "I too had to work hard, so as not to have to work hard any longer." Enfin, he is a fellow who may be included among our good clavier-players and I trust that the Archbishop will be more inclined to hear him, because he is a clavierist—*en dépit de moi*—and I shall be very glad to incur that spite. It is all settled about Menzel the violinist, and he will probably clear out on Sunday. You will have some music from me too which he is taking. Now, farewell.

[1] Elizabeth, the fourth wife of Count Johann Josef Anton Thun (1711–1788), father of Countess Wilhelmine Thun's husband.

(512) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the possession of W. Westley Manning, London*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNA, *May 8th*, 1784

Menzel went off at a moment's notice and didn't find me at home, so I could not give him a letter for you. But I hope that he has already been to see you. I purposely did not give him the music I promised you, because I did not like to entrust it to him, being far too particular about it. I prefer to send it by the mail coach. Perhaps my good friend Richter is now at your house. If so, please give him our greetings. Well, I must go down to the first floor to a concert at Frau von Trattner's. She has commissioned me to make the necessary arrangements. So I cannot write any more, beyond saying that we are both well and trust that you two are in good health also. Paisiello is in Vienna at the moment on his way back from Russia. He is going to write an opera[1] here. Sarti is expected here any day on his way through to Russia. I am looking forward to the shoe buckles. Farewell. We both kiss your hands and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your obedient children

W. A. MOZART

(513) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph formerly in the Musikhistorisches Museum von W. Heyer, Cologne*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce 15 May*, 1784

I gave to-day to the mail coach the symphony[2] which I composed in Linz for old Count Thun and also four concertos.[3] I am not particular about the symphony,

[1] "Il Re Teodoro in Venezia", performed on August 23rd, 1784.
[2] K. 425. [3] K. 449-451 and 453.

but I do ask you to have the four concertos copied at home, for the Salzburg copyists are as little to be trusted as the Viennese. I know for a positive fact that Hofstetter made two copies of Haydn's music.[1] For example, I *really* possess the last three symphonies he wrote. And as no one but myself possesses these new concertos in B♭ and D,[2] and no one but *myself* and Fräulein von Ployer (for whom I composed them) those in E♭ and G,[3] the only way in which they could fall into other hands is by that kind of cheating. I myself have everything copied in my room and in my presence. After careful consideration I decided not to entrust the music to Menzel. Further, I formed the opinion, which I still hold, that the music would not be of much use to you, as except for the E♭ concerto, which can be performed a quattro without wind-instruments, the other three concertos have all wind-instrument accompaniment; and you very rarely have wind-instrument players at your house. Well, I don't know what it was that you were thinking about and did not want to mention in your letter; and therefore to avoid all misunderstanding, I am sending you herewith all my new compositions. I have no news to give you save that the Emperor intended to leave for Budapest to-day but was prevented from doing so by a stye in his eye. Praise and thanks be to God, we are both well and trust that you are all in good health. We kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your obedient children

W. et C. MOZART

Please give my kind regards to Menzel. He knows all four concertos very well.

[1] Compositions of Michael Haydn.

[2] K. 450 and 451.

[3] K. 449 and 453.

(514) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph formerly in the Musikhistorisches Museum von W. Heyer, Cologne*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNE, *ce* 26 *May*, 1784

Your last letter tells me that you have received my letter and the music. I thank my sister for her letter and, so soon as time permits, I shall certainly write to her. Meanwhile please tell her that either Herr Richter is mistaken about the key of the concerto or else I have misread a letter in her writing. The concerto Herr Richter praised to her so warmly is the one in B♭,[1] the first one I composed and which he praised so highly to me at the time. I really cannot choose between the two of them, but I regard them both as concertos which are bound to make the performer perspire. From the point of view of difficulty the B♭ concerto beats the one in D.[2] Well, I am very curious to hear which of the three in B♭, D and G[3] you and my sister prefer. The one in E♭[4] does not belong at all to the same category. It is one of a quite peculiar kind, composed rather for a small orchestra than for a large one. So it is really only a question of the three grand concertos. I am longing to hear whether your judgment will coincide with the *general opinion* in Vienna and with *my own view*. Of course it is necessary to hear all three well performed and with all the parts. I am quite willing to wait patiently until I get them back, so long as no one else is allowed to get hold of them. Only to-day I could have got twenty-four ducats for one of them, but I think that it will be more profitable to me to keep them by me for a few years more and then have them engraved and published.

Well, I have something to tell you about Liserl Schwemmer.[5] She wrote a letter to her mother and as

[1] K. 450. [2] K. 451. [3] K. 453. [4] K. 449. [5] See p. 1288, n. 1.

the address was so quaint that the Post Office would hardly have accepted the letter, for it was as follows:

Dieser Brief zueku-
men meiner vilgeliebtisten
Frau Mutter in Salzburg
barbari schbemerin
abzugeben in der
Judengasen in Kauf
man eberl haus
in dritten Stock

I told her that I would write another address for her. Out of curiosity and with a view to reading some more of this amazing composition rather than with that of prying into her secrets, I broke the seal of the letter. She complains that she gets to bed too late and has to get up too early—though I should have thought that one would get enough sleep between eleven and six, which is after all seven hours! We ourselves do not go to bed until midnight and we get up at half past five or even five, as we go to the Augarten almost every morning. Then she complains about the food and that too in the most impertinent fashion. She says she has to starve and that the four of us, that is, my wife, myself, the cook and she do not get as much to eat as she and her mother used to have between the two of them. You know that I took this girl at the time purely out of pity and to help her when she was a stranger in Vienna. We promised her twelve gulden a year, and she was quite satisfied, though in her letter she complains about it. And what has she to do? To clear the table, hand round the dishes and take them away and help my wife to dress and undress. Moreover, apart from her sewing she is the clumsiest and stupidest creature in the world. She cannot even light a fire, let alone make coffee, things which a girl who pretends to be a parlour-

maid should be able to do. We gave her a gulden and the very next day she was asking for more money. I insisted on her giving me an account of how she had spent her money and I found that most of it had gone on beer. A certain Herr Johannes who travelled with her to Vienna had better not put his nose inside my door again. *Twice* when we were out, he came to our quarters, ordered in *wine*, and the girl, who is not accustomed to drinking it, swilled so heavily, that she couldn't walk without support and the second time she was sick all over her bed. I should like to know who would keep a creature who carries on in this way?

I would have contented myself with the lecture I gave her when it happened and would have said nothing to you, but her impertinent letter to her mother has driven me to it. So will you please send for her mother and tell her that I shall put up with her daughter for a little while longer, but that she must look about for another place. Were it not that I hate to make people unhappy I should get rid of her on the spot. She says something too, in her letter, about a certain Herr Antoni—a future husband, perhaps!

Well, I must close. My wife thanks you both for your congratulations on her pregnancy and coming confinement, which will probably take place during the first days of October.[1] We both kiss your hands and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your most obedient children

W. et C. MOZART

P.S.—We have not yet been able to do anything about the fichu in lawn or muslin, because my wife doesn't know whether my sister would prefer it untrimmed. Untrimmed fichus cost about a ducat each, but are not worn very much. Those with a little pretty trimming cost at

[1] Karl Thomas (1784–1858), the Mozarts' second child, was born on September 21st.

least seven ducats apiece in Vienna currency. So we are waiting for the next letter and as soon as we know, my sister shall have what she requires. Addio.

P.S.—Please send me the buckles by the next mail coach. I am simply longing to see them.

(515) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the possession of Landgerichtsdirektor A. Zahn, Landau*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNA, *June 9th–12th*, 1784

No doubt you have received my last letter. I have received the buckles and also your letter of June 1st. The buckles are very handsome, but far too large. However, I shall try to dispose of them.

Next Friday the court goes to Laxenburg for two or perhaps three months. I went to Baden last week with His Excellency Count Thun to visit his father, who had come over from Linz to do the cure. On our way home we drove through Laxenburg, where we visited Leemann, who is now the governor of the castle. His daughter was not at home, but he and his wife were absolutely delighted to see me again. They both send greetings to both of you.

June 12th. As visitors came in, I was prevented from finishing this letter. In the meantime I have received your letter of the 8th. My wife sends her love to my sister and will despatch a smart fichu by the next mail coach. But she is going to make it herself, as it will thus be somewhat cheaper and much prettier. Please tell my sister that there is no adagio in any of these concertos[1]—only andantes. She is quite right in saying that there is something missing in the solo passage in C in the Andante of the concerto in D.[2] I shall supply the deficiency as soon as

[1] K. 449-451 and K. 453. [2] K. 451.

possible and send it with the cadenzas.[1] To-morrow Herr Ployer, the agent, is giving a concert in the country at Döbling, where Fräulein Babette is playing her new concerto in G,[2] and I am performing the quintet;[3] we are then playing together the grand sonata for two claviers.[4] I am fetching Paisiello in my carriage, as I want him to hear both my pupil and my compositions. If Maestro Sarti had not had to leave Vienna to-day, he too would have come with me. Sarti is a good honest fellow! I have played a great deal to him and have composed variations on an air of his,[5] which pleased him exceedingly. Menzel is, and always will be an ass. The whole affair is as follows: Herr von Ployer asked me whether I knew of a violinist. I spoke to Menzel, who was much gratified. You can imagine that I as an honest man advised him not to accept anything but a permanent post. But he never came to see me until the last moment and Herr von Ployer told me that he was going off to Salzburg on trial for 400 gulden and, mark you, *a suit of clothes*. But Menzel declared to me and to everyone here that he had actually been appointed. Further, it now seems that he is married, of which no one here knew anything. His wife has been three or four times at von Ployer's. I have now given Artaria, to engrave, the three sonatas for clavier only, which I once sent to my sister, the first in C, the second in A, and the third in F.[6] I have given three others to Torricella, the last of which is the one in D, which I composed for Dürnitz in Munich.[7] Further, I am giving three of my six symphonies to be engraved, and these I shall

[1] Mozart sent her these cadenzas, K. 624 (21a and 21b).

[2] K. 453. [3] K. 452. [4] K. 448.

[5] K. 460, eight variations on "Come un' agnello" from Sarti's opera "Fra i due litiganti".

[6] K. 330-332. See p. 875, n. 1. For particulars of this first edition, which was advertised in the "Wiener Zeitung" on August 25th, 1784, see Köchel, p. 388.

[7] K. 284. For particulars of this first edition, which included the sonatas K. 333 and K. 454, see Köchel, p. 285.



JOSEPH HAYDN (1800)
From an engraving by P. N. Guérin
(Paul Hirsch, Esq., Cambridge)

dedicate to Prince von Fürstenberg.[1] Well, I must close. My wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever your obedient children

W. et C. MOZART

(516) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

DEAREST SISTER! VIENNA, *July 21st*, 1784

My wife and I wish you much happiness on your name-day.[2] She would have written to you herself, but she finds it difficult to remain seated for long, as our future son and heir gives her no peace. She therefore joins me in wishing you all possible joy and happiness and we ask you to keep us ever in your sisterly affection. Old Hampel[3] and his son from Munich have been here for a week and are leaving for Russia the day after to-morrow. They are lunching with us to-morrow and in the evening we are going to have a little concert. I hope that in the meantime you will have received everything by the mail coach. I would gladly have sent you the cadenzas for the other concertos, but you have no idea how much I have to do! As soon as I have a little time to myself, I shall certainly devote it to you. When you have tried over the three grand concertos,[4] I shall be most anxious to hear which of them you like best. I beg Papa not to forget to send me by the next mail coach what I asked him for. I should be delighted if he could send me my old oratorio "La Betulia liberata"[5] too. I have to compose the same

[1] Josef Wenzeslaus, Prince von Fürstenberg, Donaueschingen. Mozart did not carry out this plan.

[2] July 26th.

[3] Thaddäus Hampel, clarinet-player in the Munich court orchestra.

[4] K. 450, 451, 453.

[5] K. 118, "La Betulia liberata", an oratorio on a text by Metastasio, composed in 1771.

oratorio for the Society[1] in Vienna and possibly I might use bits of it here and there. Please give my greetings to Gretl[2] and tell her that perhaps I shall reply myself, but I cannot promise to do so, for I fear that I may not be able to keep my promise, as I am far too busy. As for the aria[3] she must exercise a little patience. But what I do advise her to do, if she wants to have the aria soon and without fail, is to choose a text which suits her and send it to me, as it is impossible for me to find time to wade through all sorts of operas. Well, I must close, as I have to go off at once to give a lesson. My wife and I kiss you a thousand times and ask you to kiss Papa's hands for us. We are ever your sincere

W. A. C. MOZART

(517) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania*]

MA TRÈS CHÈRE SŒUR! VIENNA, *August 18th*, 1784

Potz Sapperment! It is high time I wrote to you if I want my letter to find you still a vestal virgin! A few days more and—it is gone! My wife and I wish you all joy and happiness in your change of state and are only heartily sorry that we cannot have the pleasure of being present at your wedding. But we hope to embrace you as Frau von Sonnenburg[4] and your husband also next spring both at Salzburg and at St. Gilgen. Our only regrets are for our dear father, who will now be left so utterly alone! True, you will not be far away from him and he can often

[1] The Wiener Tonkünstlersozietät.

[2] Margarete Marchand. [3] There is no trace of this composition.

[4] Nannerl Mozart was married on August 23rd, 1784, to Johann Baptist von Berchtold zu Sonnenburg, magistrate at St. Gilgen, her mother's birthplace, and about six hours' drive from Salzburg. Her husband was a widower with five children. He died in 1801, and Nannerl returned to Salzburg with her son and stepchildren. For short studies of Nannerl Mozart see *MMB*, November 1896, p. 98 ff., and Abert, vol. ii. p. 916 ff.

drive out and see you—but he is tied to that accursed Kapellhaus again! If I were in his place, I should do as follows:—Seeing that I have served the Archbishop for so many years I should ask him to allow me to retire, and then, on receiving my pension, I should go to my daughter at St. Gilgen and live there in peace and quiet. If the Archbishop refused my request, I should apply for my discharge and join my son in Vienna. And what I chiefly want to ask you is—to do your best to persuade him to do this. I have suggested the same thing in my letter to him to-day. And now I send you a thousand good wishes from Vienna to Salzburg, and hope particularly that you two will live together as harmoniously as—we two! So take a little piece of advice from my poetical brainbox! Listen:

Wedlock will show you many things
Which still a mystery remain;
Experience soon will teach to you
What Eve herself once had to do
Before she could give birth to Cain.
But all these duties are so light
You will perform them with delight.
Yet no state is an unmixed joy
And marriage has its own alloy,
Lest us its bliss perchance should cloy.
So when your husband shows reserve
Or wrath which you do not deserve
And perhaps a nasty temper too,
Think, sister, 'tis a man's queer way.
Say: "Lord, thy will be done by day,
But mine at night you'll do".[1]

Your sincere brother

W. A. MOZART

[1] Mr. C. B. Oldman has kindly pointed out the connection between the concluding lines of Mozart's poem and a verse in Playford's *Wit and Mirth; or, Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 3rd edition, 1707, vol. i. p. 150.

(518) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter* [1]

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *September 14th*, 1784

My son has been very ill in Vienna. At a performance of Paisiello's new opera[2] he perspired so profusely that his clothes were drenched and in the cold night air he had to try to find his servant who had his overcoat, as in the meantime an order had been given that no servant was to be allowed into the theatre by the ordinary entrance. So not only my son, but a number of other people caught rheumatic fever, which became septic when not taken in hand at once. My son writes as follows: "Four days running at the very same hour I had a fearful attack of colic, which ended each time in violent vomiting. I have therefore to be extremely careful. My doctor is Sigmund Barisani, who since his arrival in Vienna has been almost daily at my rooms. People here praise him very highly. He is very clever too and you will find that in a short time he will make his way. When you write to St. Gilgen, please send millions of kisses to our brother-in-law and to my sister, etc."

[1] After Nannerl's marriage to Berchtold zu Sonnenburg at St. Gilgen, Leopold Mozart wrote long letters to her about once a week, giving her a full account of everything that was happening in Salzburg. Nearly all these letters, which cover the years 1784–1787, that is, from Nannerl's departure until Leopold Mozart's death, have been preserved and they have recently been edited by Otto Erich Deutsch und Bernhard Paumgartner, *Leopold Mozarts Briefe an seine Tochter*, Salzburg-Leipzig, 1936.

[2] "Il Re Teodoro in Venezia", which was performed on August 23rd, 1784.

(519) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *September 17th*, 1784

On the following day[1] we had a big concert at Barisani's, where your brother's new and excellent symphony[2] was performed under my direction. There too the leading actor, who knows Joseph Barisani, was introduced to me. When he heard my name, he was beside himself with delight. He is called Schmidt and is the Schmidt who took the part of Pedrillo at the performance in Vienna of the "Entführung aus dem Serail".[3] He therefore knows your brother very well. There is thus every hope that these people will give an excellent performance of your brother's opera, as Schmidt himself took a part in Vienna and later produced the opera in Prague[4] more than a dozen times. Moreover, Herr Brandl,[5] that excellent actor and singer, is in the company.

(520) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *November 19th*, 1784

My son gave a small musical party on his name-day,[6] at which his pupils performed and, what is more, Baron Bagge from Paris amused the company by playing a violin concerto. "We simply howled with laughter", my

[1] September 15th.

[2] K. 425, the "Linz" symphony.

[3] Ludwig Schmidt, originally an operatic singer, was manager of a theatrical company. He had taken the place of Dauer, the original Pedrillo in the Vienna production of the "Entführung aus dem Serail".

[4] The "Entführung aus dem Serail" was performed in Prague in 1783.

[5] He was leading bass singer in the Salzburg company.

[6] October 31st.

son writes, adding "I have received my sister's letter and hope that in the meantime she has received mine". He probably means the letter to me.

"Die Entführung aus dem Serail" was performed fairly well on the 17th with the greatest applause and three numbers had to be repeated. At five o'clock there was no more room in the lower part of the theatre and at a quarter past five it was quite full up above. It is being performed again on Sunday, the 21st. After that it will probably be dropped for five weeks. The whole town is delighted with it. Even the Archbishop was gracious enough to say "Really it wasn't at all bad". I hear that they took 191 gulden. The aria with the solo instruments[1] was performed by Stadler[2] (violin, the part being an easy one), Feiner (oboe), Reiner (flute) and Fiala ('cello) and they played very well together. Herr Kassel, who had been asked to play the flute, came to the first rehearsal. But the following day he told Stadler that he would not turn up any more, that they should get hold of someone else, as he found rehearsing too boring. Everyone is very much annoyed with him, even the nobles. On the other hand Herr Fiala not only played, but even refused to take a fee, saying that he was doing it to please Herr Schmidt and particularly Herr Mozart.

(521) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*Extract*] [*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

SALZBURG, *November* [?28*th*], 1784

The "Entführung aus dem Serail" was performed here again on Sunday with the greatest applause. Indeed the opera is becoming such a favourite that the whole town

[1] Constanze's aria "Martern aller Arten".
[2] Matthias Stadler, a violinist in the Salzburg court orchestra.

praises it and calls it a very fine work. Michael Haydn sat in the orchestra behind the clavier. Of course everyone asked him for his opinion and he said that all that this opera needed was an orchestra of sixty to seventy players and the necessary intermediate instruments, that is, clarinets and a cor anglais, whose parts have to be taken here by violas. Only then, he declared, could one really hear what an excellent piece of work it was. He was delighted beyond measure. Well, the opera is now to have a rest until Christmas, when it will be performed again twice. Blonde's duet with her Pedrillo and her aria "Welche Wonne, welche Lust" were again repeated. The drinking song in the second act "Vivat Bacchus! Bacchus lebe!" had even to be sung three times. All who have seen the opera in Vienna are unanimous in declaring that the acting here is far better, more lively and more natural, and the whole production more thorough than in Vienna. This is the opinion too of the two Barons von Fechenbach, who saw the opera performed in Berlin, Mainz and Mannheim.

(522) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *January 22nd*, 1785

I have this moment received ten lines from your brother, who says that his first subscription concert will take place on Friday, February 11th,[1] and that he is to give the remaining concerts on successive Fridays. He adds that during the first week in Lent he will certainly

[1] In a letter written from Munich, dated February 2nd, 1785, Leopold Mozart adds: "Heinrich (Marchand) and I will probably leave for Vienna on Carnival Sunday in Herr Marchand's carriage in order to be present at your brother's concert on Friday, February 11th, as I have had a letter from him suggesting this. Herr Le Brun and his wife will follow us to Vienna on the 5th."

have a box for this concert in the theatre for Heinrich and that I ought to come soon. He adds that last Saturday he performed his six quartets[1] for his dear friend Haydn and other good friends, and that he has sold them to Artaria for a hundred ducats.[2] At the end of his letter he says: "Now I must get on with the composition of the concerto[3] which I have just begun. Adieu!"

(523) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*From Ludwig Nohl, Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, 1870, *no.* 40]

VIENNA, *February 14th–16th*, 1785

We arrived at the Schulerstrasse No. 846, first floor,[4] at one o'clock on Friday. That your brother has very fine quarters with all the necessary furniture you may gather from the fact that his rent is 460 gulden. On the same evening we drove to his first subscription concert, at which a great many members of the aristocracy were present. Each person pays a souverain d'or or three ducats for these Lent concerts. Your brother is giving them at the Mehlgrube and only pays half a souverain d'or each time for the hall. The concert was magnificent and the orchestra played splendidly. In addition to the symphonies a female singer of the Italian theatre sang two arias. Then we had a new and very fine concerto[5] by Wolfgang, which the copyist was still copying when we arrived, and the rondo of which your brother did not even have time to play through, as he had to supervise

[1] The six string quartets K. 387, 421, 458, 428, 464 and 465, which Mozart dedicated to Joseph Haydn, were published by Artaria and Co. in October 1785. See p. 1261, n. 3.

[2] Joseph Haydn. [3] K. 466, clavier concerto in D minor.

[4] The Mozarts had moved early in October 1784 to these rooms, now chulerstrasse no. 8.

[5] K. 466, clavier concerto in D minor.

the copying. You can well imagine that I met many acquaintances there who all came up to speak to me. I was also introduced to several other people.

On Saturday evening Herr Joseph Haydn[1] and the two Barons Tinti[2] came to see us and the new quartets were performed, or rather, the three new ones[3] which Wolfgang has added to the other three which we have already. The new ones are somewhat easier, but at the same time excellent compositions. Haydn said to me: "Before God and as an honest man I tell you that your son is the greatest composer known to me either in person or by name. He has taste and, what is more, the most profound knowledge of composition."

On Sunday evening the Italian singer, Madame Laschi,[4] who is leaving for Italy, gave a concert in the theatre, at which she sang two arias. A 'cello concerto was performed, a tenor and a bass sang an aria each and your brother played a glorious concerto,[5] which he composed for Mlle Paradis[6] for Paris. I was sitting only two boxes away from the very beautiful Princess of Wurtemberg[7] and had the great pleasure of hearing so clearly all the interplay of the instruments that for sheer delight tears came into my eyes. When your brother left

[1] On the previous day Haydn had joined the Freemasons' Lodge, "Zur wahren Eintracht". Mozart had been a member of the Lodge "Zur Wohltätigkeit" since December 1784, and his father joined both lodges on the occasion of his visit to Vienna. See Otto Erich Deutsch, *Mozart und die Wiener Logen*, Vienna, 1932.

[2] They were members of the Masonic Lodge "Zur wahren Eintracht".

[3] K. 458, 464 and 465.

[4] Luisa Laschi made her first appearance in Vienna in 1784, and was the original Countess in "Le Nozze di Figaro". In 1787 she married the tenor Domenico Francesco Mombelli (1755–1838).

[5] K. 456, in B♭, finished on September 30th, 1784.

[6] Maria Theresia von Paradis (1759–1824), a blind pianist of Vienna. In 1784 she had undertaken a grand tour of the European capitals.

[7] Elizabeth (1767–1790), the eighth child of Duke Karl Eugen of Wurtemberg. She was married in 1788 to the Archduke Francis of Austria.

the platform the Emperor waved his hat and called out "Bravo, Mozart!" And when he came on to play, there was a great deal of clapping.

We were not at the theatre yesterday, for every day there is a concert. This evening there is another one in the theatre, at which your brother is again playing a concerto. I shall bring back several of his new compositions. Little Karl[1] is the picture of him. He seems very healthy, but now and then, of course, children have trouble with their teeth. On the whole the child is charming, for he is extremely friendly and laughs when spoken to. I have only seen him cry once and the next moment he started to laugh.

Yesterday, the 15th, there was again a recital in the theatre given by a girl[2] who sings charmingly. Your brother played his new grand concerto in D minor[3] most magnificently. To-day we are going to a concert given at the house of the Salzburg agent, Herr von Ployer.

Your brother, your sister-in-law, Marchand and I kiss you millions of times and I am your faithful father

MOZART

(524) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the Stadtarchiv, Augsburg*]

VIENNA, *Monday, February 21st–22nd*, 1785

You will have received my first letter. I thought that I had completely shaken off the cold I caught on my journey. But yesterday evening I had pains in my left thigh and

[1] Mozart's second child, Karl Thomas (1784–1858), who was born on September 21st, 1784.

[2] Elizabeth Distler (1769–1789), operatic singer, who belonged to a large family of Viennese musicians. She sang in the two performances of Mozart's "Davidde penitente" on March 13th and 17th, 1785, given for the benefit of the Tonkünstlersozietät.

[3] K. 466.

before going to bed I discovered that I really had rheumatism. So I drank some burr root tea in bed this morning and did not get up until half past one, just in time for lunch, at which I had the company of your sister-in-law's youngest sister Sophie.[1] She is still with me now at eight o'clock in the evening, as your brother, his wife and Heinrich lunched to-day with Herr von Trattner, an invitation which unfortunately I had to refuse; and this evening your brother is performing at a big concert at Count Zichy's, at which Herr Le Brun and his wife are appearing for the first time. But your sister-in-law and Marchand have gone to the concert at Herr von Ployer's, our agent. As usual, it will probably be one o'clock before we get to bed. We lunched on Thursday, the 17th, with your brother's mother-in-law, Frau Weber. There were just the four of us, Frau Weber and her daughter Sophie, as the eldest daughter[2] is in Graz. I must tell you that the meal, which was neither too lavish nor too stingy, was cooked to perfection. The roast was a fine plump pheasant; and everything was excellently well prepared. We lunched on Friday, the 18th, with Stephanie junior, just the four of us and Herr Le Brun, his wife, Karl Cannabich and a priest. Let me tell you at once that there was no thought of a fast-day. We were only offered meat dishes. A pheasant as an additional dish was served in cabbage and the rest was fit for a prince. Finally we had oysters, most delicious glacé fruits and (I must not forget to mention this) several bottles of champagne. I need hardly add that everywhere coffee is served. From Stephanie's we drove to your brother's second concert at the Mehlgrube at seven o'clock. This concert too was a

[1] Sophie Weber (1767–1846) became in 1781 an actress at the Burgtheater in Vienna. She married in 1806 the musician and composer Jakob Haibel (1761–1826), and some time after his death went to live in Salzburg with her elder sister Constanze Nissen, who was also a widow.

[2] Josefa Weber.

splendid success. Heinrich played a violin concerto. Stephanie asked for you the moment he saw us and we went on talking about the old days. Up to the present I have never been offered any fast dishes. Yesterday, the 20th, we were at a lunch given to twenty-one people by Herr Müller, the actor. It was a splendid affair, but not exaggeratedly lavish. He must have a very large apartment, as he has eight children and pays a yearly rent of seven hundred gulden. Herr Stephanie has a small apartment, which costs him, however, five hundred gulden, as it is in the Michaelerplatz close to the theatre. The two concerts which Herr Le Brun and his wife are giving in the theatre are on Wednesday, the 23rd, and Monday, the 28th. All the boxes for the first concert were sold out on the 18th. These people are going to make an enormous amount of money.

(525) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the Bibliothek der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, Vienna*]

VIENNA, *March 12th*, 1785

Your brother made 559 gulden at his concert, which we never expected, as he is giving six subscription concerts at the Mehlgrube to over 150 people, each of whom pays a souverain d'or for the six. Besides, as a favour he has been playing frequently at other concerts in the theatre. As for the clavier arrangement of the "Entführung aus dem Serail", all that I can tell you is that a certain Torricella[1]

[1] Christoph Torricella, a music publisher in Vienna and a member of the Masonic Lodge "Zur Beständigkeit". In May 1784 he had opened in Cramer's "Magazin der Musik" a subscription list for Mozart's clavier arrangement of the "Entführung aus dem Serail". The first act was engraved and Mozart was at work on the second act, when another clavier arrangement of the whole opera was published. See p. 1334.

is engraving it. Your brother is arranging it, but it isn't quite finished yet. He may have only completed Act I. I shall find out. Torricella has also engraved three sonatas, only one of which has a violin accompaniment.[1] Well, I shall buy everything that has been published.

We never get to bed before one o'clock and I never get up before nine. We lunch at two or half past. The weather is horrible. Every day there are concerts; and the whole time is given up to teaching, music, composing and so forth. I feel rather out of it all. If only the concerts were over! It is impossible for me to describe the rush and bustle. Since my arrival your brother's fortepiano has been taken at least a dozen times to the theatre or to some other house. He has had a large fortepiano pedal made, which is under the instrument and is about two feet longer and extremely heavy. It is taken to the Mehlgrube every Friday and has also been taken to Count Zichy's and to Prince Kaunitz's.[2]

(526) *Mozart to Professor Anton Klein, Mannheim*[3]

[*Autograph in the possession of Stefan Zweig*]

VIENNA, *March 21st*, 1785

MOST HIGHLY ESTEEMED PRIVY COUNCILLOR!

It was very wrong of me, I must confess, not to have informed you at once of the safe arrival of your letter and

[1] K. 333, 284 and 454. See p. 1312, n. 7.

[2] Another letter from Leopold Mozart to his daughter sent from Vienna and dated March 19th, 1785, contains this interesting statement: "If my son *has no debts to pay*, I think that he can now lodge two thousand gulden in the bank. Certainly the money is there, and so far as eating and drinking is concerned, the housekeeping is extremely economical."

[3] Professor Anton Klein (1748–1810), an ex-Jesuit, was a lecturer on philosophy and aesthetics and a popular dramatist. He wrote the text of Holzbauer's successful opera "Günther von Schwarzburg" and in 1780 a drama "Kaiser Rudolf von Habsburg", which he sent to Mozart with the suggestion that the latter should set it to music.

the parcel which you sent along with it. You presume that in the meantime I have received two more letters from you; but this is not the case. The first would have instantly aroused me from my slumber and I should have replied, as I am now doing. No, I received last post-day your two letters together. Well, I have already acknowledged my guilt in not replying immediately. But as for the opera, I should have been able to say as little then as I can now. Dear Privy Councillor! My hands are so full that I scarcely ever find a minute I can call my own. A man of such great insight and experience as yourself will know even better than I that a libretto of this kind has to be read through with all possible attention and deliberation, and not once only, but several times. So far I have not had time to read it through even once without interruption. All that I can say at the moment is that I should not like to part with it yet. So I beg you to leave the play with me for a little longer. If I should feel inclined to set it to music, I should like to know beforehand whether its production has actually been arranged for at a particular place; for a work of this kind, from the point of view both of the poetry and of the music, deserves a better fate than to be composed to no purpose. I trust that you will clear up this point.

At the moment I cannot send you any news about the coming German operatic stage, as at present, apart from the building operations at the Kärntherthor theatre, which has been set apart for this purpose, things are progressing very slowly. They say that it is to be opened early in October. I for my part have no great hopes of its success. To judge by the preparations which have been made up to the present, it looks as if they were trying altogether to ruin German opera, which is probably only suffering a temporary eclipse, rather than to help to put it on its legs again and keep it going. My sister-in-

law Madame Lange is the only singer who is to join the German opera. Madame Cavalieri, Adamberger, Mlle Teiber, all Germans of whom Germany may well be proud, have to stay at the Italian opera—and compete against their own countrymen! At present it is easy to count up the German singers, male and female; and even if there really are as good singers as the ones I have mentioned, or even better ones, which I very much doubt, yet I am inclined to think that the directors of our theatre are too parsimonious and too little patriotically-minded to offer large sums of money to strangers, when they have on the spot better singers, or at least equally good ones, whom they can rope in for nothing. For the Italian company does not need them—so far as numbers go. The company can fill all the parts themselves. The idea at present is to carry on the German opera with actors and actresses, who only sing when they must. Most unfortunately the directors of the theatre and those of the orchestra have all been retained, and it is they who owing to their ignorance and slackness are chiefly responsible for the failure of their own enterprise. Were there but one good patriot in charge—things would take a different turn. But then, perhaps, the German national theatre which is sprouting so vigorously would actually begin to flower; and of course that would be an everlasting blot on Germany, if we Germans were seriously to begin to think as Germans, to act as Germans, to speak German and, Heaven help us, to sing in German!!

Dear Privy Councillor, do not take it amiss if in my zeal I have perhaps gone too far! Completely convinced as I am that I am talking to a *true German*, I have given rein to my tongue, a thing which unfortunately is so seldom possible in these days that after such an outpouring of my heart I might boldly drink myself tipsy without running the risk of endangering my health.

I remain, with the deepest respect, most esteemed Privy Councillor, your most obedient servant

W. A. MOZART

Vienna, March 21st, 1785.

(527) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*Extract*] [*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

VIENNA, *March 25th–26th*, 1785

Well, I have twice heard Madame Lange sing five or six arias at the clavier in her own house and this she did most readily. That she sings with the greatest expression cannot be denied. I had often questioned people about her and I now understand why some said that she had a very weak voice and others that she had a very powerful one. Both statements are true. Her held notes and those she emphasises are astonishingly loud, her tender phrases, passages and grace notes and high notes are very delicate, so that in my opinion there is too much discrepancy between the two renderings. In a room her loud notes offend the ear and in a theatre her delicate passages demand great silence and attention on the part of the audience. I shall tell you more about this when we meet.

Madame Lange's husband is a fine painter. He did a sketch of me yesterday evening on a sheet of red paper.[1]

(528) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

VIENNA, *April 16th*, 1785

Baroness von Waldstädten is sending us her horses on Tuesday and we are to drive out to see her at Kloster-

[1] This sketch of Leopold Mozart has unfortunately been lost.



JOSEF AND ALOYSIA LANGE (1785)

From an engraving by Daniel Berger after a drawing by Josef Lange
(Mozart Museum, Salzburg)

neuburg, her present headquarters, lunch with her and return in the evening. I am very anxious to meet this woman of my heart, since I, *invisus*, have been the man of her heart.[1]

(529) *Mozart to Joseph Haydn, Eisenstadt*

[*Autograph in the possession of Frau Iselin-Merian, Basle*]

VIENNA, *September 1st*, 1785

To my dear friend Haydn.

A father who had decided to send out his sons into the great world, thought it his duty to entrust them to the protection and guidance of a man who was very celebrated at the time and who, moreover, happened to be his best friend.

In like manner I send my six sons to you, most celebrated and very dear friend. They are, indeed, the fruit of a long and laborious study; but the hope which many friends have given me that this toil will be in some degree rewarded, encourages me and flatters me with the thought that these children may one day prove a source of consolation to me.

During your last stay in this capital you yourself, my very dear friend, expressed to me your approval of these compositions. Your good opinion encourages me to offer them to you and leads me to hope that you will not consider them wholly unworthy of your favour. Please then receive them kindly and be to them a father, guide and friend! From this moment I surrender to you all my rights over them. I entreat you, however, to be indulgent to those faults which may have escaped a father's partial eye, and, in spite of them, to continue your generous

[1] See p. 1223 f.

friendship towards one who so highly appreciates it. Meanwhile I remain with all my heart, dearest friend, your most sincere friend

W. A. MOZART[1]

Vienna, September 1st, 1785.

(530) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *September 16th–17th*, 1785

It will be four weeks to-morrow since I had a letter from your brother. He is probably in the country. I do hope that I shall have a letter to-morrow, as I have written to him twice. Or perhaps he is going to come himself?

I have this moment received a letter from your brother. He says that he had already written, telling me the story about Lang,[2] which was made known to the public in the *Wiener Courant*. He adds that the Emperor said to your sister-in-law: "What a difference it makes to have a good husband!" Your brother has dedicated his quartets to Herr Joseph Haydn with an Italian dedication.[3] I am to have them by the next mail coach. Your brother kisses you and your husband most cordially. He says that I ought to send Fiala to Vienna and that he will take him at once to Count von Kufstein,[4] so that he may obtain an appointment without delay.

[1] This dedication is in Italian. The six compositions are the string quartets K. 387, 421, 458, 428, 464, 465, composed during the years 1782–1785 and published with this dedication by Artaria and Co.

[2] Possibly Josef Lange, the husband of Aloysia Weber, who was known to be exceedingly jealous.

[3] See p. 1329.

[4] Johann Ferdinand, Count von Kufstein (1752–1818), was Court Councillor in Vienna and an amateur violinist and composer. He was one of Mozart's patrons, and in 1784 subscribed to his concerts.

(531) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *November 3rd–4th*, 1785

I haven't had a single line from your brother. His last letter was dated September 14th and the quartets were to have come by the next mail coach.[1] If he were ill, Herr Artaria would have informed me in his letter of September 28th. The journalist[2] met me a few days ago and said: "It is really astonishing to see what a number of compositions your son is publishing.[3] In all the announcements of musical works I see nothing but Mozart. The Berlin announcements, when quoting the quartets, only add the following words: 'It is quite unnecessary to recommend these quartets to the public. Suffice it to say that they are the work of Herr Mozart.' " I had nothing to say as I knew nothing, for it was more than six weeks since I had had a letter from your brother. My informant said something too about a new opera.[4] Basta! I daresay we shall hear about it.

(532) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *November 11th*, 1785

At last I have received a letter of twelve lines from your brother, dated November 2nd. He begs to be forgiven, as he is up to the eyes in work at his opera "Le Nozze di

[1] See p. 1330.

[2] Professor Lorenz Hübner of Munich, who since the previous year had been editor of the *Salzburger Zeitung*, later *Oberdeutsche Staatszeitung*.

[3] Artaria and Co. had published in 1785 the symphonies K. 385 and 319, the six quartets dedicated to Haydn, the three clavier concertos K. 413-415, the fantasia and sonata for clavier K. 475 and 457, while Torricella and Hoffmeister had printed a few minor works.

[4] "Le Nozze di Figaro."

Figaro". He thanks me and both of you for our good wishes and asks me particularly to make his excuses to you and to tell you with his love that he hasn't time to answer your letter at once. He adds that in order to keep the morning free for composing, he is now taking all his pupils in the afternoon, etc. I know the piece; it is a very tiresome play and the translation from the French will certainly have to be altered very freely, if it is to be effective as an opera.[1] God grant that the text may be a success. I have no doubt about the music. But there will be a lot of running about and discussions, before he gets the libretto so adjusted as to suit his purpose exactly. And no doubt according to his charming habit he has kept on postponing matters and has let the time slip by. So now he must set to work seriously, as Count Rosenberg is prodding him.

(533) *Mozart to Franz Anton Hoffmeister*[2]

[*Autograph in the Bibliothek der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, Vienna*]

MY DEAR HOFFMEISTER! VIENNA, *November 20th*, 1785

I turn to you in my distress and beg you to help me out with some money, which I need very badly at the moment. Further, I entreat you to endeavour to procure for me as soon as possible the thing you know about. Forgive me for constantly worrying you, but as you know me and are aware how anxious I am that your business should succeed, I am convinced that you will not

[1] Beaumarchais' comedy "Le mariage de Figaro, ou La folle journée" was first produced in Paris on April 27th, 1784, and was repeated sixty-eight times. Two German translations by Johann Rautenstrauch and Johann Friedrich Unger were printed immediately, although the play itself was forbidden in Vienna. Da Ponte used Beaumarchais' comedy as the basis for his libretto.

[2] Franz Anton Hoffmeister (1754–1812), composer and music publisher. No doubt this request refers to his publication of Mozart's piano quartet K. 478. Hoffmeister noted on the envelope, "two ducats".

misconstrue my importunity and that you will help me as readily as I shall help you.

MZT.

November 20th, 1785.

(534) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *December 2nd–3rd*, 1785

At last the messenger brought me yesterday from the mail coach a carefully packed parcel containing the six quartets[1] and three scores, that is, a quartet for piano, violin, viola and 'cello obbligato[2] and the two grand new piano concertos.[3] The piano quartet was only finished on October 16th and your brother has sent me printed copies of the violin and viola parts, which have already been engraved. I was feeling horribly bored. Fortunately young Preymann[4] turned up at five o'clock and, although my eyes were rather tired as I had been writing during the morning and the afternoon an exceptionally long letter to Marchand which I had just taken to the post, yet it was refreshing to work carefully through three of the new quartets with Preymann as I did until eight o'clock. We can now perform them some time, as I shall coach two people in the

[1] The quartets dedicated to Haydn. See p. 1330, n. 1.

[2] K. 478, piano quartet in G minor, composed in 1785 and published by Franz Anton Hoffmeister.

[3] K. 466 in D minor and K. 467 in C major, both composed in 1785. In a letter of January 14th, 1786, Leopold Mozart makes the following interesting remarks about the concerto in C major: "Indeed the new concerto is astonishingly difficult. But I very much doubt whether there are any mistakes, as the copyist has checked it. Several passages simply do not harmonise unless one hears all the instruments playing together. But of course it is quite possible that the copyist may have read a ♯ for a ♭ in the score or something of the kind, for indeed it is not quite right. I shall get to the bottom of it all when I see the original score."

[4] Anton Preymann (1762–1841), a violinist in the Salzburg court orchestra, who subsequently joined Prince Liechtenstein's orchestra in Vienna and frequently performed at the Burgtheater.

second violin and 'cello parts and play the viola myself. The copyist at the moment has enough to copy and it will be slow work. I am letting him do the clavier parts first of all, for the concertos will require a great deal of practice.

(535) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *December 16th*, 1785

Well, what I told my son long ago has now happened, and a clavier arrangement of the "Entführung" has been published by the Augsburg bookseller Stage at the price of seven gulden and I forget how many kreutzer. Canon Stark has arranged it for the clavier. It has been engraved at Mainz and has been trumpeted forth in the Augsburg papers with many laudatory remarks about the famous Herr von Mozart.[1] If Torricella has already engraved a large portion of your brother's own arrangement, he will lose considerably.[2] And your brother will have wasted his time arranging two acts, which, I think, he had already finished.

(536) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *January 13th*, 1786

I received a command from the Archbishop to write to your brother about André, who is living with him. So is Fiala. If André will undertake to serve the Archbishop for fifteen gulden a month, he will be appointed. Another nice commission for me! I wrote at once. Meanwhile to two letters of mine I have had only one reply from your brother, dated December 28th, in which he said that he

[1] This unauthorised clavier arrangement of Mozart's opera by the Mainz choirmaster Stark was published there by Schott. Evidently the Augsburg bookseller Stage was selling copies.

[2] Torricella had already engraved the first act of Mozart's arrangement.

gave without much preparation three subscription concerts to 120 subscribers, that he composed for this purpose a new piano concerto in E♭,[1] in which (a rather unusual occurrence!) he had to repeat the Andante, and that he had taken Fiala in at once. He did not mention André, but Norman[2] wrote about this to Brunetti. Your brother added that he had already made three separate attempts to find some means by which Fiala might earn a living and that he would send me by the mail coach a new clavier sonata.[3]

(537) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the British Museum*]

MUNICH, *February* [?16*th*], 1786

I really think that Heinrich must have practised extremely hard, for you will be surprised when you hear him play your brother's Fantasia and Sonata,[4] which I sent you and which he too possesses, and also Clementi's sonatas. He played them on Herr von Hofstetter's[5] fortepiano so excellently that I was thrilled.

(538) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *March 23rd–24th*, 1786

We had our concert yesterday. Marchand[6] performed the concerto in D minor,[7] which I sent to you the other

[1] K. 482.

[2] Norman is mentioned in a letter from Leopold Mozart to his daughter of August 30th, 1784 (see Deutsch-Paumgartner, *Leopold Mozarts Briefe an seine Tochter*, 1936, p. 7), as the new fiddler who had performed before the Archbishop. Evidently Norman had moved on to Vienna.

[3] K. 457, sonata in C minor, and the fantasia in the same key, K. 475, which Mozart composed for his pupil Frau von Trattner, and which were published in December 1785 by Artaria and Co.

[4] K. 475 and 457. [5] An amateur musician and copyist of Salzburg.

[6] Heinrich Marchand, Leopold Mozart's pupil, who was not only a good violinist but also an excellent clavierist. [7] K. 466.

day. As you have the clavier part, he played it from the score and Haydn[1] turned over the pages for him and at the same time had the pleasure of seeing with what art it is composed, how delightfully the parts are interwoven and what a difficult concerto it is. I chose this one, as you have the clavier parts of all the others and I still possessed the score of this one. We rehearsed it in the morning and had to practise the rondo three times before the orchestra could manage it, as Marchand took it rather quickly. This time too there was a great crowd and all the Ecclesiastical Councillors and University Professors were present. Madame Schlauka[2] made a good deal of money, for during the interval the members of the orchestra have a rest and come down into the hall, where the majority hasten to take some refreshments, which are very daintily and liberally served. In short, the Emperor might have been there. The Archbishop remained until nine o'clock.

(539) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*Extract*] [*From Otto Jahn, W. A. Mozart, vol. iv. p.* 189]

SALZBURG, *April* [?25*th*], 1786

"Le Nozze di Figaro" is being performed on the 28th for the first time.[3] It will be surprising if it is a success, for I know that very powerful cabals have ranged themselves against your brother. Salieri and all his supporters will again try to move heaven and earth to down his opera. Duschek told me recently that it is on account of the very great reputation which your brother's exceptional talent and ability have won for him that so many people are plotting against him.

[1] Michael Haydn. [2] The wife of one of the Archbishop's valets.

[3] The first performance of "Le Nozze di Figaro" took place on May 1st, 1786.

(540) *Mozart to Sebastian Winter, Donaueschingen*

[*Autograph in the Fürstlich Fürstenbergische Hofbibliothek, Donaueschingen*]

VIENNA, *August 8th*, 1786

DEAREST FRIEND! COMPANION OF MY YOUTH!

I was particularly delighted to receive your letter and nothing but business which could not be postponed has prevented me from replying sooner. I am very glad that you have applied to me in person. I should long ago have sent some specimens of my poor work to your highly respected Prince[1] (to whom I beg you to convey my homage and my thanks for the present he has sent me), if I had known whether or not my father had already sent him something and, if so, what he had sent. I am therefore jotting down at the end of my letter a list of my latest compositions from which His Highness has only to choose, so that I may hasten to serve him. If His Highness should so desire, I shall send him in future all the new works which I compose. Further, I venture to make a little musical offer to His Highness which I beg you, my friend, to put before him. As His Highness possesses an orchestra, he might like to have works composed by me *for performance solely at his court*, a thing which in my humble opinion would be very gratifying. If His Highness would be so gracious as to order from me every year a certain number of symphonies, quartets, concertos for different instruments, or any other compositions which he fancies, and to promise me a fixed yearly salary, then His Highness would be served more quickly and more satisfactorily, and I, being sure of that commission, should work with greater peace of mind. I do trust that His Highness will not take my proposal amiss, if it does not

[1] Josef Wenzeslaus, Prince von Fürstenberg, who in 1764 had taken into his household Sebastian Winter, the Mozarts' valet and friseur.

suit him, for it is prompted indeed by an impulse of genuine anxiety to serve His Highness diligently, which in such a situation as mine is only possible if one can be sure of at least some support and can afford to give up less important tasks.

Awaiting an early reply with the order from your most worthy Prince, I ever remain your true friend and servant

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

Vienna, August 8th, 1786.

SINFONIE [1]

di WOLFGANGO AMADEO MOZART



CONCERTI PER CEMBALO [2]



[1] K. 425 (1783), K. 385 (1782), K. 319 (1779), K. 338 (1780).
[2] K. 453 (1784), K. 456 (1784), K. 451 (1784), K. 459 (1784), K. 488 (1786).

2.



3.



4.



5.



SONATA PER CEMBALO CON VIOLINO[1]
TERZETTO: CEMBALO, VIOLINO E VIOLONCELLO[2]



QUARTETTO: CEMBALO, VIOLINO, VIOLA
E VIOLONCELLO[3]



[1] K. 481 (1785). [2] K. 496 (1786).
[3] K. 478 (1785). The incipits of all these works are given exactly as they appear in the autograph of the letter. In some cases they differ from the generally accepted versions.

(541) *Mozart to Sebastian Winter, Donaueschingen*

[*Autograph in the Fürstliche Fürstenbergische Hofbibliothek, Donaueschingen*]

DEAREST FRIEND! VIENNA, *September 30th*, 1786

The music you asked for is being sent off to-morrow by the mail coach.[1] You will find at the end of this letter the amount due to me for the copies. It is quite natural that some of my compositions should be sent abroad, but those which I do send are deliberately chosen. I only sent you the themes, because it is quite possible that these works have not reached you. But the compositions which I keep for myself or for a small circle of music-lovers and connoisseurs (who promise not to let them out of their hands) cannot possibly be known elsewhere, as they are not even known in Vienna. And this is the case with the three concertos which I have the honour of sending to His Highness. But here I have been obliged to add to the cost of copying a small additional fee of six ducats for each concerto; and I must ask His Highness not to let them out of his hands. There are two clarinets in the A major concerto.[2] Should His Highness not have any clarinets at his court, a competent copyist might transpose the parts into the suitable keys, in which case the first part should be played by a violin and the second by a viola. As for the offer which I took the liberty of making to your worthy Prince, I should have to be exactly informed, first of all, as to what kinds of composition His Highness might require or prefer and, secondly, as to how many of each kind he would like to have every year, in order to be able to make my calculations. I wish to offer my homage to His Highness, and I request you to make known to him my desire. And now, dearest friend! Companion of my

[1] The Prince had ordered three symphonies, K. 425, 319, 338, and three clavier concertos, K. 451, 459 and 488. [2] K. 488.

youth! As I have often been in Rickan[1] during these many years and yet have never had the pleasure of meeting you, my dearest wish indeed would be that you should visit me in Vienna or that I should visit you at Donaueschingen. The latter I should almost prefer, for in addition to the pleasure of embracing you I should have the privilege of paying my respects to your most gracious Prince, and I should be more forcibly reminded of the many favours which in my younger years I enjoyed at his court, favours which I shall never forget as long as I live. Awaiting an early reply and in the flattering hope of meeting you once more in this world, I am ever your most devoted friend and servant

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

Vienna, September 30th, 1786.

Account	Gulden	Kreutzer
Three concertos without the piano parts		
109 sheets @ 8 kreutzer	14	32
Three piano parts		
33½ sheets @ 10 kreutzer	5	35
Fee for the three concertos		
18 ducats @ 4 gulden, 30 kreutzer	81	..
Three symphonies		
116½ sheets @ 8 kreutzer	15	32
Customs fee and postage	3	..
TOTAL	119	39[2]

[1] This is the word in the autograph. It may have some connection with an anecdote which Mozart's sister sent in November 1799 to Breitkopf and Härtel (see Nottebohm, p. 137, n. 1), describing how during their early travels her brother imagined a Kingdom called Rücken, of which he was to be King and for which their servant, Sebastian Winter, had to sketch a map.

[2] The autograph has a note by Sebastian Winter, stating that the letter was received on October 11th, the music on October 14th, and that the sum of 143½ gulden was sent to Mozart on November 8th.

(542) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *November 17th–18th*, 1786

I had to reply to-day to a letter from your brother, and this took me a considerable time. So I cannot write very much to you. Moreover it is late and I want to go to the play to-day, as I have a free pass and have finished that letter to Vienna. You can easily imagine that I had to express myself very emphatically, as your brother actually suggested that I should take charge of his two children,[1] because he was proposing to undertake a journey through Germany to England in the middle of next carnival. I wrote therefore very fully and added that I would send him the continuation of my letter by the next post. Herr Müller, that good and honest maker of silhouettes,[2] had said a lot of nice things about little Leopold[3] to your brother, who heard in this way that the child is living with me. I had never told your brother. So that is how the brilliant idea occurred to him or perhaps to his wife. Not at all a bad arrangement! They could go off and travel—they might even die—or remain in England—and I should have to run off after them with the children. As for the payment which he offers me for the children and for maids to look after them, well— Basta! If he cares to do so, he will find my excuse very clear and instructive.

[1] Karl Thomas, born on September 21st, 1784, and Johann Thomas Leopold, born on October 18th, 1786. The latter died on November 15th, 1786.

[2] Possibly Franz Xaver Müller (1756–1837), a well-known copper-engraver in Vienna.

[3] Leopold Mozart had taken entire charge of Nannerl's son Leopold, who was born at Salzburg in June 1785.

(543) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *January 12th*, 1787

Your brother and his wife must be in Prague by this time, for he wrote to say that he was leaving Vienna last Monday.[1] His opera "Le Nozze di Figaro" was performed there with such success that the orchestra and a company of distinguished connoisseurs and lovers of music sent him letters inviting him to Prague and also a poem which was composed in his honour.[2] I heard this from your brother, and Count Starhemberg heard about it from Prague. I shall send you the poem by the next courier. Madame Duschek is off to Berlin. I am still receiving from Vienna, Prague and Munich reports which confirm the rumour that your brother is going to England.

(544) *Mozart to Baron Gottfried von Jacquin,*[3] *Vienna*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

DEAREST FRIEND! PRAGUE, *January 14th*, 1787

At last I have found a moment to write to you. I resolved immediately after my arrival to write four letters to Vienna, but in vain! I was only able to manage one (to my mother-in-law) and then only half of it. My wife

[1] Mozart and his wife arrived in Prague on January 11th, 1787.

[2] "Le Nozze di Figaro" had been frequently performed in Prague since December 1786 by Pasquale Bondini's theatrical company with Johann Josef Strobach as conductor. The poem composed in honour of Mozart by A. D. Breicha is quoted in R. Procházka, *Mozart in Prag*, 1892, p. 28.

[3] Gottfried von Jacquin (1763–1792) was the second son of the famous botanist, Professor Nicolaus Josef, Baron von Jacquin (1727–1817). He and his sister Franziska (1769–1853) were pupils of Mozart.

and Hofer[1] had to finish it. Immediately after our arrival at noon on Thursday, the 11th, we had a dreadful rush to get ready for lunch at one o'clock. After the meal old Count Thun[2] entertained us with some music, performed by his own people, which lasted about an hour and a half. This kind of *real entertainment* I could enjoy every day. At six o'clock I drove with Count Canal[3] to the so-called Bretfeld[4] ball, where the cream of the beauties of Prague are wont to gather. Why—*you* ought to have been there, my friend! I fancy I see you running, or rather, limping after all those pretty women, married and unmarried! I neither danced nor flirted with any of them, the former, because I was too tired, and the latter owing to my natural bashfulness. I looked on, however, with the greatest pleasure while all these people flew about in sheer delight to the music of my "Figaro", arranged for quadrilles and waltzes. For here they talk about nothing but "Figaro". Nothing is played, sung or whistled but "Figaro". No opera is drawing like "Figaro". Nothing, nothing but "Figaro". Certainly a great honour for me! Well, to return to my order of the day. As I got home very late from the ball and moreover was tired and sleepy after my journey, nothing in the world could be more natural than that I should sleep it out next morning; which was just what I did. So the whole of the next morning was spent *sine linea*. After lunch the Count's music must always be listened to, and as on that very day an excellent pianoforte had been put in my room, you may readily suppose that I did not leave it unused and

[1] Franz de Paula Hofer (1755–1796), court violinist in Vienna. He married, in July 1788, Frau Weber's eldest daughter Josefa.

[2] As Madame Duschek was in Berlin, the Mozarts stayed with Count Thun.

[3] Josef Emanuel, Count Canal von Malabaila (1745–1826), botanist and lover of music, lived in Prague and had a private orchestra.

[4] Baron Bretfeld, a wealthy member of the Bohemian aristocracy, gave famous balls.



EMANUEL SCHIKANEDER

From an engraving by Löschenkohl
(Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, Vienna)

untouched for the whole evening; so as a matter of course we performed amongst ourselves a little *Quatuor in caritatis camera*[1] ("und das schöne Bandl hammera")[2] and in this way the whole evening was again spent *sine linea*; and so it actually was. Well, you must scold not me but Morpheus, for that deity is very attentive to us in Prague. What the cause may have been I know not; at any rate we slept it out. Still, we managed to be at Father Unger's at eleven o'clock and made a *thorough* inspection of the Imperial Library and the General Theological Seminary. When we had almost stared our eyes out, we thought that we heard a little stomach-aria in our insides and that it would be just as well to drive to Count Canal's for lunch. The evening surprised us sooner than you might perhaps believe. Well, it was soon time to go to the opera. We heard "Le gare generose".[3] In regard to the performance of this opera I can give no definite opinion because I talked a lot; but that quite contrary to my usual custom I chattered so much may have been due to . . . Well, never mind! that evening too was frittered away *al solito*. To-day I have at last been so fortunate as to find a moment to enquire after the health of your dear parents and the whole Jacquin family. I hope and trust with all my heart that you are all as well as we are. I must frankly admit that, although I meet with all possible courtesies and honours here and

[1] We performed a little quartet for ourselves.

[2] K. 441, called the Bandl-Terzett, a humorous three-part song for soprano, tenor and bass, which Mozart composed in 1783, and dedicated to Gottfried von Jacquin. Mozart and his wife and Jacquin were out walking one day when Constanze happened to lose a ribbon which her husband had given her and exclaimed, using the Viennese dialect: "Liebes Mandl, wo is's Bandl?" Jacquin, a tall fellow, picked up the ribbon and refused to let her have it until she or her little husband should catch it. Upon which Mozart wrote the poem which he afterwards set to music. "Und das schöne Bandl hammera" means "und das schöne Bändchen haben wir auch". See Jahn, vol. ii. p. 58.

[3] Giovanni Paisiello's "Le gare generose" was first produced at Naples in 1786.

although Prague is indeed a very beautiful and pleasant place, I long most ardently to be back in Vienna; and believe me, the chief cause of this homesickness is certainly *your* family. When I remember that after my return I shall enjoy only for a short while the pleasure of your valued society and shall then have to forgo this happiness for such a long time, perhaps for ever, then indeed I realise the extent of the friendship and regard which I cherish for your whole family.[1] Now farewell, dearest friend, dearest Hikkiti Horky! That is your name, as you must know. We all invented names for ourselves on the journey. Here they are. I am Punkitititi. My wife is Schabla Pumfa. Hofer is Rozka Pumpa. Stadler[2] is Notschibikitschibi. My servant Joseph is Sagadarata. My dog Goukerl is Schomanntzky. Madame Quallenberg is Runzifunzi. Mlle Crux[3] is Ramlo Schurimuri. Freistädtler[4] is Gaulimauli. Be so kind as to tell him his name. Well, adieu. My concert is to take place in the theatre on Friday, the 19th, and I shall probably have to give a second one, which unfortunately will prolong my stay here. Please give my kind regards to your worthy parents and embrace your brother (who by the way could be christened Blatterrizzi) a thousand times for me; and I kiss your sister's hands (her name is Signora Dini Mini Niri) a hundred thousand times and urge her to practise hard on her new pianoforte.[5] But this

[1] Mozart was planning to go to England. See p. 1342.

[2] Anton Stadler. See p. 409, n. 2.

[3] Marianne, daughter of Peter Crux, master of the ballet at the Vienna opera. She was a singer and also a successful performer on the violin and clavier.

[4] Franz Jakob Freistädtler (1768–1841), a pupil of Mozart, who composed for him K. 232, a canon for four voices on the words "Lieber Freistädtler, lieber Gaulimauli". Dr. A. Einstein has kindly supplied the interesting information that Freistädtler composed songs, a collection of which he dedicated to Josephine Aurnhammer.

[5] Gottfried von Jacquin's sister Franziska was one of Mozart's pupils.

admonition is really unnecessary, for I must confess that I have never yet had a pupil who was so diligent and who showed so much zeal—and indeed I am looking forward to giving her lessons again according to my small ability. A propos. If she wants to come to-morrow, I shall certainly be at home at eleven o'clock. But surely it is high time to close, is it not? You will have been thinking so for a long time. Farewell, beloved friend! Keep me in your precious friendship. Write to me soon—very very soon—and if perchance you are too lazy to do so, send for Satmann and dictate a letter to him, though indeed no letter comes as much from the heart as it does when one writes oneself. Well, I shall see whether you are as truly my friend as I am entirely yours and ever shall be.

MOZART

P.S.—Address the letter which you will possibly write to me "At Count Thun's palace".

My wife sends her love to the whole Jacquin family, and so does Hofer.

P.S.—On Wednesday I am to see and hear "Figaro" in Prague, if I have not become deaf and blind before then. Possibly I may not become so until after the opera.[1]

(545) *Leopold Mozart to his Daughter*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *March 1st–2nd*, 1787

At half past six o'clock on Monday evening I received from Madame Storace, the Vienna opera singer, a note saying that she had arrived at the Trinkstube. I found her mother with her, who is an Englishwoman (the

[1] For an excellent account of Mozart's four visits to Prague in 1787, 1789 and 1791, see R. Procházka, *Mozart in Prag*, 1892.

daughter was born in England), the Vienna opera tenor O'Kelly,[1] who is an Englishman by birth, another Englishman whom I did not know but who is probably cicisbeo to the mother and daughter, her brother, Maestro Storace,[2] and a little Englishman called Attwood,[3] who was sent to Vienna two years ago for the sole purpose of taking lessons from your brother. As Madame Storace had a letter of introduction from Countess Guntacker Colloredo, the Archbishop was obliged to hear her sing and to give her a handsome present. After a year's stay in London she is returning to the Vienna opera.[4] I galloped round the town with them on Tuesday from ten to two in order to show them a few sights. We lunched at two o'clock. In the evening she sang three arias and they left for Munich at midnight. They had two carriages, each with four post-horses. A servant rode in advance as courier to arrange for the changing of eight horses. Goodness, what luggage they had! This journey must have cost them a fortune. They all spoke English, far more than Italian. A funny thing is that my son sent a letter for me to the house where his pupil Attwood was staying. Attwood had gone out and Madame Storace's mother took the letter and was stupid enough to pack it

[1] Michael Kelly (1762–1826), who in Mozart's catalogue of his own works appears as "Occhelly", was born in Dublin. He went to Naples in 1779 to be trained as an operatic tenor, and four years later came to Vienna where he enjoyed the intimate friendship of Mozart. Kelly took the parts of Basilio and Don Curzio in the first performance of "Le Nozze di Figaro". He also composed songs which were popular. His *Reminiscences* in two volumes, written by Theodore Hook with the help of material supplied by Kelly, appeared in 1826. They contain accounts of Mozart which are both interesting and important.

[2] Stephen Storace (1763–1796) had composed two operas in Vienna.

[3] Thomas Attwood (1765–1838) first studied music at Naples from 1783 until 1785, and then went to Vienna to learn composition under Mozart. His exercise books are now in the possession of Mr. C. B. Oldman. In 1796 he was appointed organist of St. Paul's Cathedral. In later life Attwood wrote many successful operas and became a close friend of Mendelssohn.

[4] Nancy Storace never returned to Vienna.

in some trunk or maybe to lose it. Basta! the letter was not to be found. I shall write to your brother about it to-morrow. As for your brother I hear that he is back in Vienna. I had no reply to the letter I sent to him at Prague. The English company told me that he made a thousand gulden there, that little Leopold, his last boy, has died,[1] and that, as I had gathered, he wants to travel to England, but that his pupil[2] is first going to procure a definite engagement for him in London, I mean, a contract to compose an opera, or a subscription concert, etc. Probably Madame Storace and the whole company had filled him with stories to the same effect and these people and his pupil must have first given him the idea of accompanying them to England. But no doubt after I sent him a fatherly letter, saying that he would gain nothing by a journey in summer, as he would arrive in England at the wrong time, that he ought to have at least two thousand gulden in his pocket before undertaking such an expedition, and finally that, unless he had procured in advance some definite engagement in London, he would have to be prepared, no matter how clever he was, to be hard up at first at any rate, he has probably lost courage, particularly as Madame Storace's brother will of course write the opera for the next season.[3]

(546) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph formerly in the Musikhistorisches Museum von W. Heyer, Cologne*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE! VIENNA, *April 4th*, 1787

I am very much annoyed that owing to the stupidity of Madame Storace my letter never reached you. Amongst

[1] Mozart's third child, Johann Thomas Leopold, died on November 15th, 1786. [2] Thomas Attwood.

[3] Stephen Storace's "La cameriera astuta" was performed on March 4th, 1788, at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket.

other things it contained, I expressed the hope that you had received my last letter; but as you do not mention this particular one, I mean, my second letter from Prague, I do not know what to think. It is quite likely that some servant of Count Thun's [1] had the brilliant idea of pocketing the postage money. Indeed I would rather pay double postage than suspect that my letters have fallen into the wrong hands. Ramm and the two Fischers, the bass singer [2] and the oboist from London,[3] came here this Lent. If the latter when we knew him in Holland [4] played no better than he does now, he certainly does not deserve the reputation he enjoys. *But this is between ourselves.* In those days I was not competent to form an opinion. All that I remember is that I liked his playing immensely, as indeed everyone did. This is quite understandable, of course, on the assumption that taste can undergo remarkable changes. Possibly he plays in some old-fashioned style? Not at all! The long and short of it is that he plays like a bad beginner. Young André, who took some lessons from Fiala, plays a thousand times better. And then his concertos! His own compositions! Why, each ritornello lasts a quarter of an hour; and then our hero comes in, lifts up one leaden foot after the other and stamps on the floor with each in turn. His tone is entirely nasal, and his held notes like the tremulant on the organ. Would you ever have thought that his playing

[1] The Mozarts during their stay in Prague were the guests of Count Thun. See p. 1344.

[2] Karl Ludwig Fischer (1745–1825), who took the part of Osmin in the original production of the "Entführung aus dem Serail".

[3] Johann Christian Fischer (1733–1800), a famous oboist in his day. He held an appointment at the Dresden court from 1764 until 1771, and then more or less settled in London, where he was a frequent performer at the Bach-Abel concerts. He married the daughter of Gainsborough, who painted his portrait. It was on his minuet that Mozart composed in 1774 his popular Fischer variations (K. 179).

[4] The Mozart family met J. C. Fischer at The Hague in 1765. See Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 42.

is like this? Yet it is nothing but the truth, though a truth which I should only tell to *you*.

This very moment I have received a piece of news which greatly distresses me, the more so as I gathered from your last letter that, thank God, you were very well indeed. But now I hear that you are really ill. I need hardly tell you how greatly I am longing to receive some reassuring news from yourself. And I still expect it; although I have now made a habit of being prepared in all affairs of life for the worst. As death, when we come to consider it closely, is the true goal of our existence, I have formed during the last few years such close relations with this best and truest friend of mankind, that his image is not only no longer terrifying to me, but is indeed very soothing and consoling! And I thank my God for graciously granting me the opportunity (you know what I mean) of learning that death is the *key* which unlocks the door to our true happiness. I never lie down at night without reflecting that—young as I am—I may not live to see another day. Yet no one of all my acquaintances could say that in company I am morose or disgruntled. For this blessing I daily thank my Creator and wish with all my heart that each one of my fellow-creatures could enjoy it. In the letter which Madame Storace took away with her, I expressed my views to you on this point, in connection with the sad death of my dearest and most beloved friend, Count von Hatzfeld.[1] He was just thirty-one, my own age. I do not feel sorry for him, but I pity most sincerely both myself and all who knew him as well as I did. I hope and trust that while I am writing this, you are feeling better. But if, contrary to all expectation, you are not recovering, I implore you by . . . not to hide it from me, but to tell me the whole truth or get someone to write it to me, so that as quickly as is

[1] Count August von Hatzfeld (1756–1787), an excellent amateur violinist and an intimate friend of Mozart's.

humanly possible I may come to your arms. I entreat you by all that is sacred—to both of us. Nevertheless I trust that I shall soon have a reassuring letter from you; and cherishing this pleasant hope, I and my wife and our little Karl[1] kiss your hands a thousand times and I am ever

your most obedient son

W. A. MOZART

(547) *Mozart to Baron Gottfried von Jacquin*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

DEAREST FRIEND! VIENNA, *May 29th*, 1787

Please tell Herr Exner to come at nine o'clock to-morrow morning to bleed my wife.

I send you herewith your Amynt and the sacred song. Please be so good as to give the sonata[2] to your sister with my compliments and tell her to tackle it at once, for it is rather difficult. Adieu. Your true friend

MOZART

I inform you that on returning home to-day I received the sad news of my most beloved father's death.[3] You can imagine the state I am in.

[1] Mozart's son, Karl Thomas, born on September 21st, 1784.

[2] K. 521, sonata in C major for four hands, composed in 1787, which Mozart dedicated later to two sisters, Babette and Nanette Natorp, the former of whom subsequently married Jacquin's brother.

[3] Leopold Mozart died on May 28th, 1787. The last letter of his which is preserved is addressed to his daughter, is dated May 10th–11th, and contains the following remark about his son: "Your brother is now living in the Landstrasse no. 224. He does not say why he has moved. Not a word. But unfortunately I can guess the reason." Mozart and his family, for the sake of economy, had moved at the end of April into a cheaper house, the yearly rent of which was about fifty gulden. They left this house at the end of the year.

(548) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*From Nissen, pp.* 525-526]

VIENNA, *June 16th*, 1787

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED SISTER!

I was not at all surprised, as I could easily guess the reason, that you yourself did not inform me of the sad death of our most dear father, which to me was quite unexpected. May God take him to Himself! Rest assured, my dear, that if you desire a kind brother to love and protect you, you will find one in me on every occasion. My dearest, most beloved sister! If you were still unprovided for, all this would be quite unnecessary, for, as I have already said and thought a thousand times, I should leave everything to you with the greatest delight. But as the property would really be of no use to you, while, on the contrary, it would be a considerable help to me, I think it my duty to consider my wife and child.

(549) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the possession of Frau Floersheim-Koch, Florence*]

VIENNA, *August 1st*, 1787

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED SISTER!

At the moment I am simply replying to your letters, so I am writing very little and in great haste, as I really have far too much to do. As both your husband, my dear brother-in-law, whom I ask you to kiss a thousand times for me, and I are particularly anxious to wind up the whole business as soon as possible, I am accepting his offer, on the understanding, however, that the thousand gulden shall be paid to me not in Imperial but in Viennese currency and, moreover, as a bill of exchange. Next post-

day I shall send your husband the draft of an agreement or rather of a contract between us. Then the two original documents will follow, one signed by me, the other to be signed by him. I shall send you as soon as possible some new compositions of mine for the clavier. Please do not forget about my *scores*. A thousand farewells to you. I must close. My wife and our Karl send a thousand greetings to you and your husband, and I am ever your brother who loves you sincerely,

W. A. MOZART

The Landstrasse,[1] August 1st, 1787.

(550) *Mozart to Baron Gottfried von Jacquin, Vienna*

[*Autograph in the Gräfliches Czernisches Archiv, Neuhaus*]

DEAREST FRIEND! PRAGUE, *October 15th–25th*, 1787

You probably think that my opera[2] is over by now. If so, you are a little mistaken. In the first place, the stage personnel here are not as smart as those in Vienna, when it comes to mastering an opera of this kind in a very short time. Secondly, I found on my arrival that so few preparations and arrangements had been made that it would have been absolutely impossible to produce it on the 14th, that is, yesterday. So yesterday my "Figaro" was performed in a fully lighted theatre and I myself conducted.

[1] Mozart lived here (Hauptstrasse 224, now Hühnergasse 17) from spring 1787 until about the end of the year.

[2] During his first visit to Prague in January 1787 Mozart was asked to compose an opera buffa for the autumn season, and signed a contract to this effect with the theatrical manager Bondini. He was to receive the usual fee of 100 ducats. There is no evidence to show when Mozart and Constanze arrived in Prague. They probably left Vienna early in September. "Don Giovanni", for which Da Ponte wrote the libretto, was performed on October 29th.

In this connection I have a good joke to tell you. A few of the leading ladies here, and in particular one very high and mighty one, were kind enough to find it very ridiculous, unsuitable, and Heaven knows what else that the Princess[1] should be entertained with a performance of Figaro, the "Crazy Day",[2] as the management were pleased to call it. It never occurred to them that no opera in the world, unless it is written specially for it, can be exactly suitable for such an occasion and that therefore it was of absolutely no consequence whether this or that opera were given, provided that it was a good opera and one which the Princess did not know; and "Figaro" at least fulfilled this last condition. In short by her persuasive tongue the ringleader brought things to such a pitch that the government forbade the impresario to produce this opera on that night. So she was triumphant! "*Ho vinto*",[3] she called out one evening from her box. No doubt she never suspected that the *ho* might be changed to a *sono*. But the following day Le Noble appeared, bearing a command from His Majesty to the effect that if the new opera could not be given, "Figaro" was to be performed! My friend, if only you had seen the handsome, magnificent nose of this lady! Oh, it would have amused you as much as it did me! "Don Giovanni" has now been fixed for the 24th.

October 21st. It was fixed for the 24th, but a further postponement has been caused by the illness of one of the singers. As the company is so small, the impresario is in a perpetual state of anxiety and has to spare his people as much as possible, lest some unexpected indisposition should plunge him into the most awkward of all

[1] Prince Anton of Saxony and his bride, the Archduchess Maria Theresa, a sister of the Emperor Joseph II, spent a few days in Prague during their honeymoon.

[2] The sub-title of Beaumarchais' comedy "Le mariage de Figaro" is "La folle journée".

[3] I have conquered.

situations, that of not being able to produce any show whatsoever!

So everything dawdles along here because the singers, who are lazy, refuse to rehearse on opera days and the manager, who is anxious and timid, will not force them. But what is this?—Is it possible? What vision meets my ears, what sound bombards my eyes? A letter from—— I am almost rubbing my eyes sore—Why, it is—The devil take me † God protect us † It actually is from you—indeed! If winter were not upon us, I would smash the stove in good earnest. But as I frequently use it now and intend to use it more often in future, you will allow me to express my surprise in a somewhat more moderate fashion and merely tell you in a few words that I am extraordinarily pleased to have news from you and your most precious family.

October 25th. To-day is the eleventh day that I have been scrawling this letter. You will see from this that my intentions are good. Whenever I can snatch a moment, I daub in another little piece. But indeed I cannot spend much time over it, because I am far too much at the disposal of other people and far too little at my own. I need hardly tell you, as we are such old friends, that this is not the kind of life I prefer.

My opera is to be performed for the first time next Monday, October 29th. You shall have an account of it from me a day or two later. As for the aria,[1] it is absolutely impossible to send it to you for reasons which I shall give you when we meet. I am delighted to hear what you say about Katherl,[2] that is, that she commands the respect of cats and knows how to retain the friendship of dogs. If your Papa, to whom I send most cordial greetings, likes

[1] There is no trace of this composition, if it was an aria written specially for Jacquin. Dr. A. Einstein suggests Masetto's aria in "Don Giovanni", Act I, "Ho capito, Signor, sì". [2] Mozart's dog.

to keep her, well, let us pretend that she never belonged to me. Now, farewell. Please kiss your gracious Mamma's hands for me, give my best greetings to your sister and your brother and rest assured that I shall ever be your true friend and servant

W. A. MOZART

(551) *Mozart to Baron Gottfried von Jacquin, Vienna*

[*Autograph in the Nationalbibliothek, Vienna*]

PRAGUE, *November 4th–9th*, 1787

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED FRIEND!

I hope you received my letter. My opera "Don Giovanni" had its first performance on October 29th and was received with the greatest applause. It was performed yesterday for the fourth time, for my benefit. I am thinking of leaving here on the 12th or 13th. When I return, you shall have the aria[1] at once, remember, *between ourselves*. How I wish that my good friends, particularly you and Bridi,[2] were here just for one evening in order to share my pleasure! But perhaps my opera will be performed in Vienna after all! I hope so.[3] People here are doing their best to persuade me to remain on for a couple of months and write another one. But I cannot accept this proposal, however flattering it may be. Well, dearest friend, how are you? I trust that you *all* are as fit and well as we are. You cannot fail to be happy, dearest friend, for

[1] See p. 1356, n. 1.

[2] Giuseppe Antonio Bridi, a young merchant from Roveredo, who had a fine tenor voice and enjoyed the friendship of Mozart. He published in 1827 a volume of *Brevi notizie intorno ad alcuni compositori di musica*, in which he records his association with Mozart. In Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 49, a Doctor Bridi appears in Mozart's handwriting in the list of their acquaintances at Roveredo. Possibly he was the father of G. A. Bridi.

[3] "Don Giovanni" was performed in Vienna on May 7th, 1788.

you possess everything that you can wish for *at your age and in your position*, particularly as you now seem to be entirely giving up your former rather *restless way of living*. Surely you are becoming every day more convinced of the truth of the little lectures I used to inflict upon you? Surely the pleasure of a transient, capricious infatuation is as far removed as heaven from earth from the blessed happiness of a deep and true affection? Surely in your heart of hearts you often feel grateful to me for my admonitions? You will end up by making me quite conceited. But, jesting apart, you do owe me some thanks after all, if you have become worthy of Fräulein N——,[1] for I certainly played no insignificant part in your reform or conversion. My great-grandfather used to say to his wife, my great-grandmother, who in turn told her daughter, my grandmother, who repeated it to her daughter, my mother, who used to remind her daughter, my own sister, that to talk well and eloquently was a very great art, but that an equally great one was to know the right moment to stop. So I shall follow the advice of my sister, thanks to our mother, grandmother and great-grandmother, and put a stop not only to my moral digression but to my whole letter.

November 9th. It has been a most pleasant surprise to receive your second letter. If the song in question is necessary to prove my friendship for you, you have no further cause to doubt it, for here it is.[2] But I trust that even *without this song* you are convinced of my true friendship, and in this hope I remain ever your most sincere friend

W. A. MOZART

P.S.—That neither your dear parents nor your brother

[1] Marianne von Natorp, to whom Gottfried von Jacquin dedicated some songs. [2] K. 530, "Wo bist du, Bild", written for Gottfried von Jacquin.

and sister should have sent me any remembrances, I really cannot understand. I put it down, my friend, to *your* forgetfulness and flatter myself that I am not mistaken. Now I must explain the double seal. The red wax was no good, so I put black wax on the top of it. And I had left my usual seal behind me in Vienna.

Adieu. I hope to embrace you soon.

We both send our compliments to your whole family and to the Natorps.[1]

(552) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the British Museum*][2]

DEAREST SISTER, VIENNA, *December 19th*, 1787

I most humbly beg your pardon for having left you so long without an answer. Of my writing "Don Giovanni" for Prague and of the opera's triumphant success you may have heard already, but that His Majesty the Emperor has now taken me into his service[3] will probably be news to you. I am sure you will be pleased to hear it. Will you please send me the box with my scores as soon as possible? As for recent clavier music of my own, will you please note down the themes of the pieces I have sent you from Vienna and send them to me, so that I may not send you anything twice over? This will be to your advantage as well as mine.

Well, good-bye, dear sister. Write to me frequently. If I don't always answer promptly, put it down not to any negligence on my part, but simply to stress of work.

[1] See p. 1352, n. 2. For a full account of the Natorp family and their connection with the Jacquins and Mozart see Deutsch-Oldman, *ZMW*, xiv., and Hedwig Kraus, *ZMW*, xv.

[2] This letter was first published by Mr. C. B. Oldman in *The Musical Times*, July 1929.

[3] Mozart's appointment as Kammerkomponist to the Emperor Joseph II dated from December 7th, 1787. His yearly income was 800 gulden. Gluck, his predecessor, had received 2000 gulden.

Adieu. I embrace you with all my heart and am ever your sincerely affectionate brother

W. A. MOZART

A thousand kisses from my wife, who is expecting to be confined any moment.[1] All sorts of messages to your dear husband from us both.

(553) *Mozart to Michael Puchberg* [2]

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana, p.* 55][3]

DEAREST BROTHER![4] VIENNA, *early in June*, 1788

Your true friendship and brotherly love embolden me to ask a great favour of you. I still owe you eight ducats. Apart from the fact that at the moment I am not in a position to pay you back this sum, my confidence in you is so boundless that I dare to implore you to help me out with a hundred gulden until next week, when my concerts in the Casino are to begin. By that time I shall certainly have received my subscription money and shall then be able quite easily to pay you back 136 gulden with my warmest thanks.

[1] The Mozarts' fourth child, a daughter, christened Theresia, was born on December 27th. She died six months later, on June 29th, 1788.

[2] Michael Puchberg was a wealthy merchant of Vienna and a talented musician. He was closely connected with several Masonic Lodges, though not with the particular Lodge "Zur Wohltätigkeit", of which Mozart had become a member in December 1784. For a very full account of Mozart's connections with the leading Freemasons in Vienna and the works he composed for their festive occasions, see Otto Erich Deutsch, *Mozart und die Wiener Logen*, Vienna, 1932.

[3] The only source for nearly all Mozart's letters to Puchberg is Nottebohm's *Mozartiana*, Leipzig, 1880, which, however, rarely quotes any dates. The present arrangement of these letters follows that of Ludwig Schiedermair, which is based on Spitta's article, "Zur Herausgabe der Briefe Mozarts", in the *AMZ*, 1880, p. 402 f.

[4] i.e. Brother Freemason.



ANTONIO SALIERI

From an engraving by C. F. Riedel
(C. B. Oldman, Esq., London)

I take the liberty of sending you two tickets which, as a brother, I beg you to accept without payment, seeing that, as it is, I shall never be able adequately to return the friendship which you have shown me.

Once more I ask your forgiveness for my importunity and with greetings to your esteemed wife I remain in true friendship and fraternal love, your most devoted brother

W. A. MOZART [1]

(554) *Mozart to Michael Puchberg*

[*Autograph in the possession of Frau Floersheim-Koch, Florence*]

VIENNA, *June 17th*, 1788

MOST HONOURABLE BROTHER OF THE ORDER,[2]
DEAREST, MOST BELOVED FRIEND!

The conviction that you are *indeed my friend* and that you know me to be *a man of honour* encourages me to open my heart to you completely and to make you the following request. In accordance with my natural frankness I shall go straight to the point without affectation.

If you have sufficient regard and friendship for me to assist me for a year or two with one or two thousand gulden, at a suitable rate of interest, you will help me enormously! You yourself will surely admit *the sense and truth* of my statement when I say that it is difficult, nay impossible, to live when one has to wait for various odd sums. If one has not at least *a minimum of capital* behind one, it is impossible to keep one's affairs in order. *Nothing* can be done with nothing. If you will do me this kindness then, *primo*, as I shall have some money to go on with, I can meet necessary expenses *whenever they occur*, and therefore *more easily*, whereas now I have to *postpone*

[1] Puchberg noted on this letter, "sent 100 gulden".
[2] i.e. of Freemasons.

payments and then often *at the most awkward time* have to spend *all I receive at one go*; *secondo*, I can work with a mind *more free* from care and *with a lighter heart*, and thus *earn more*. As to security I do not suppose that you will have any doubts. You know more or less how I stand and you know *my principles*. You need not be anxious about the subscription: I am now extending the time by a few months.[1] I have hopes of finding more patrons *abroad* than *here*.

I have now opened my *whole* heart to you in a matter which is of the utmost importance to me; that is, I have acted as a *true brother*. But it is only with a *true brother* that one can be *perfectly* frank. And now I look forward eagerly to your reply, which I do hope will be *favourable*. I do not know, but I take you to be *a man* who, provided he can do so, will like *myself* certainly assist a friend, if he be a *true* friend, or his brother, if he be *indeed a brother*. If you should find it inconvenient to part with so large a sum at once, then I beg you to lend me until to-morrow *at least a couple of hundred* gulden, as my landlord in the Landstrasse has been so importunate that in order to avoid an unpleasant incident I have had to pay him on the spot, and this has made things very awkward for me! We are sleeping to-night, for the first time, in our new quarters, where we shall remain both summer and winter.[2] On the whole the change is all the same to me, in fact I prefer it. As it is, I have very little to do in town and, as I am not exposed to so many visitors, I shall have more time for work. If I have to go to town on business, which will certainly not be very often, any fiacre will take me there for ten kreutzer. Moreover our rooms are cheaper

[1] Mozart is probably referring to the subscription list for his concerts.

[2] The Mozarts had left the Landstrasse by December 1787, as their fourth child was born on December 27th in a house (which has now disappeared) "Unter den Tuchlauben 281". They moved again into a house in a street somewhat outside the town.

and during the spring, summer and autumn *more pleasant*, as I have a garden too. The address is Währingergasse, bei den Drei Sternen. No. 135.[1] Pray regard this letter as a real proof of my complete confidence in you and remain ever my friend and brother as I shall be until the grave, your true, most devoted friend and brother

W. A. MOZART[2]

P.S.—When are we to have a little musical party at your house again?

I have composed a new trio![3]

(555) *Mozart to Michael Puchberg*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

MOST HONOURABLE B.O.,[4] VIENNA, *June 27th*, 1788

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED FRIEND!

I have been expecting to go to town myself one of these days and to be able to thank you in person for the kindness you have shown me. But now I should not even have the courage to appear before you, as I am obliged to tell you frankly that it is impossible for me to pay back so soon the money you have lent me and that I must beg you to be patient with me! I am very much distressed that your circumstances at the moment prevent you from assisting me as much as I could wish, for my position is so serious that I am unavoidably obliged to raise money somehow. But, good God, in whom can I confide? In no one but you, my best friend! If you would only be so kind as to get the money for me through some other channel!

[1] This house still exists as Währingerstrasse 28.
[2] Puchberg noted on this letter, "sent 200 gulden on June 17th, 1788".
[3] K. 542, piano trio in E major. [4] i.e. Brother of the Order.

I shall willingly pay the interest and whoever lends it to me will, I believe, have sufficient security in my character and my income.[1] I am only too grieved to be in such an extremity; but that is the very reason why I should like a *fairly substantial* sum for a *somewhat longer period*, I mean, in order to be able to prevent a recurrence of this state of affairs. If you, my most worthy brother, do not help me in this predicament, I shall lose my honour and my *credit*, which of all things I wish to preserve. I rely entirely on your genuine friendship and brotherly love and confidently expect that you will stand by me in word and deed. If my wish is fulfilled, I can breathe freely again, because I shall then be able to put my affairs in order and *keep them so*. Do come and see me. I am always at home. During the ten days since I came to live here I have done more work than in two months in my former quarters, and if such black thoughts did not come to me so often, thoughts which I banish by a tremendous effort, things would be even better, for my rooms are pleasant—comfortable—and—*cheap*. I shall not detain you any longer with my drivel but shall *stop talking*—and *hope*.

Ever your grateful servant, true friend and B.O.

W. A. MOZART

June 27th, 1788.

(556) *Mozart to Michael Puchberg*

[*Autograph in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

VIENNA, *beginning of July*, 1788

DEAREST FRIEND AND B.O.

Owing to great difficulties and complications my affairs have become so involved that it is of the utmost importance to raise some money on these two pawn-

[1] See p. 1359, n. 3.

broker's tickets. In the name of our friendship I implore you to do me this favour; but you must do it immediately. Forgive my importunity, but you know my situation. Ah! If only you had done what I asked you! Do it even now—then everything will be as I desire.

Ever your

MOZART

(557) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*From Ludwig Nohl, Mozarts Briefe, 2nd edition, p.* 431]

DEAREST SISTER! VIENNA, *August 2nd*, 1788

Indeed you have every reason to be vexed with me! But will you really be so, when you receive by this mail coach my very latest compositions for the clavier?[1] Surely not! This, I hope, will make everything all right again.

As you must be convinced that every day I wish you every possible happiness, you will forgive me for limping along rather far behind with my congratulations on your name-day.[2] Dearest sister, with my whole heart and soul I wish you all that you believe is most advantageous to yourself. So now *Punctum.*

Dear sister! You must realise that I have a great deal to do. Besides, you know very well that I am rather lazy about letter-writing. So do not take it amiss, if I *seldom* write to you. But this must not prevent you from writing very often to *me*. Indeed, though I detest writing letters, I love getting them. Moreover you have far more to write about than I have, as Salzburg affairs interest me more than what is happening in Vienna can interest you.

Well, I have a request to make. I should very much

[1] Probably K. 540, adagio in B minor, K. 545, sonata in C major, and K. 547, clavier and violin sonata in F major. [2] July 26th.

like Haydn[1] to lend me for a short time his two Tutti-masses and the Graduale which he has composed, all of them in the original scores. Tell him that I shall return them with many thanks. It is now exactly a year since I wrote to him and invited him to come and stay with me; but he has not replied. As a matter of fact, as far as answering letters is concerned, he seems, don't you think, to have a good deal in common with myself. So I urge you to arrange this for me in the following way. Invite him to your house at St. Gilgen and play to him some of my latest compositions. I am sure he will like the Trio and the Quartet.[2] Adieu, dearest sister! As soon as I can collect some new music again, I shall send it to you. I am ever your sincere brother

W. A. MOZART

P.S.—My wife sends her love to you and we both send ours to our dear brother-in-law.

P.S.—In reply to your question about my appointment, I must tell you that the Emperor has taken me into his household. I now have therefore a permanent appointment, but *for the time being* at a salary of only 800 gulden. However, no one else in the household is drawing *so large a sum.* The notice which was printed at the time when my Prague opera "Don Giovanni" (which by the way is being given again to-day) was performed and on which there are certainly not *too many* particulars about me, as the management of the Imperial Theatre were responsible for it, stated:—"The music is by Herr Mozart, duly-appointed Kapellmeister to His Imperial Majesty".

[1] Michael Haydn.

[2] Probably K. 542, piano trio in E major, and K. 493, piano quartet in E♭. See Köchel, p. 693.

(558) *Mozart to Franz Hofdemel* [1]

[*Autograph sold by Leo Liepmannssohn, Berlin, November 16th, 1928, Catalogue 52*]

DEAREST FRIEND! VIENNA, *end of March*, 1789

I am taking the liberty of asking you without any hesitation for a favour. I should be very much obliged to you if you could and would lend me a hundred gulden until the 20th of next month. On that day I receive the quarterly instalment of my salary and shall then repay the loan with thanks. I have relied too much on a sum of a hundred ducats due to me from abroad. Up to the present I have not yet received it, although I am expecting it daily. Meanwhile I have left myself too short of cash, so that *at the moment* I greatly need some ready money [2] and have therefore appealed to your goodness, as I am absolutely convinced of your friendship.

Well, we shall soon be able to call one another by *a more delightful name!* For your novitiate is very nearly at an end! [3]

MOZART [4]

[1] Franz Hofdemel, private secretary to a certain Count Seilern, held later as "Justizkanzlist" an appointment in the Vienna Law Courts. He married Magdalene Pokorny, the daughter of Kapellmeister Gotthard Pokorny and a pupil of Mozart's. Shortly after the latter's death Hofdemel in a fit of jealousy attempted to murder his wife, an incident which gave rise to all kinds of gossip about Mozart's private life.

[2] Prince Karl Lichnowsky had offered to take Mozart to Berlin and introduce him to King Frederick William II. Evidently Mozart needed money for this journey.

[3] Hofdemel had joined the Order of Freemasons.

[4] Hofdemel acceded to Mozart's request and Mozart sent him a receipt dated April 2nd, 1789, and a promise to repay the sum within four months. The autograph of this document is in the possession of Frau Floersheim-Koch, Florence.

(559) *Mozart to his Wife*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana, p.* 83]

DEAREST LITTLE WIFE! BUDWITZ, *April 8th*, 1789

While the Prince [1] is busy bargaining about horses, I am delighted to seize this opportunity to write a few lines to you, dearest little wife of my heart. How are you? I wonder whether you think of me as often as I think of you? Every other moment I look at your portrait—and weep partly for joy, partly for sorrow. Look after your health which is so precious to me and fare well, my darling! Do not worry about me, for I am not suffering any discomforts or any annoyance on this journey—apart from your *absence*—which, as it can't be helped, can't be remedied. I write this note with eyes full of tears. Adieu. I shall write a longer and more legible letter to you from Prague, for then I shan't have to hurry so much. Adieu. I kiss you millions of times most tenderly and am ever yours, true till death

stu—stu—

MOZART

Kiss Karl for me and give all sorts of messages to Herr and Frau von Puchberg. More very soon.

(560) *Mozart to his Wife*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

PRAGUE, *Good Friday, April 10th*, 1789

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE!

We arrived here safely to-day at half past one in the afternoon. Meanwhile I trust that you have received my

[1] Prince Karl Lichnowsky, a nephew of Countess Wilhelmine Thun, was a pupil and friend of Mozart's.

little note from Budwitz. Now for my account of Prague. We alighted at the "Unicorn" and after I had been shaved, had my hair done and got dressed, I drove out to Canal's[1] on the chance of having a meal with him. But as my drive took me past the Duscheks', I called there first and was told that Madame had left yesterday for Dresden! So I shall meet her there. Duschek was lunching at Leliborn's, where I too used often to lunch. So I drove straight there. I sent in a message to Duschek, just as if someone or other wished to speak to him, and asked him to come out. You can just imagine our delight. So I lunched at Leliborn's. After it was over I drove off to Canal and Pachta,[2] but they were both out. So I went on to Guardasoni,[3] who has practically arranged to give me 200 ducats next autumn for the opera and 50 ducats for travelling expenses.[4] Then I came home to write all this to my dear little wife. That reminds me. Only a week ago Ramm left Prague to return home. He came from Berlin and said that the King[5] had frequently and insistently enquired whether it was certain that I was coming to Berlin, as I had not yet appeared. He had said a second time: "I fear that he will not come at all". Ramm became very uneasy and tried to convince him that I really was coming. Judging by this, my affairs ought to be fairly successful. I am now taking the Prince[6] to see Duschek, who is expecting us, and at nine o'clock we are starting off for Dresden, where we hope to arrive to-morrow evening. Dearest little wife! I am simply

[1] Count Canal. See p. 1344, n. 3.

[2] Count Johann von Pachta. See p. 444, n. 1.

[3] Domenico Guardasoni had been manager of the National Theatre at Prague since 1788. In 1789 he went to Warsaw to organise theatrical productions there, and only returned to Prague in 1791.

[4] This commission was never carried out.

[5] King Frederick William II, who was an excellent performer on the violoncello and a great lover and active patron of music.

[6] Prince Karl Lichnowsky.

aching for news of you. Perhaps I shall find a letter at Dresden! Great God, fulfil my wishes! When you receive this letter you must write to me at Leipzig—Poste Restante, of course. Adieu, my love, I must close, or I shall miss the post. Kiss our Karl a thousand times and I, who kiss you most ardently,

remain ever your faithful

MOZART

P.S.—All sorts of messages to Herr and Frau von Puchberg. I must wait until I get to Berlin to write and thank him.

Adieu, aimez-moi et gardez votre santé si chère et précieuse à votre époux.

(561) *Mozart to his Wife*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

DRESDEN, *April 13th*, 1789
At seven o'clock in the morning

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE!

We expected to reach Dresden after dinner on Saturday, but we did not arrive until yesterday, Sunday, at two o'clock in the afternoon, as the roads were so bad. All the same I went yesterday to the Neumanns,[1] where Madame Duschek is staying, in order to deliver her husband's letter. Her room is on the third floor beside the corridor and from it you can see anyone who is coming to the house. When I arrived at the door, Herr Neumann was already there and asked me to whom he had the honour to speak. "That I shall tell you in a moment," I replied, "but please be so kind as to call Madame

[1] Johann Leopold Neumann, secretary to the Saxon War Council, wrote and translated opera texts. His wife was an excellent pianist.

Duschek, so that my joke may not be spoilt." But at the same moment Madame Duschek stood before me, for she had recognised me from the window and had said at once: "Why, here comes someone who is very like Mozart". Well, we were all delighted. There was a large party, consisting entirely of ugly women, who by their charm, however, made up for their lack of beauty. The Prince and I are going to breakfast there to-day; we shall then see Naumann[1] and then the chapel. To-morrow or the day after we shall leave for Leipzig. After receiving this letter you must write to Berlin, Poste Restante. I trust that you got my letter from Prague. All the Neumanns and the Duschecks send their greetings to you and also to my brother-in-law Lange and his wife.

Dearest little wife, if only I had a letter from you! If I were to tell you all the things I do with your dear portrait, I think that you would often laugh. For instance, when I take it out of its case, I say, "Good-day, Stanzerl!—Good-day, little rascal, pussy-pussy, little turned-up nose, little bagatelle, Schluck und Druck", and when I put it away again, I let it slip in very slowly, saying all the time, "Nu—Nu—Nu—Nu!" with the peculiar *emphasis* which this word so full of meaning demands, and then just at the last, quickly, "Good night, little mouse, sleep well". Well, I suppose I have been writing something very foolish (to the world at all events); but to us who love each other so dearly, it is not foolish at all. To-day is the sixth day since I left you and by Heaven! it seems a year. I expect you will have some difficulty here and there in reading my letter, because I am writing in a hurry and therefore

[1] Johann Gottlieb Naumann (1741–1801), a prolific composer of operas and church music. He studied in Italy under Tartini and Padre Martini, and in 1776 was appointed Kapellmeister and in 1786 Oberkapellmeister to the Dresden court. During a visit to Stockholm, 1776–1778, he produced two of his best works, "Amphion" and "Cora", the Swedish texts of which were subsequently translated into German by J. L. Neumann.

rather badly. Adieu, my only love! The carriage is waiting. This time I do not say: "Hurrah—the carriage has come at last", but "*male*".[1] Farewell, and love me for ever as I love you. I kiss you a million times most lovingly and am ever your husband who loves you tenderly

W. A. MOZART

P.S.—How is our Karl behaving? Well, I hope. Kiss him for me. All sorts of kind messages to Herr and Frau von Puchberg. Remember, you must not regulate the length of your letters by that of mine. Mine are rather short, but only because I am in a hurry. If I were not, I should cover a whole sheet. But you have more leisure. Adieu.

(562) *Mozart to his Wife*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

DRESDEN, *April 16th*, 1789
Half past eleven at night

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE!

What? Still in Dresden? Yes, my love. Well, I shall tell you everything as minutely as possible. On Monday, April 13th, after breakfasting with the Neumanns we all went to the Court chapel. The mass was by Naumann, who conducted it himself, and very poor stuff it was. We were in an oratory opposite the orchestra. All of a sudden Neumann nudged me and introduced me to Herr von König, who is the Directeur des Plaisirs (of the melancholy plaisirs of the Elector). He was extremely nice and when he asked me whether I should like His Highness to hear me, I replied that it would indeed be a great privilege, but that, as I was not travelling alone, I could

[1] i.e. Confound it!

not prolong my stay. So we left it at that. My princely travelling companion invited the Neumanns and Madame Duschek to lunch. While we were at table a message came that I was to play at court on the following day, Tuesday, April 14th, at half past five in the evening. That is something quite out of the ordinary for Dresden, for it is usually very difficult to get a hearing, and you know that I never thought of performing at court here. We had arranged a quartet among ourselves at the Hôtel de Pologne. So we performed it in the Chapel with Anton Teiber (who, as you know, is organist here) and with Herr Kraft,[1] Prince Esterhazy's violoncellist, who is here with his son.[2] At this little concert I introduced the trio[3] which I wrote for Herr von Puchberg and it was played quite decently. Madame Duschek sang a number of arias from "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni". The next day I played at court my new concerto in D,[4] and on the following morning, Wednesday, April 15th, I received a very handsome snuff-box. Then we lunched with the Russian Ambassador, to whom I played a great deal. After lunch we agreed to have some organ playing and drove to the church at four o'clock—Naumann was there too. At this point you must know that a certain Hässler,[5] who is organist at Erfurt, is in Dresden. Well, he too was there. He was a pupil of a

[1] Anton Kraft (1752–1820), a distinguished violoncellist. He studied in Vienna, where Haydn secured him for the orchestra of Prince Esterhazy. On the latter's death in 1790 Kraft became chamber musician to Prince Grassalkowics, and in 1795 to Prince Lobkowitz, in whose service he died. He composed several works for his instrument.

[2] Nicolaus Kraft (1778–1853), son of Anton Kraft. He early became proficient on the violoncello, accompanied his father on concert tours and in 1790 settled with him in Vienna, where he was one of Prince Karl Lichnowsky's famous quartet. He was a more gifted composer than his father.

[3] K. 563, a divertimento for violin, viola and 'cello, composed in 1788.

[4] K. 537, clavier concerto in D major, composed in 1788.

[5] Johann Wilhelm Hässler (1747–1822), who enjoyed a great reputation as an organist and had already won success by his performances at Dresden in 1788.

pupil[1] of Bach's. His forte is the organ and the clavier (clavichord). Now people here think that because I come from Vienna, I am quite unacquainted with this style and mode of playing. Well, I sat down at the organ and played. Prince Lichnowsky, who knows Hässler very well, after some difficulty persuaded him to play also. This Hässler's chief excellence on the organ consists in his foot-work, which, since the pedals are graded here, is not so very wonderful. Moreover, he has done no more than commit to memory the harmony and modulations of old Sebastian Bach and is not capable of executing a fugue properly; and his playing is not thorough. Thus he is far from being an Albrechtsberger.[2] After that we decided to go back to the Russian Ambassador's, so that Hässler might hear me on the fortepiano. He played too. I consider Mlle Aurnhammer as good a player on the fortepiano as he is, so you can imagine that he has begun to sink very considerably in my estimation. After that we went to the opera, which is truly wretched. Do you know who is one of the singers? Why—Rosa Manservisi.[3] You can picture her delight at seeing me. But the leading woman singer, Madame Allegranti,[4] is far better than Madame Ferraresi,[5] which, I admit, is not saying very

[1] Johann Christian Kittel (1732–1809), one of the last pupils of Johann Sebastian Bach. He was organist first at Langensalza and later at the Predigerkirche in Erfurt, his native town.

[2] Johann Georg Albrechtsberger (1736–1809), organist and composer. He was appointed in 1772 court organist at Vienna and director of music at St. Stephen's. He was also a famous teacher and the author of a great theoretical work, *Gründliche Anweisung zur Composition*, Leipzig, 1790.

[3] Rosa Manservisi took the part of Sandrina in Mozart's "La finta giardiniera", which was performed at Munich in 1775.

[4] Maddalena Allegranti, a famous soprano singer of the eighteenth century. She studied under Holzbauer at Mannheim and made her first appearance in Venice in 1771, and from that time sang frequently in Italy. She performed in England in 1781.

[5] Adriana Ferraresi del Bene first appeared in Vienna in 1788 in Martin's "L'arbore di Diana". For the revival of "Le Nozze di Figaro" in August 1789

much. When the opera was over we went home. Then came the happiest of all moments for me. I found a letter from you, that letter which I had longed for so ardently, my darling, my beloved! Madame Duschek and the Neumanns were with me as usual. But I immediately went off in triumph to my room, kissed the letter countless times before breaking the seal, and then devoured it rather than read it. I stayed in my room a long time; for I could not read it or kiss it often enough. When I rejoined the company, the Neumanns asked me whether I had had a letter from you, and when I said that I had, they all congratulated me most heartily—as every day I had been lamenting that I had not yet heard from you. They are delightful people. Now for your dear letter. You shall receive by the next post an account of what will have taken place here up to the time of our departure.

Dear little wife, I have a number of requests to make. I beg you

(1) not to be melancholy,

(2) *to take care of your health and to beware of the spring breezes*,

(3) not to go out walking alone—and preferably not to *go out walking at all*,

(4) to feel absolutely assured of my love. Up to the present I have not written a single letter to you without placing your dear portrait before me,

(6) and lastly I beg you to send me more details in your letters. I should very much like to know whether our brother-in-law Hofer came to see us the day after my departure? Whether he comes very often, as he promised me he would? Whether the Langes come sometimes? Whether progress is being made with the

Mozart composed for her the aria "Al desio di chi t'adora", sung by Susanna. He also wrote for her the part of Fiordiligi in "Così fan tutte", which was performed on January 26th, 1790.

portrait?[1] What sort of life you are leading? All these things are naturally of great interest to me.

(5) I beg you in your conduct not only to be careful of *your honour and mine*, but also to consider *appearances*. Do not be angry with me for asking this. You ought to love me even more for thus valuing our honour.

Now farewell, dearest, most beloved! Please remember that every night before going to bed I talk to your portrait for a good half hour and do the same when I awake. We are leaving on the 18th, the day after to-morrow. *So continue to write to Berlin, Poste Restante.*

O Stru! Stri! I kiss and squeeze you 109506043708 2 times (now you can practise your pronunciation) and am ever your most faithful husband and friend

W. A. MOZART

The account of the rest of our Dresden visit will follow in my next letter. Good night!

(563) *Mozart to his Wife*

[*Autograph in the possession of Heinrich Eisemann, London*]

LEIPZIG, *May 16th*, 1789

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE OF MY HEART!

What? Still in Leipzig?[2] My last letter, dated May 8th or 9th, told you, it is true, that I was leaving at two o'clock that night; but the insistent requests of my friends persuaded me not to make the whole of Leipzig suffer for

[1] Possibly a lost portrait of Constanze.

[2] This letter was written during Mozart's second visit to Leipzig, whither he made a trip from Potsdam.

the shortcomings of one or two persons, but to give a concert on Tuesday, the 12th. From the point of view of applause and glory this concert was absolutely magnificent, but the profits were wretchedly meagre. Madame Duschek, who happens to be in Leipzig, sang at it. The Neumanns of Dresden are all here too. The pleasure of being as long as possible in the company of these dear good people, who all send their best greetings to you, has up to the present delayed my journey. I wanted to get away yesterday, but could find no horses. I am having the same difficulty to-day. For at the present moment everyone is trying to get off and the number of travellers is simply enormous. But we shall be on the road to-morrow at five o'clock. My love! I am very sorry and yet perhaps a little glad that you are in the same state as I have been. No, no! I would rather that you had never been in the same sad situation and I hope and trust that at the time I am writing this letter, you will have received at least *one* of mine. God knows what the cause may be! I received in Leipzig on April 21st your letter of April 13th. Then I spent seventeen days in Potsdam *without any letters*. Not until May 8th did I receive your letter of April 24th, while apart from this I have not received any, with the exception of one dated May 5th, which came yesterday. For my part I wrote to you from Leipzig on April 22nd, from Potsdam on the 28th, again from Potsdam on May 5th, from Leipzig on the 9th, and now I am writing on the 16th. The strangest thing of all is that we both found ourselves *at the same time in the same sad situation*. I was very anxious from April 24th until May 8th, and to judge from your letter this was also the time when you were worried. But I trust that by now you will have got over this. And my consolation is that soon letters will no longer be necessary, for we shall be able to talk to each other and kiss and press each other to our

hearts. In my last letter I told you not to write to me any more; and that is the safest course. But I am now asking you to send a reply to this letter, and to address it to Duschek at Prague. You must put it in a proper *couvert* and ask him to keep it until my arrival. I shall probably *have* to spend at least a week in Berlin. So I shall not be able to reach Vienna before June 5th or 6th—that is, ten or twelve days after you receive this letter. One thing more about the loss of our letters. I also wrote to our dear friend Puchberg on April 28th. Please give him a thousand greetings from me and thank him on my behalf. I had no idea that Schmidt [1] was ill. You probably told me this in the letter which I did not receive. A thousand thanks for the account of Seydelmann's opera.[2] Indeed a more suitable name for him would be Maasmann. But if you knew him personally, as I do, you would probably call him Bluzermann, or at any rate, Zimmentmann.[3] Farewell, dear little wife. *Please do all the things I have asked you to do in my letters, for what prompted me was love—real, true love; and love me as much as I do you.* I am ever

your only true friend and faithful husband

W. A. MOZART

[1] Possibly Ludwig Schmidt. See p. 1317, n. 3.

[2] Franz Seydelmann (1748–1806), a native of Dresden and a pupil of J. G. Naumann. After studying in Italy he was appointed in 1772 church composer in Dresden and in 1787 Kapellmeister. His opera "Il Turco in Italia", produced at Dresden in 1788, was performed in Vienna on April 28th, 1789. Evidently Constanze had seen it.

[3] The words "Seidel, Maas, Bluzer and Zimment" are expressions in the Viennese dialect for drinking-measures. Mozart alludes, of course, to Seydelmann's tendency to drink.

(564) *Mozart to his Wife*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 33]

BERLIN, *May 19th*, 1789 [1]

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE OF MY HEART!

Well, I trust that you will by now have received some letters from me, for they can't all have been lost. This time I can't write very much to you, as I have to pay some calls and I am only sending you this to announce my arrival. I shall probably be able to leave by the 25th; at least I shall do my best to do so. But I shall let you know definitely before then. I shall quite certainly get away by the 27th. Oh, how glad I shall be to be with you again, my darling! But the first thing I shall do is to take you by your front curls; for how on earth could you think, or even imagine, that I had forgotten you? How could I possibly do so? For even *supposing* such a thing you will get on the very first night a thorough spanking . . ., and this you may count upon.

Adieu.

Ever your only friend and your husband
who loves you with all his heart

W. A. MOZART

(565) *Mozart to his Wife*

[*Autograph in the possession of Frau Floersheim-Koch, Florence*]

BERLIN, *May 23rd*, 1789

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED, MOST PRECIOUS LITTLE WIFE!

I was above measure delighted to receive here your dear letter of May 13th, and only this very moment your

[1] For an account of Mozart's visit to Berlin, see an article by Ernst Friedländer, "Mozarts Beziehungen zu Berlin", in *MMB*, April 1897.

previous one of the 9th, which had to find its way from Leipzig to Berlin. Well, the first thing I am going to do is to make a list of all the letters which I sent you and then a list of the letters which I have received from you.

I wrote to you on April 8th from the post-stage Budwitz

On April 10th from Prague
On April 13th and 17th } from Dresden
On April 22nd (in French) from Leipzig
On April 28th and May 5th } from Potsdam
On May 9th and 16th } from Leipzig
On May 19th from Berlin

and I am now writing on the 23rd.[1]

That makes eleven letters.

I received your letter of April 8th on April 15th in Dresden
" " of April 13th " April 21st in Leipzig
" " of April 24th " May 8th in Leipzig } on my return
" " of May 5th " May 14th in Leipzig } on my return
" " of May 13th " May 20th in Berlin
" " of May 9th " May 22nd in Berlin

That makes six letters.

You see that there is a gap between April 13th and 24th. So one of your letters must have gone astray and thus I was without a letter for seventeen days. So if you too had

[1] Mozart's four letters written between April 22nd and May 9th have unfortunately been lost.

to spend seventeen days in the same condition, one of my letters must have been lost. Thank God, we shall soon have got over these mischances. *In your arms* I shall be able to tell you all, all that I felt at that time. But you know how I love you. Well, where do you think I am writing this letter? In my room at the inn? Not at all. In a restaurant in the Tiergarten (in a summer house with a lovely view) where I lunched to-day *all by myself*, in order to devote myself wholly to you. The Queen wants to hear me play on Tuesday, *but I shan't make much money*. I only announced my arrival because such is the custom here, and because she would have taken it amiss had I not done so. First of all, my darling little wife, when I return you must be more delighted with having me back than with the money I shall bring. A hundred friedrichs d'or are not nine hundred gulden but seven hundred—at least that is what they have told me here. Secondly, Lichnowsky (as he was in a hurry) left me here, and so I have had to pay for my keep in Potsdam, which is an expensive place. Thirdly, I had to lend him a hundred gulden, as his purse was getting empty. I could not well refuse him: you will know why. Fourthly, my concert at Leipzig was a failure, as I always said it would be, so I had a journey of sixty-four miles there and back almost for nothing. Lichnowsky alone is to blame for this, for he gave me no peace but insisted on my returning to Leipzig. I shall tell you more about this when we meet. But (1) if I gave a concert here I should not make much out of it and (2) the King would not care for me to give one. So you must just be satisfied *as I am with this*, that I am fortunate enough to be enjoying the King's favour. What I have just written to you is for ourselves alone. On Thursday, the 28th, I shall leave for Dresden, where I shall spend the night. On June 1st I intend to sleep in Prague, and on the 4th—the 4th—with my darling little

wife. Arrange your dear sweet nest very daintily, for my little fellow deserves it indeed, he has really behaved himself very well and is only longing to possess your sweetest. . . .[1] Just picture to yourself that rascal; as I write he crawls on to the table and looks at me questioningly. I, however, box his ears properly—but the rogue is simply . . . and now the knave burns only more fiercely and can hardly be restrained. Surely you will drive out to the first post-stage to meet me? I shall get there at noon on the 4th. I hope that Hofer, whom I embrace a thousand times, will be with you. If Herr and Frau von Puchberg drive out with you too, then all the friends I want to see will be together. Don't forget to bring our Karl. But the most important thing of all is that you should have with you someone you can rely on (Satmann or someone else), who can drive off to the customs in my carriage with my luggage, so that *I* may not have to face that unnecessary seccatura, but can drive home with all you dear people. Now remember this.

Well, adieu. I kiss you millions of times and am ever your most faithful husband

W. A. MOZART[2]

(566) *Mozart to his Wife*

[*Autograph in the Nationalbibliothek, Vienna*]

PRAGUE, *May 31st*, 1789

DARLING, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE!

I have just arrived this very moment. I hope that you received my last letter of the 23rd. Well, the arrangement still stands. I shall arrive on Thursday, June 4th,

[1] The dotted passages are words which have been blotted out in the autograph.

[2] The autograph of this letter has the address "Auf dem Hohen Markt, im Malseckischen Hause, bei Herrn von Puchberg". Probably Mozart's wife and child were living with the Puchbergs during his absence in Germany.

between eleven and twelve o'clock at the last, or rather the first post-stage, where I hope to find you all. Do not forget to bring someone with you, who can drive to the customs instead of me. Adieu. Good God, how delighted I am to be seeing you again! In haste.

MOZART

(567) *Mozart to Michael Puchberg*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana,* pp. 12-14]

VIENNA, *July 12th–14th,* 1789

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED FRIEND AND MOST HONOURABLE B.O.

Great God! I would not wish my worst enemy to be in my present position. And if you, most beloved friend and brother, forsake me, we are altogether lost, *both my unfortunate and blameless self* and my poor sick wife and child. Only the other day when I was with you I was longing to open my heart to you, but I had not the courage to do so—and indeed I should still not have the courage—for, as it is, I only dare to write and tremble as I do so—and I should not even dare to write, were I not certain that you know me, that you are aware of my circumstances, and that you are wholly convinced of my *innocence* so far as my unfortunate and most distressing situation is concerned. Good God! I am coming to you not with thanks but with fresh entreaties! Instead of paying my debts I am asking for more money! If you really know me, you must sympathise with my anguish in having to do so. I need not tell you once more that owing to my unfortunate illness I have been prevented from earning anything. But I must mention that in spite of my wretched condition I decided to give subscription concerts at home in order to be able to meet at least my present great and frequent expenses, for I was absolutely

convinced of your friendly assistance. But even this has failed. Unfortunately Fate is so much against me, *though only in Vienna*, that even when I want to, I cannot make any money. A fortnight ago I sent round a list for subscribers and so far the only name on it is that of Baron van Swieten! Now that (the 13th) my dear little wife seems to be improving every day, I should be able to set to work again, if this blow, this heavy blow, had not come. At any rate, people are consoling me by telling me that she is better—although the night before last she was suffering so much—and I on her account—that I was stunned and despairing. But last night (the 14th), she slept so well and has felt so much easier all the morning that I am very hopeful; and at last I am beginning to feel inclined for work. I am now faced, however, with misfortunes of another kind, though, it is true, only for the moment. Dearest, most beloved friend and brother—you know *my present circumstances*, but you also know *my prospects*. So let things remain as we arranged; that is, *thus or thus*, you understand what I mean. Meanwhile I am composing six easy clavier sonatas for Princess Friederike [1] and six quartets for the King,[2] all of which Kozeluch is engraving at my expense. At the same time the two dedications will bring me in something. In a month or two my fate must be decided *in every detail*. Therefore, most beloved friend, you will not be risking anything so far as I am concerned. So it all depends, my only friend, upon whether you will or can lend me another 500 gulden. Until my affairs are settled, I undertake to

[1] Princess Friederike, the eldest daughter of King Frederick William II of Prussia. Mozart appears to have finished only one of these sonatas, K. 576, in D major, his last clavier sonata.

[2] Mozart finished three quartets, K. 575, composed in 1789, and K. 589 and 590, composed in 1790. K. 590 was Mozart's last string quartet. Kozeluch did not engrave these works, which were published by Artaria immediately after Mozart's death.

pay back ten gulden a month; and then, as this is bound to happen in a few months, I shall pay back the whole sum with whatever interest you may demand, and at the same time acknowledge myself to be your debtor for life. That, alas, I shall have to remain, for I shall never be able to thank you sufficiently for your friendship and affection. Thank God, that is over. Now you know all. Do not be offended by my confiding in you and remember that unless you help me, the honour, the peace of mind, and perhaps the very life of your friend and brother Mason will be ruined.

Ever your most grateful servant, true
friend and brother

W. A. MOZART

At home, July 14th, 1789.

O God!—I can hardly bring myself to despatch this letter!—and yet I must! If this illness had not befallen me, I should not have been obliged to beg so shamelessly from my only friend. Yet I hope for your forgiveness, for you know both the good *and the bad prospects of my situation*. The bad is temporary; the good will certainly persist, once the momentary evil has been alleviated. Adieu. For God's sake forgive me, only forgive me!—and—Adieu!

(568) *Mozart to Michael Puchberg*

[*Autograph formerly in the Musikhistorisches Museum von W. Heyer, Cologne*]

VIENNA, *July 17th*, 1789

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED FRIEND
AND MOST HONOURABLE B.O.

I fear you are angry with me, for you are not sending me a reply! When I compare the proofs of your friendship with my present demands upon it, I cannot but admit that

you are perfectly right. But when I compare my misfortunes (for which I am not to blame) with your kindly disposition towards me, then I do find that there is some excuse for me. As in my last letter to you, my dear friend, I told you quite frankly everything that was burdening my heart, I can only repeat to-day what I said then. But I must still add that (1) I should not require such a considerable sum if I did not anticipate very heavy expenses in connection with the cure my wife may have to take, particularly if she has to go to Baden.[1] (2) As I am positive that in a short time I shall be in better circumstances, the amount of the sum I shall have to repay is a matter of indifference to me. Nevertheless at the present moment I should prefer it to be a large sum, which would make me feel safer. (3) I entreat you, if it is quite impossible for you to assist me this time with such a large sum, to show your friendship and brotherly affection *by helping me at once with as much as you can spare*, for I am really in very great need. You certainly cannot doubt my integrity, for you know me too well for that. Nor can you distrust my assurances, my behaviour or my mode of life, as you are well acquainted with my manner of living and my conduct. Consequently, forgive me for thus confiding in you, for I am absolutely convinced that only the *impossibility* of doing so will prevent you from helping your friend. If you can and if you will *entirely* relieve me, I shall return thanks to you as my saviour, even beyond the grave, for you will be enabling me to enjoy further happiness on earth. But if you cannot do this, then I beg and implore you, in God's name, *for whatever temporary assistance you can give me* and also for your advice and comforting sympathy.

Ever your most grateful servant

MOZART

[1] A watering-place and health resort about seventeen miles south of Vienna.

P.S.—My wife was wretchedly ill again yesterday. To-day leeches were applied and she is, thank God, somewhat better. I am indeed most unhappy, and am forever hovering between hope and fear! Dr. Closset came to see her again yesterday.[1]

(569) *Mozart to Michael Puchberg*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 85]

VIENNA, *second half of July*, 1789

DEAREST FRIEND AND BROTHER!

Since the time when you rendered me that great and friendly service, I have been living in such *misery*, that for very grief not only have I not been able to go out, but I could not even write.

At the moment she is easier, and if *she had not contracted bed-sores*, which make her condition most wretched, she would be able to sleep. The only fear is that the bone may be affected. She is extraordinarily resigned and awaits recovery or death with true philosophic calm. My tears flow as I write. Come and see us, most beloved friend, if you can; and, *if you can*, give me your advice and help *in the matter you know of*.

MOZART

(570) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*[2]

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 35]

VIENNA, *middle of August*, 1789

DEAREST LITTLE WIFE!

I was delighted to get your dear letter—and I trust that you received yesterday my second one together with

[1] Puchberg noted on this letter, "answered the same day, July 17th, 1789, and sent 150 gulden".

[2] This and the following letters to Constanze are addressed to her at Baden, where she had gone for her health.

the infusion, the electuaries and the ants' eggs. I shall sail off to you at five o'clock to-morrow morning. Were it not for the joy of seeing you again and embracing you, I should not drive out to Baden just yet, for "Figaro" is going to be performed very soon,[1] and as I have some alterations to make, my presence will be required at the rehearsals. I shall probably have to be back here by the 19th. But to stay here until the 19th *without you* would be quite impossible. Dear little wife! I want to talk to you quite frankly. You have no reason whatever to be unhappy. You have a husband who loves you and does all he possibly can for you. As for your foot, you must just be patient and it will surely get well again. I am glad indeed when you have some fun—of course I am—but I do wish that you would not sometimes make yourself so cheap. In my opinion you are too free and easy with N.N.[2] . . . and it was the same with N.N., when he was still at Baden. Now please remember that N.N. are not half so familiar with other women, whom they perhaps know more intimately, as they are with you. Why, N.N. who is usually a well-conducted fellow and particularly respectful to women, must have been misled by your behaviour into writing the most disgusting and most impertinent sottises which he put into his letter. A woman must always make herself respected, or else people will begin to talk about her. My love! Forgive me for being so frank, but my peace of mind demands it as well as our mutual happiness. Remember that you yourself once admitted to me that you were inclined to *comply too easily*. You know the consequences of that. Remember too the promise you gave to me. Oh, God, do try, my love!

[1] "Le Nozze di Figaro" was revived in Vienna during the summer of 1789.

[2] In this and the following letters to his wife certain names have been crossed out by a later hand.



MOZART (1789)
From a silver point drawing by Doris Stock
(Musikbibliothek Peters, Leipzig)

Be merry and happy and charming to me. Do not torment yourself and me with unnecessary jealousy. Believe in my love, for surely you have proofs of it, and you will see how happy we shall be. Rest assured that it is only by her prudent behaviour that a wife can enchain her husband. Adieu. To-morrow I shall kiss you most tenderly.

MOZART

(571) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 27]

DEAREST LITTLE WIFE! VIENNA, *end of August*, 1789

I arrived here safely at a quarter to eight [1] and when I knocked at my *door*—Hofer has written this, who happens to be here and sends you greetings—I found it closed, as the servant was not at home. I waited in vain for about a quarter of an hour, then I drove to Hofer's, imagined I was at home and finished dressing there. The little aria, which I composed for Madame Ferraresi,[2] ought, I think, to be a success, provided she is able to sing it in an artless manner, which, however, I very much doubt. She herself liked it very much. I have just lunched at her house. I think that "Figaro" will be performed on Sunday for certain, but I shall let you know beforehand. How delighted I am when we hear it together! I am off this very moment to see whether any change has possibly been made in the arrangements. If it is not going to be performed before Saturday, I shall be with you to-day. Adieu, my love! *Never* go out walking alone. The very thought of this terrifies me.

Ever your loving

MOZART

[1] Mozart had been staying with his wife at Baden.

[2] K. 579, "Un moto di gioia", an extra aria for Susanna in "Le Nozze di Figaro". See Köchel, p. 728.

(572) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 75]

VIENNA, *Autumn*, 1789

DEAREST LITTLE WIFE! *Wednesday*

I trust that you have received my letter. Well, I must scold you a little, my love! Even if it is not possible for you to get a letter from me, you could write all the same; for must all your letters be *replies* to mine? I was most certainly expecting a letter from my dear little wife—but unfortunately I was mistaken. Well, you must make amends and I advise you to do so, otherwise I shall never, never forgive you. Yesterday I was at the second part of "Cosa rara",[1] but I did not like it as much as "Die Antons".[2] If you return to Vienna on Saturday, you will be able to spend Sunday morning here. We have been invited to a service and to lunch at Schwechat.[3] Adieu—Take care of your health. A propos. N.N. (you know whom I mean) is a cad. He is very pleasant to my face, but he runs down "Figaro" in public—and has treated me most abominably in the matters you know of—*I know it for certain.*

Your husband, who loves you with all his heart,

MOZART

[1] "Una cosa rara", an opera composed by Vicente Martin y Solar (1754–1810), which, on its production in Vienna in November 1786, completely threw Mozart's "Figaro" into the shade. According to the recently published monograph by O. E. Deutsch, *Das Wiener Freihaustheater*, Vienna, 1937, p. 16, the second part of this opera, "Der Fall ist noch weit seltner", by Schikaneder and Schack, was first performed on May 10th, 1790. Hence Mozart's letter must have been written after that date.

[2] "Der dumme Gärtner oder Die beiden Antons", an operetta by Benedict Schack (1758–1826), a Czech, who in 1784 had joined Schikaneder's theatre in Vienna. He was an excellent flautist, possessed a good tenor voice, and created the part of Tamino in Mozart's "Zauberflöte".

[3] A small village near Vienna, where Mozart's friend Joseph Eybler lived.

(573) *Mozart to Michael Puchberg*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 63]

VIENNA, *December 29th*, 1789

MOST HONOURABLE FRIEND AND B.O.

Do not be alarmed at the contents of this letter. Only to you, most beloved friend, who know everything about me and my circumstances, have I the courage to open my heart completely. According to the present arrangement I am to receive from the management next month 200 ducats for my opera.[1] If you can and will lend me 400 gulden until then, you will be rescuing your friend from the greatest embarrassment; and I give you my word of honour that by that time you will have the money back in full and with many thanks. In spite of the great expenses I have to incur daily, I should try to hold out until then, were it not the New Year, when I really must pay off the chemists and doctors, whom I am no longer employing, unless I wish to lose my good name. We have in particular alienated Hundschowsky[2] (for certain reasons) in a rather unfriendly fashion, so that I am doubly anxious to settle accounts with him. Beloved friend and brother! —I know only too well how much I owe you! I beg you to be patient a little longer in regard to my old debts. I shall certainly repay you, that I promise on my honour. Once more I beg you, rescue me just this time from my horrible situation. As soon as I get the money for my opera, you shall have the 400 gulden back for certain. And this summer, thanks to my work for the King of Prussia,[3] I hope to be able to convince you completely of my honesty. Contrary to our arrangement we cannot have

[1] "Così fan tutte", performed on January 26th, 1790.

[2] Nottebohm, p. 64, n. 1, suggests "Lichnowsky".

[3] See p. 1384, n. 2.

any music at our house to-morrow—I have too much work. By the way, if you see Zistler,[1] you might tell him this. But I invite you, you alone, to come along on Thursday at 10 o'clock in the morning to hear a short rehearsal of my opera.[2] I am only inviting Haydn and yourself. I shall tell you when we meet about Salieri's plots, which, however, have completely failed already. Adieu.

Ever your grateful friend and brother,

W. A. MOZART [3]

(574) *Mozart to Michael Puchberg*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 57]

DEAREST FRIEND! VIENNA, *January 20th*, 1790

They forgot to deliver at the proper time your last kind note. So I could not reply to it sooner. I am very much touched by your friendship and kindness. If you can and will send an extra hundred gulden, you will oblige me very greatly.

We are having the first instrumental rehearsal in the theatre to-morrow.[4] Haydn is coming with me. If your business allows you to do so and if you care to hear the rehearsal, all you need do is to be so kind as to turn up at my quarters at ten o'clock to-morrow morning and then we shall all go there together.

Your most grateful friend

W. A. MOZART [5]

January 20th, 1790.

[1] Nottebohm, p. 64, n. 2, suggests the violinist, Joseph Zistler, who in 1782 became Konzertmeister at Pressburg.

[2] "Così fan tutte." [3] Puchberg noted on this letter, "sent 300 gulden".

[4] "Così fan tutte."

[5] Puchberg noted on this letter, "sent on the same day 100 gulden".

(575) *Mozart to Michael Puchberg*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 56]

DEAREST FRIEND! VIENNA, *February 20th*, 1790

Had I known that your supply of beer had almost run out, I should certainly never have ventured to rob you of it; I therefore take the liberty of returning herewith the second measure, as to-day I am already provided with wine. I thank you heartily for the first one, and the next time you have a supply of beer, pray send me a little of it. You know how much I like it. I beg you, most beloved friend, to lend me a few ducats just for a few days, *if you can do so*, as I have to settle a matter at once, which cannot be postponed. Forgive my importunity, which is prompted by my complete confidence in your friendship.

Ever your

MOZART [1]

(576) *Mozart to Michael Puchberg*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 87]

VIENNA, *end of March or beginning of April*, 1790

Herewith, dearest friend, I am sending you Handel's life.[2] When I got home from my visit to you the other day, I found the enclosed note from Baron van Swieten.[3] You will gather from it, as I did, that my prospects are

[1] Puchberg noted on this letter, "sent on February 20th, 1790, 25 gulden".

[2] John Mainwaring's *Memoirs of the life of the late G. F. Handel*, 1760, which had appeared in 1761 in a German translation by Johann Mattheson.

[3] Baron van Swieten was endeavouring to introduce Handel's oratorios to the Viennese public and had already given some performances in the large hall of the Hofbibliothek under the management of Joseph Starzer. On the latter's death in 1787 Mozart was entrusted with the organisation of these performances, and for this purpose reorchestrated Handel's "Acis and Galatea" in 1788, his "Messiah" in 1789, and his "Alexander's Feast" and "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" in 1790.

now better than ever.[1] I now stand on the threshold of my fortune; but the opportunity will be lost for ever, if this time I cannot make use of it. My present circumstances, however, are such that in spite of my excellent prospects I must abandon all hope of furthering my fortunes unless I can count on the help of a staunch friend. For some time you must have noticed my constant sadness—and only the very many kindnesses which you have already rendered me, have prevented me from speaking out. Now, however—once more, but for the last time—I call upon you to stand by me to the utmost of your power in this most urgent matter which is going to determine my whole happiness. You know how my present circumstances, were they to become known, would damage the chances of my application to the court, and how necessary it is that they should remain a secret; for unfortunately at court they do not judge by circumstances, but solely by appearances. You know, and I am sure you are convinced that if, as I may now confidently hope, my application is successful, you will certainly lose nothing. How delighted I shall be to discharge my debts to you! How glad I shall be to thank you and, in addition, to confess myself eternally your debtor! What a pleasant sensation it is to reach one's goal at last—and what a blessed feeling it is when one has helped another to do so! Tears prevent me from completing the picture! In short!—my whole future happiness is in your hands. Act according to the dictates of your noble heart! Do what you can and remember that you are dealing with a right-minded and eternally grateful man, whose situation pains him even more on your account than on his own.

MOZART [2]

[1] Since the death of Emperor Joseph II and the accession of Emperor Leopold II Mozart had greater hopes of being appointed Kapellmeister to the Viennese court. [2] Puchberg noted on this letter, "sent 150 gulden".

(577) *Mozart to Michael Puchberg*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

VIENNA, *April 8th*, 1790

You are right, dearest friend, not to honour me with a reply! My importunity is too great. I only beg you to consider my position from every point of view, to remember my cordial friendship and my confidence in you and to forgive me! But if you can and will extricate me from a temporary embarrassment, then, for the love of God, do so! Whatever you can easily spare will be welcome. If possible, forget my importunity and forgive me.

To-morrow, Friday, Count Hadik[1] has invited me to perform for him Stadler's Quintet[2] and the Trio I composed for you.[3] Hering[4] is going to play. I should have gone to see you myself in order to have a chat with you, but my head is covered with bandages due to rheumatic pains, which make me feel my situation still more keenly. Again I beg you to help me as much as you can *just for this once*; and forgive me.

Ever your

MOZART[5]

[1] Field-marshal Count Andreas Hadik, President of the War Council in Vienna. It was owing to his influence that Aloysia Weber had obtained her appointment at the Vienna National Theatre.

[2] K. 581, quintet in A major for clarinet and strings, composed in 1789 for Anton Stadler (1753–1812), an excellent clarinettist for whom Mozart also wrote in 1791 his clarinet concerto in A major, K. 622.

[3] K. 563, Divertimento in E♭ for violin, viola and violoncello, composed in 1788.

[4] A banker and amateur violinist.

[5] Puchberg noted on this letter, "sent on April 8th, 1790, 25 gulden in banknotes".

(578) *Mozart to Michael Puchberg*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana, p.* 57]

VIENNA, *April 23rd*, 1790

DEAREST FRIEND AND BROTHER,

If you can send me something, even though it be only the small sum you sent me last time, you will greatly oblige your ever grateful friend and brother

MOZART [1]

(579) *Mozart to Michael Puchberg*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 62]

VIENNA, *beginning of May*, 1790

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED FRIEND AND BROTHER!

I am very sorry that I cannot go out and have a talk with you myself, but my toothache and headache are still too painful and altogether I still feel very unwell. I share your view about getting some good pupils, but I thought of waiting until I should be in our new quarters,[2] as I intended to give lessons at home. In the meantime I beg you to tell people about this plan of mine. I am also thinking of giving subscription concerts at home during the three months of June, July and August. So it is only my present situation which is oppressing me. When I move out of these quarters, I shall have to pay 275 gulden towards my new home. But I must have something to live on until I have arranged my concerts and until the quartets [3] on which I am working have been sent to be engraved. So, if only I had in hand 600 gulden at least,

[1] Puchberg noted on this letter, "sent on April 23rd, 25 gulden".

[2] The Mozarts moved early in October 1790 to the first floor of a house in the Rauhensteingasse 970 (now no. 8). It was here that Mozart died.

[3] K. 589 and 590. They were not engraved during Mozart's lifetime. See p. 1384, n. 2.

I should be able to compose with a fairly easy mind. And ah! I must have peace of mind. But what worries me dreadfully at the moment is a debt to the haberdasher in the Stock im Eisen,[1] who, although he at first saw my difficulty and said that he was content to wait, is now demanding payment urgently and impatiently. The debt amounts to 100 gulden. I wish with all my heart that I were rid of this unpleasant business. Well, I have made frank confession to you and I entreat you to do the utmost that your means and true friendship permit.

Ever your

MOZART [2]

(580) *Mozart to the Archduke Francis* [3]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

VIENNA, *during the first half of May*, 1790

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,

I make so bold as to beg your Royal Highness very respectfully to use your most gracious influence with His Majesty the King with regard to my most humble petition to His Majesty. Prompted by a desire for fame, by a love of work and by a conviction of my wide knowledge, I venture to apply for the post of second Kapellmeister, particularly as Salieri,[4] that very gifted Kapellmeister, has never devoted himself to church music, whereas from my youth up I have made myself completely familiar with this style. The slight reputation which I have acquired in the world by my pianoforte playing, has encouraged

[1] A small place adjoining the Stefansplatz in Vienna.

[2] Puchberg noted on this letter, "sent 100 gulden".

[3] This is the unfinished draft of a petition to the Archduke Francis to use his influence with his brother, King Leopold II, who had succeeded to the throne on March 13th, 1790, and was crowned Emperor on October 9th.

[4] Salieri had been appointed Court Kapellmeister in 1788.

me to ask His Majesty for the favour of being entrusted with the musical education of the Royal Family. In the sure conviction that I have applied to the most worthy mediators who, moreover, are particularly gracious to me, I remain with the utmost confidence and shall[1] . . .

(581) *Mozart to Michael Puchberg*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

DEAREST FRIEND AND B.O. VIENNA, *May 17th*, 1790

You will have heard, no doubt, from your household that I called on you yesterday, uninvited, as you had given me permission to do. You know how things are with me; in short, as I can find no true friends to help me, I am obliged to resort to moneylenders; but as it takes time to seek out the most Christian among this un-Christian class of people, I am at the moment so destitute that I must beg you, dearest friend, in the name of all that is sacred, to assist me with whatever you can spare. If, as I hope to do, I get the money in a week or a fortnight, I shall at once repay what you lend me now. Alas, I must still ask you to wait patiently for the sums I have already been owing you for such a long time. If you only knew what grief and worry all this causes me. It has prevented me all this time from finishing my quartets.[2] I now have great hopes of an appointment at court, for I have reliable information that the Emperor has not sent back my petition with a favourable or damning remark, as he has the others, but has retained it. That is a good sign. Next Saturday I intend to perform my quartets at home, and request the pleasure of your company and that of your wife. Dearest, most beloved friend and brother, do not withdraw your friendship because of

[1] The autograph breaks off with these words.

[2] See p. 1396, n. 3.

my importunity, but stand by me. I rely wholly on you and am ever your most grateful

MOZART

P.S.—I now have two pupils and should very much like to raise the number to eight. Do your best to spread the news that I am willing to give lessons.[1]

(582) *Mozart to Michael Puchberg*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 85]

DEAREST FRIEND AND B.O., VIENNA, *June 12th*, 1790

I have returned to town in order to conduct my opera.[2] My wife is slightly better. She already feels some relief, but she will have to take the baths sixty times—and later on in the year she will have to go out there again. God grant that it may do her good. Dearest friend, if you can help me to meet my present urgent expenses, oh, do so! For economy's sake I am staying at Baden and only come into town when it is absolutely necessary. I have now been obliged to give away my quartets[3] (those very difficult works) for a mere song, simply in order to have cash in hand to meet my present difficulties. And for the same reason I am now composing some clavier sonatas.[4] Adieu. Send me what you can most easily spare. One of my masses[5] is being performed to-morrow at Baden. Adieu. About ten o'clock.

Ever your

MOZART

P.S.—Please send me the viola as well.[6]

[1] Puchberg noted on this letter, "sent, on May 17th, 150 gulden".

[2] "Così fan tutte." [3] See p. 1384, n. 2.

[4] There is no trace of these works. So far as we know, Mozart's last clavier sonata was K. 576, composed in 1789.

[5] Probably K. 317. See p. 1413, n. 3.

[6] Puchberg noted on this letter, "sent, on June 12th, 25 gulden".

(583) *Mozart to Michael Puchberg*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 53]

VIENNA, *August 14th*, 1790

DEAREST FRIEND AND BROTHER,

Whereas I felt tolerably well yesterday, I am absolutely wretched to-day. I could not sleep all night for pain. I must have got overheated yesterday from walking so much and then without knowing it have caught a chill. Picture to yourself my condition—ill and consumed with worries and anxieties. Such a state quite definitely prevents me from recovering. In a week or a fortnight I shall be better off—certainly—but at present I am in want! Can you not help me out with a trifle? The *smallest* sum would be very welcome just now. You would, for the moment at least, bring peace of mind to your true friend, servant and brother

W. A. MOZART [1]

(584) *Mozart to his Wife* [2]

[*Autograph sold by V. A. Heck, Vienna, Catalogue* 58]

FRANKFURT AM MAIN, *September 28th*, 1790

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE OF MY HEART!

We have this moment arrived, that is, at one o'clock in the afternoon; so the journey has only taken us six days. We could have done it still more quickly, if on three

[1] Puchberg noted on this letter, "sent, on August 14th, 1790, 10 gulden".

[2] This and the following letters were written from Frankfurt am Main, which Mozart visited in the hope of getting work in connection with the coronation of the Emperor Leopold II on October 9th. He took as his companion his brother-in-law, Franz de Paula Hofer. They left Vienna on September 23rd.

occasions we had not rested a little at night. Well, we have just alighted at an inn in the suburb of Sachsenhausen, and are in the seventh heaven of delight at having secured a room. So far we do not yet know what our fate will be, I mean, whether we shall be together or be separated. If I cannot get a room anywhere for nothing and if I do not find the inns too expensive, I shall certainly stay on here. I hope that you received my letter from Efferding.[1] I could not write more to you during our journey, as we stopped seldom and then only to rest. The journey was very pleasant, and we had fine weather except on one day; and even this one day caused us no discomfort, as my carriage (I should like to give it a kiss!) is splendid. At Regensburg we lunched magnificently to the accompaniment of divine music, we had angelic cooking and some glorious Moselle wine. We breakfasted at Nuremberg, a hideous town. At Würzburg, a fine, magnificent town, we fortified our precious stomachs with coffee. The food was tolerable everywhere, but at Aschaffenburg, two and a half stages from here, mine host was kind enough to fleece us disgracefully.

I am longing for news of you, of your health, our affairs and so forth. I am firmly resolved to make as much money as I can here and then return to you with great joy. What a glorious life we shall have then! I will work—work so hard—that no unforeseen accidents shall ever reduce us to such desperate straits again. I should like you to get Stadler to send N.N. to you about that matter. His last suggestion was that the money should be advanced on Hoffmeister's draft alone, that is, 1000 gulden in cash and the remainder in cloth. Then everything could be paid off, we should have a little over, and on my return I should have nothing to do but work. The whole business

[1] There is no trace of this letter, which must have been sent off on September 24th or 25th.

could be settled by a friend with carte blanche from me. Adieu. I kiss you a thousand times.

Ever your

MZT

(585) *Mozart to his Wife*

[*Autograph in the possession of Arturo Toscanini*]

FRANKFURT AM MAIN, *September 30th*, 1790

DEAREST LITTLE WIFE OF MY HEART!

If only I had a letter from you, all would be well. I hope that you have received mine from Efferding [1] and Frankfurt. In my last one I told you to speak to Red-currant Face.[2] For safety's sake I should very much like to raise 2000 gulden on Hoffmeister's draft. But you will have to give some other reason; you may say, for example, that I am making some speculation about which you know nothing. My love, there is no doubt whatever that I shall make something in this place, but certainly not as much as you and some of my friends expect. That I am both known and respected here is undeniable. Well, we shall see. But as in every case I prefer to play for safety, I should like to make that deal with H——,[3] as I shall thus obtain some money and not have to pay anything; all I shall have to do is to work and that I shall willingly do for the sake of my dear little wife. When you write to me, always address your letters, Poste Restante. Where do you think I am living? In the same house as Böhm,[4] and Hofer is with me too. We pay thirty gulden a month, which is wonderfully cheap, and we also take our meals

[1] See p. 1401, n. 1.

[2] Mozart's nickname for Anton Stadler. [3] Probably Hoffmeister.

[4] Johannes Böhm's theatrical company had been giving performances in Frankfurt since 1780. On October 12th and 22nd they produced Mozart's "Entführung aus dem Serail" and "La finta giardiniera", the latter in a German translation. Böhm was living in the Kalbächergasse, near the theatre.

there. And whom do you think I have come across? The girl who so often played hide-and-seek with us in the Auge Gottes. I think her name was Buchner. She is now Madame Porsch [1] and this is her second marriage. She asks me to send you all sorts of kind messages. As I do not know whether you are at Baden or Vienna, I am addressing this letter again to Madame Hofer.[2] I am as excited as a child at the thought of seeing you again. If people could see into my heart, I should almost feel ashamed. To me everything is cold—cold as ice. Perhaps if you were with me I might possibly take more pleasure in the kindness of those I meet here. But, as it is, everything seems so empty. Adieu, my love. I am ever your husband, who loves you with all his soul,

MOZART

Frankfurt am Main, September 30th, 1790.

(586) *Mozart to his Wife*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 44]

FRANKFURT AM MAIN, *October 3rd*, 1790

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE!

At last I feel comforted and happy. First of all, because I have had news from you, my love, news for which I was simply aching; and, secondly, on account of the reassuring information about my affairs. I have now made up my mind to compose at once the Adagio for the watchmaker [3] and then to slip a few ducats into the hand

[1] Porsch was an actor at the Frankfurt National Theatre.

[2] Josefa, Constanze's eldest sister, who since 1788 had been married to Hofer.

[3] K. 594, adagio and allegro in F minor and major for a mechanical organ, composed for Count Josef Deym, owner of the Müller waxworks, on the occasion of the exhibition of the effigy of the late Field-marshal Laudon, who had died on July 14th, 1790. This work has been published only in a transcription as a piano duet. For the same instrument Mozart wrote in 1791 K. 608, fantasy in F minor, and K. 616, andante in F major. See also p. 1479, n. 1.

of my dear little wife. And this I have done; but as it is a kind of composition which I detest, I have unfortunately not been able to finish it. I compose a bit of it every day—but I have to break off now and then, as I get bored. And indeed I would give the whole thing up, if I had not such an important *reason to go on with it.* But I still hope that I shall be able to force myself gradually to finish it. If it were for a large instrument and the work would sound like an organ piece, then I might get some fun out of it. But, as it is, the works consist solely of little pipes, which sound too high-pitched and too childish for my taste.

Up to the present I have been living here altogether in retirement. Every morning I stay indoors in my hole of a bedroom and compose. My sole recreation is the theatre, where I meet several acquaintances from Vienna, Munich, Mannheim and even Salzburg. Franz Lang, the horn player, and Gres, the Treasurer, are here—and old Wendling too with his Dorothea. This is the way I should like best of all to go on living—but—I fear that it will soon come to an end and that I am in for a restless life. Already I am being invited everywhere—and however tiresome it may be to let myself be on view, I see nevertheless how necessary it is. So in God's name I submit to it. Well, it is probable that my concert may not be a failure. I wish it were over, if only to be nearer the time when I shall once more embrace my love! On Tuesday the theatrical company of the Elector of Mainz are performing "Don Giovanni" in my honour.[1] Farewell, my love. Give my greetings to the few friends who wish me well. Take care of your health which is so precious to me and be ever my Constanze as I shall ever be your

MOZART

[1] This performance did not take place. But "Figaro" was performed during Mozart's stay at Frankfurt.

Remember, keep on writing to me even though you only send me a few lines.

P.S.—I lunched yesterday with Herr Schweitzer, the wealthiest banker in all Frankfurt. Mlle Crux is here too. I have not yet seen the girl, but Madame Quallenberg tells me that she has grown so tall and buxom that I shan't recognise her. Adieu.

The state entry takes place to-morrow—Monday, and the coronation a week later.[1]

(587) *Mozart to his Wife*

[*Autograph in the possession of Frau Floersheim-Koch, Florence*]

FRANKFURT AM MAIN, *October 8th*, 1790

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE!

I have now had three letters from you, my love. That of September 28th has this moment arrived. I have not yet received the one you sent by Herr von Alt, but I shall make enquiries about it at once at Le Noble's. You must now have had four letters from me.[2] This is the fifth. You will not be able to write to me any more, for in all probability when you read this letter I shall no longer be here, as I intend to give my concert on Wednesday or Thursday and then on Friday forthwith—tschiri-tschitschi—seek safety in flight! Dearest little wife! I trust that you have dealt with the business about which I wrote to you, and are still dealing with it. I shall certainly not make enough money here to be able to pay back 800 or 1000 gulden immediately on my return. But if the business with Hoffmeister is at least so far advanced that *only my presence* is required, then, after deducting interest at the

[1] The coronation took place on October 9th.

[2] See p. 1401, n. 1.

rate of 20%, I shall have 1600 out of 2000 gulden. I can then pay out 1000 gulden and shall have 600 left. Well, I shall begin to give little quartet subscription concerts in Advent and I shall also take pupils. I need never repay the sum, *as I am composing* for Hoffmeister—so everything will be quite in order. But please settle the affair with Hoffmeister, that is, if you really want me to return. If you could only look into my heart. There a struggle is going on between my yearning and longing to see and embrace you once more and my desire to bring home a large sum of money. I have often thought of travelling *farther afield*, but whenever I tried to bring myself to take the decision, the thought always came to me, how bitterly I should regret it, if I were to separate myself from my beloved wife for *such an uncertain prospect, perhaps even to no purpose whatever*. I feel as if I had left you years ago. Believe me, my love, if you were with me I might perhaps decide more easily, but I am too much accustomed to you and I love you too dearly to endure being separated from you for long. Besides, all this talk about the Imperial towns is mere misleading chatter. True, I am famous, admired and popular here; on the other hand, the Frankfurt people are even more stingy than the Viennese. If my concert is at all successful, it will be thanks to *my name*, to the Countess Hatzfeldt and the Schweitzer family who are working hard on my behalf. But I shall be glad when it is over. If I work very hard in Vienna and take pupils, we can live very happily; and nothing but a *good engagement at some court* can make me abandon this plan. But do your best with the help of *Red-currant Face*[1] *or someone else to conclude that business with Hoffmeister and to make known generally* my intention to take pupils. Then we shall certainly have enough to live on. Adieu, my love. You will still get a few more

[1] See p. 1402, n. 2.

letters from me. But I, alas! can get no more from you.

Ever love your own

MOZART

Frankfurt am Main, October 8th, 1790.

The Coronation is to-morrow.

Take care of your health—and be careful when you go out *walking*. Adieu.

(588) *Mozart to his Wife*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 84]

FRANKFURT AM MAIN, *October 15th*, 1790

DEAREST LITTLE WIFE OF MY HEART!

I have not yet received a reply to any of my letters from Frankfurt, which makes me rather anxious. My concert took place at eleven o'clock this morning.[1] It was a splendid success from the point of view of honour and glory, but a failure as far as money was concerned. Unfortunately some Prince was giving a big déjeuner and the Hessian troops were holding a grand manœuvre. But in any case some obstacle has arisen on every day during my stay here. You can't imagine how—.[2] But in spite of all these difficulties I was in such good form and people were so delighted with me that they implored me to give another concert next Sunday. I shall therefore leave on Monday. I must close this letter, or I shall miss the post. I gather from your letters that you have not yet received any from me from Frankfurt. Yet I sent you four. Moreover I seem to notice that you doubt my

[1] Mozart played his piano concertos K. 459 and K. 537, the so-called coronation concerto. He also accompanied Hofer in a violin sonata and played a piano duet with Beecke.

[2] Nottebohm, the only source for this letter, omits the word or words. According to Dr. A. Einstein they may be about the wretched performance of Margarete Schick (*née* Hampel), who sang an aria and a duet with Ceccarelli.

punctuality or rather my eagerness to write to you, and this pains me bitterly. Surely you ought to know me better. Good God! Only love me half as much as I love you, and I shall be content. Ever your

MOZART

Frankfurt, October 15th, 1790.

(589) *Mozart to his Wife*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

MAINZ, *October 17th*, 1790 [1]

P.S.—While I was writing the last page, tear after tear fell on the paper. But I must cheer up—catch!—An astonishing number of kisses are flying about—The deuce!—I see a whole crowd of them! Ha! Ha! . . . I have just caught three—They are delicious!—You can still answer this letter, but you must address your reply to Linz, Poste Restante—That is the safest course. As I do not yet know for certain whether I shall go to Regensburg, I can't tell you anything definite. Just write on the cover that the letter is to be kept until called for. Adieu—Dearest, most beloved little wife—Take care of your health—and don't think of walking into town. Do write and tell me how you like our new quarters [2]—Adieu. I kiss you millions of times.

(590) *Mozart to his Wife*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 29]

MANNHEIM, *October 23rd*, 1790

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE OF MY HEART!

We are going to Schwetzingen to-morrow to see the gardens. In the evening "Figaro" will be given here for

[1] The letter to which this is a postscript has unfortunately been lost.

[2] See p. 1396, n. 2.

the first time. We shall leave the day after to-morrow. It is "Figaro" which is responsible for my being here still, for the whole cast implored me to stay on and help them with the rehearsals. "Figaro" too is the reason why I cannot write as much to you as I should like to, for it is just the time for the dress rehearsal. Why, the first act at least will already be over. I trust that you received my letter of the 17th from Mainz. The day before my departure I played before the Elector, but only received the meagre sum of fifteen carolins. Get things going so that that affair with Hoffmeister may be concluded. I now hope to embrace you for certain in a fortnight, that is, six or seven days after you receive this letter. But you will still get letters from me from Augsburg, Munich and Linz. You, however, cannot send any more letters to me. All the same if you write immediately after receiving this letter, I can still get your reply at Linz. Do try to do this. Now, farewell, dearest little wife! I kiss you a thousand times and am ever and unchangingly your faithful husband

MOZART

(591) *Mozart to his Wife*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

MUNICH, *November 2nd*, 1790

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE OF MY HEART!

You have no idea how much it pains me that I have to wait until I get to Linz before I can have news from you. Patience; for if one does not know how long one is going to stay in a place, it is impossible to make better arrangements. Though I would have gladly prolonged my stay with my old Mannheim friends, I only wanted to spend a day here; but now I am obliged to remain until the 5th or 6th, as the Elector has asked me to perform at a concert which he is giving for the King of Naples. It is greatly to

the credit of the Viennese court that the King has to hear me in a foreign country.[1] You can well imagine that I have had a good time with the Cannabichs, la bonne Madame Ramm, Marchand and Brochard, and that we have talked a great deal about you, my love. I am looking forward to seeing you, for I have a great deal to discuss with you. I am thinking of taking this very same journey with you, my love, at the end of next summer, so that you may try some other waters. At the same time the company, the exercise and the change of air will do you good, for it has agreed very well with me. I am greatly looking forward to this, and so are all my friends.

Forgive me for not writing as much as I should like to, but you cannot conceive what a fuss they are making of me. I must now be off to Cannabich's, where a concerto is being rehearsed. Adieu, dear little wife. According to my calculation I cannot expect an answer to this letter. Farewell, my love, I kiss you millions of times and am ever, until death, your loving husband

MOZART

P.S.—Gretl[2] is now married to Madame Le Brun's[3] brother, so her name is Madame Danzi. Little Hannah Brochard[4] is now sixteen and alas! her looks have been spoilt by smallpox. What a pity! She never stops talking about you. She plays the clavier very nicely.

[1] Mozart is alluding to the visit to Vienna in September 1790 of King Ferdinand and Queen Caroline of Naples for the celebration of the double wedding of their daughters, Maria Theresa and Louise, to the Archdukes Francis and Ferdinand. The festivities consisted of performances of operas by Salieri and Weigl and a concert at which works by Haydn and other composers were rendered. Mozart was entirely neglected.

[2] Margarete Marchand, Leopold Mozart's former pupil, married in 1790 Franz Danzi (1763–1826), 'cellist in the Munich court orchestra.

[3] Franziska Danzi, daughter of the Mannheim 'cellist, Innocenz Danzi, had married in 1778 the Mannheim oboist, Ludwig August Le Brun.

[4] Maria Johanna Brochard, cousin of Heinrich and Margarete Marchand, had been Leopold Mozart's pupil.

(592) *Mozart to Michael Puchberg*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 52]

VIENNA, *April 13th*, 1791

MOST VALUED FRIEND AND BROTHER!

I shall be drawing my quarterly pay on April 20th, that is, in a week. If you can and will lend me until then about twenty gulden, you will oblige me very much, most beloved friend, and you will have it back with very many thanks on the 20th, as soon as I draw my money. I am anxiously awaiting the sum. Ever your most grateful friend

MOZART [1]

April 13th, 1791.

(593) *Mozart to Michael Puchberg*

[*Autograph in the possession of Heinrich Eisemann, London*]

VIENNA, *between April 21st and 27th*, 1791

I trust that Orsler [2] has returned the keys. It was not my fault. Further I hope that on my behalf he has asked you in advance to lend me for to-day a violin and two violas. They are for a quartet at Greiner's.[3] You know already that I am very anxious to have them. If you should care to come to our little concert in the evening, both he and I most politely invite you to do so.

MOZART

[1] Puchberg noted on this letter, "sent, on April 13th, 1791, 30 gulden".

[2] Joseph Orsler, who from 1772 to 1806 was 'cellist in the Vienna court orchestra.

[3] Court Councillor von Greiner (1732–1798), the father of Caroline Pichler, writer and musician. For an excellent account of her connection with Mozart see Blümml, pp. 104-118.

P.S.—Please forgive me for not having repaid, as I promised to do, the sum you know of. But Stadler, who was to have gone to the pay office for me, because I have so much to do, altogether forgot about the 20th. So I must wait for another week.

(594) *Mozart to the Municipal Council of Vienna*

[*Autograph in the possession of Frau Floersheim-Koch, Florence*]

VIENNA, *beginning of May*, 1791

MOST HONOURABLE AND MOST LEARNED MUNICIPAL COUNCILLORS OF VIENNA!

MOST WORTHY GENTLEMEN!

When Kapellmeister Hofmann [1] was ill, I thought of venturing to apply for his post, seeing that my musical talents, my works and my skill in composition are well known in foreign countries, my name is treated everywhere with some respect, and I myself was appointed several years ago composer to the distinguished court of Vienna. I trusted therefore that I was not unworthy of this post and that I deserved the favourable consideration of our enlightened municipal council.

Kapellmeister Hofmann, however, has recovered his health and in the circumstances—for I wish him from my heart a long life—it has occurred to me that it might perhaps be of service to the Cathedral and, most worthy gentlemen, to your advantage, if I were to be attached for the time being as unpaid assistant to this ageing Kapellmeister and were to have the opportunity of helping this worthy man in his office, thus gaining the approbation of our learned municipal council by the actual performance of services which I may justly consider

[1] Leopold Hofmann (*c.* 1730–1793), Kapellmeister at the Stefanskirche in Vienna.

myself peculiarly fitted to render on account of my thorough knowledge of both the secular and ecclesiastical styles of music.

Your most humble servant,

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART
Royal and Imperial Court Composer [1]

(595) *Mozart to Choir-master Stoll* [2] *at Baden*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

DEAR OLD STOLL! VIENNA, *beginning of June*, 1791
Don't be a poll!

Primo. I should like to know whether Stadler called on you yesterday and asked you for this mass: [3]



Did he? Well then, I hope that I shall get it to-day. If not, please be so kind as to send it to me at once and, remember, with all the parts. I shall return it very soon.

Secondo. Will you please find a small apartment for my wife? She only needs two rooms, or one room and a dressing-room. But the main thing is that they should be on the ground floor. The rooms I should prefer are those which Goldhahn [4] used to occupy on the ground floor at the butcher's. Please enquire there first; perhaps they are still to let. My wife is going out to Baden on

[1] The Municipal Council of Vienna granted Mozart's request, but Kapellmeister Hofmann outlived the petitioner. His successor was Johann Georg Albrechtsberger.

[2] Anton Stoll (1748–1805), school teacher and choir-master of Baden near Vienna. Mozart wrote for him on June 17th, 1791, his motet K. 618, "Ave, verum corpus" for four voices, strings and organ.

[3] K. 317, composed in 1779, Mozart's so-called coronation mass.

[4] Josef Odilo Goldhahn was one of Mozart's acquaintances in Vienna.

Saturday, or Monday, at latest. If we cannot have these rooms, then you must look for something fairly near the baths; but the important point is that they should be on the ground floor. The ground floor at the town notary's, where Dr. Alt stayed,[1] would do very well, but the rooms at the butcher's would be best of all.

Terzo. I should like to know whether the theatre in Baden is open yet?

Please reply as quickly as possible and send me information on these three points.

MOZART

P.S.—My address is: In the Rauhensteingasse, in the Kaiserhaus, No. 970, first floor.

P.S.—This is the silliest letter I have ever written in my life; but it is just the very thing for you.

(596) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 24]

MA TRÈS CHÈRE EPOUSE! VIENNA, *June 5th*, 1791

I hope that on alighting from the carriage my letter handed you Sabinde and that after you read Sabinde, you were very glad that I let it go off for a drive to Baden. It slept with me last night and I wrote Sabinde early this morning—ss—ss—a. A whole crowd of people were made fools of to-day in St. Stefan. Madame Schwingenschuh and Lisette called on me very early in the morning and I told them so. Then I sent Lorl[2] to church to tell Jacquin and Schäfer at once. They both came to see me immediately. I then sent another message, as they had seen Hofmann go to the choir. I shall fly to you on Wednesday in the

[1] Stoll took these rooms in the Renngasse for Constanze. See *MM.* May 1920, pp. 109-112. [2] Leonore, the Mozarts' maidservant.

company of the Schwingenschuhs. I am sleeping to-night at Leutgeb's—and the whole time I am thinking that I have given Lorl the *consilium abeundi*. I am looking forward to reading a letter from you soon. Adieu, my love. Ever your husband

MOZART

(597) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MA TRÈS CHÈRE EPOUSE! VIENNA, *June 6th*, 1791

J'écris cette lettre dans la petite chambre au jardin chez Leutgeb où j'ai couché cette nuit excellemment—et j'espère que ma chère épouse aura passé cette nuit aussi bien que moi. J'y passerai cette nuit aussi, puisque j'ai congédié Leonore et je serais tout seul à la maison, ce qui n'est pas agréable.

J'attends avec beaucoup d'impatience une lettre qui m'apprendra comme vous avez passé le jour d'hier. Je tremble quand je pense au bain de Saint Antoine, car je crains toujours le risque de tomber sur l'escalier en sortant—et je me trouve entre l'espérance et la crainte—une situation bien désagréable! Si vous n'étiez pas grosse, je craignerais moins.[1] Mais abandonnons cette idée triste! Le ciel aura eu certainement soin de ma chère Stanzi-Marini.[2]

Madame de Schwingenschuh m'a prié de leur procurer une loge pour ce soir au théatre de Wieden,[3] où l'on donnera la cinquième partie d'Antoine[4], et j'étais si heureux de pouvoir les servir. J'aurai donc le plaisir de voir cet opéra dans leur compagnie.

[1] The Mozarts' sixth child, Franz Xaver Wolfgang, was born on July 26th, 1791. He became a professional pianist and died at Karlsbad in 1844.

[2] One of Mozart's pet-names for Constanze. [3] Schikaneder's theatre.

[4] "Anton bei Hofe", an opera by Benedict Schack.

I have this moment received your dear letter and am delighted to hear that you are well and in good spirits. Madame Leutgeb has laundered my nightcap and necktie, but I should like you to see them! Good God! I kept on telling her, "*Do let me show you how she (my wife) does them*!"—But it was no use. I am delighted that you have a good appetite—but whoever gorges a lot, must also shit a lot—no, walk a lot, I mean. But I should not like you to take *long walks* without me. I entreat you to follow my advice exactly, for it comes from my heart. Adieu—my love—my only one. Do catch them in the air—those 2999½ little kisses from me which are flying about, waiting for someone to snap them up. Listen, I want to whisper something in your ear—and you in mine—and now we open and close our mouths—again—again and again—at last we say: "It is all about Plumpi—Strumpi——" Well, you can think what you like—that is just why it's so convenient. Adieu. A thousand kisses. Ever your

MOZART

June 6th, 1791.

(598) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 11]

BADEN,[1] *June 7th*, 1791

N.B.—Since you headed your letter Vienna,
I must head mine Baden.

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE!

I simply cannot describe my delight at receiving your last letter of the 6th, which told me that you are well and in good health, and that, very sensibly, you are not taking baths every day. Heavens! How delighted I

[1] Mozart was writing from Vienna.

should have been if you had come to me with the Wildburgs! Indeed I was wild with myself for not telling you to drive into town—but I was afraid of the expense. Yet it would have been *charmant* if you had done so. At five o'clock to-morrow morning, we are all driving out, three carriagefuls of us, and so between nine and ten I expect to find in your arms all the joy which only a man can feel who loves his wife as I do! It is only a pity that I can't take with me either the clavier or the bird! That is why I would rather have gone out alone; but, as it is, I can't get out of the arrangement without offending the company.

I lunched yesterday with Süssmayr [1] at the "Ungarische Krone",[2] as I still had business in town at one o'clock,—as S——[3] has to lunch early and Mme S——, who wanted me very much to lunch with them one of these days, had an engagement at Schönbrunn. To-day I am lunching with Schikaneder, as you know, since you too were invited.

So far I have had no letter from Mme Duschek; but I shall enquire again to-day. I can't find out anything about your dress, as I have not seen the Wildburgs since. If it is at all possible, I shall certainly bring your hat with me. Adieu, my little sweetheart. I simply cannot tell you how I am looking forward to to-morrow. Ever your

MOZART

[1] Franz Xaver Süssmayr (1766–1803), born at Schwanenstadt in Upper Austria, became a pupil of Mozart in composition. He accompanied Mozart and Constanze to Prague in August 1791, and was probably responsible for certain portions of Mozart's opera "La Clemenza di Tito". He completed Mozart's Requiem after the composer's death. See Abert, vol. ii. p. 850 ff.

[2] A restaurant in the Himmelpfortgasse, which still exists.

[3] Possibly Benedict Schack, who had married a contralto singer.

(599) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 46]

MA TRÈS CHÈRE EPOUSE! VIENNA, *June 11th*, 1791

Criez avec moi contre mon mauvais sort! Mlle. Kirchgessner[1] ne donne pas son académie lundi![2] Par conséquent j'aurais pu vous posséder, ma chère, tout ce jour de dimanche. Mercredi je viendrai sûrement.

I must hurry, as it is already a quarter to seven—and the coach leaves at seven. When you are bathing, do take care not to slip and never stay in alone. If I were you I should occasionally omit a day in order not to do the cure too violently. I trust that someone slept with you last night. I cannot tell you what I would not give to be with you at Baden instead of being stuck here. From sheer boredom I composed to-day an aria for my opera.[3] I got up as early as half past four. Wonderful to relate, I have got back my watch—but—as I have no key, I have unfortunately not been able to wind it. What a nuisance! Schlumbla! That is a word to ponder on. Well, I wound *our big clock* instead. Adieu—my love! I am lunching to-day with Puchberg. I kiss you a thousand times and say with you in thought: "Death and despair were his reward!"[4]

Ever your loving husband

W. A. MOZART

See that Karl behaves himself. Give him kisses from me. Take an electuary if you are constipated—not otherwise.

[1] Marianne Kirchgessner (1770–1809) was a blind performer on the glass harmonica. She undertook numerous successful concert tours. Mozart composed for her in May 1791 K. 617, an adagio and rondo in C minor and major for harmonica, flute, oboe, viola and violoncello.

[2] Her concert, which was to have taken place on June 13th, was postponed until August 19th. K. 617 was performed.

[3] "Die Zauberflöte", which Schikaneder had commissioned Mozart to write for performance at his theatre Auf der Wieden.

[4] A quotation from the "Zauberflöte".

Take care of yourself in the morning and evening, if it is chilly.

(600) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, pp. 27-29]

VIENNA, *June 12th*, 1791

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE!

Now why did I not get a letter from you last night? So that you might keep me even longer in anxiety about your baths? This and something else spoilt the whole of yesterday for me. I went to see N.N. in the morning, who promised me, parole d'honneur, to call on me between twelve and one in order to settle up everything. So I could not lunch with Puchberg, but had to wait at home. Well, I waited until half past two. He never came, so I sent a note to his father by our servant. Meanwhile I went off to the "Ungarische Krone", as it was too late to get lunch anywhere else; even there I had to take my meal *alone*, as all the guests had already left. You can imagine the sort of lunch I had, worried as I was about you and annoyed with N.N. If only I had had someone to console me a little. It is not at all good for me to be alone, when I have something on my mind. At half past three I was at home again. The servant had not yet returned. I waited and waited until half past six when she turned up with a note. Waiting is always disagreeable, to be sure, but even more so when the result is not what you expect. The note only contained apologies for not having been able to get some definite information, and assurances that he would not forget me and would certainly keep his word. To cheer myself up I then went to the Kasperle Theatre to see the new opera "Der Fagottist",[1] which is

[1] "Kaspar der Fagottist", by Wenzel Müller (1767–1835), who was conductor at Marinelli's Theatre in Vienna. The first performance of this opera was on June 8th, 1791.

making such a sensation, but which is shoddy stuff. When passing the coffee-house I looked in to see whether Loibl [1] was there, but there was not a sign of him. In the evening I again took a meal at the "Krone" simply in order not to be alone, and there at least I found someone to talk to. Then I went straight to bed. I was up again at five o'clock, got dressed at once, went to see Montecucoli [2]—whom I found at home—then went off to N.N., who, however, had already decamped. I am only sorry that *on account of that business, which has not yet been settled,* I was not able to write to you this morning. How I should have liked to write!

I am off now to the Rehbergs, that is, to the *great banquet which they are giving to their friends*. If I had not made a solemn promise to turn up and if it were not extremely rude of me to stay away, I should not go at all. But what good would that do me? Well, to-morrow I am driving out to Baden and to you! If only my affairs were settled! Who will now keep on prodding N.N. on my behalf? For if he is not prodded, he becomes lukewarm. I have had to look him up every morning, otherwise he would not have done even what he *has* done. Please do not go to the Casino to-day even if the Schwingenschuhs should go out to Baden. Save it up for when I am with you. If only I had news from you! Well, it is half past ten now and the Rehbergs lunch at noon. Why, it is striking eleven! So I can't wait any longer! Adieu, dear little wife, love me as I do you. I kiss you 2000 times in thought. Ever your

MOZART

Sunday.

[1] Johann Martin Loibl, a notary, a lover of music and a member of the same masonic lodge as Mozart.

[2] Ludwig Franz, Marchese di Montecucoli, was a pupil of Mozart's.

(601) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*Autograph in the possession of Dr. Richard Strauss*]

MA TRÈS CHÈRE EPOUSE! VIENNA, 1791[1]

N.N. has this moment gone off to Baden. It is now nine o'clock in the evening and I have been with him since three. I think he will keep his word this time. He promised to call on you, so I urge you to go for him hard. But please do not go to the Casino.

Primo, the company [2] is—*you understand what I mean*—
and
Secondo, you can't dance, as things are—and to look on . . .?

Why, you can do that more easily when your little husband is with you.

I must close, as I have still to go and see Montecucoli. I just wanted to dash off this piece of news to you. You will have a proper letter to-morrow. Adieu—do what I have told you about *the baths* and love me as much as I love and shall ever love you.

Ever your

MOZART

My greetings to your court flunkeys!

(602) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 35]

VIENNA, *June 25th*, 1791

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE!

These are only a few lines written to you in haste, as I am going to give Leutgeb a surprise by going out to breakfast with him. It is now half past five. After

[1] This letter is undated. [2] Probably the Schwingenschuhs.

lunch I shall write more. And I am hoping that by then I shall have had a letter from you. Adieu—I only wanted to say good morning. Take care of yourself, particularly when you are taking the baths. If you feel the slightest weakness, stop them at once. Adieu! Two thousand kisses.

MOZART

My compliments to Snai [1]—and tell him to pester N.N. unmercifully.

[*Autograph in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

MA TRÈS CHÈRE EPOUSE!

I have this moment received your letter, which has given me extraordinary pleasure. I am now longing for a second one to tell me how the baths are affecting you. I too am sorry not to have been present yesterday at your fine concert, not on account of the music, but because I should have been so happy to be with you. I gave N.N.[2] a surprise to-day. First of all I went to the Rehbergs. Well, Frau Rehberg sent one of her daughters upstairs to tell him that a dear old friend had come from Rome and had searched all the houses in the town without being able to find him. He sent down a message to say, would I please wait for a few minutes. Meanwhile the poor fellow put on his Sunday best, his finest clothes, and turned up with his hair most elaborately dressed. You can imagine how we made fun of him. I can never resist making a fool of someone—if it is not N.N., then it must be N.N. or Snai. And where did I sleep? At home, of course. And I slept very well, save that the mice kept me

[1] Abert, vol. ii. p. 753, n. 2, suggests that Snai was one of Mozart's nicknames for Süssmayr, who was then at Baden. [2] Probably Leutgeb.

most excellent company. Why, I had a first-rate argument with them. I was up before five o'clock. A propos, I advise you not to go to mass to-morrow. Those peasant louts are too cheeky for my taste. True, you have a rough *compagnon*, but the peasants don't respect him, *perdent respectum*, as they see at once that he is a silly ass—Snai!

I shall give a verbal reply to Süssmayr. I would rather not waste paper on him.

Tell Krügel or Klüsel that you would like to have better food. Perhaps, when you are passing, you could speak to him yourself. That would be even better. He is a good fellow in other ways and respects me.

To-morrow I shall join the procession to the Josefstadt, holding a candle in my hand!—Snai!

Do not forget my warnings about the morning and evening air and about bathing too long. My kind regards to Count and Countess Wagensperg. Adieu. I kiss you two thousand times in thought and am ever

your

MOZART

Vienna, June 25th, 1791.

P.S.—Perhaps after all it would be well to give Karl a little rhubarb. Why did you not send me that long letter? Here is a letter for him—I should like to have an answer. Catch—Catch——bis—bis—bs—bs—kisses are flying about for you—bs—why, another one is staggering after the rest!

I have this moment received your second letter. Beware of the baths! And do sleep more—and not so irregularly, or I shall worry—I am a little anxious as it is.

Adieu.

(603) *Mozart to Michael Puchberg*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

VIENNA, *June 25th*, 1791

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED FRIEND!

MOST HONOURABLE BROTHER!

Business has prevented me from having the pleasure of calling on you to-day. I have a request to make. My wife writes to say that she can see that, although they are not expecting it, the people with whom she is living would be glad to receive some payment for her board and lodging and she begs me to send her some money. I had intended to settle everything when it was time for her to leave and I now find myself in very great embarrassment. I should not like to expose her to any unpleasantness; yet at the moment I cannot leave myself short of money. If you, most beloved friend, can assist me with a small sum, which I can send to her at once, you will oblige me exceedingly. I require the loan only for a few days, when you will receive 2000 gulden in my name, from which you can then refund yourself.

Ever your

MOZART [1]

(604) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 34]

VIENNA, *June 30th or July 1st*, 1791

DEAREST LITTLE WIFE!

I have just this moment arrived and have already called on Puchberg and Montecucoli. The latter was not at home—so I shall call again at half past nine. I am

[1] Puchberg noted on this letter, "sent *eodem die* 25 gulden".

now going to look up N.N. You will have received a letter for me from Montecucoli. As I think it probable that instead of spending Sunday with you I shall have to spend it in Vienna, please send me the two summer suits, white and brown, with their trousers. I entreat you to take the baths only every other day, and only for an hour. But if you want me to feel quite easy in my mind, do not take them at all, until I am with you again. Adieu. I kiss you a thousand times and am ever your

MOZART

N.B.—My greetings to Snai and tell him that I should like to know how he is—probably as tough as an ox. Tell him to keep on writing until I get my belongings. Adieu.

I am sealing this letter in the presence of that good fellow Primus.[1]

(605) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*Autograph in the possession of D. N. Heineman, Brussels*]

MA TRÈS CHÈRE EPOUSE! VIENNA, *July 2nd*, 1791

I trust that you are very well. I have just remembered that you have *very seldom* been upset during pregnancy. Perhaps the baths are having a too laxative effect? I should not wait for *certain proofs*, which would be too unpleasant. My advice is that you should stop them now! Then I should feel quite easy in my mind. To-day is the day when you are not supposed to take one and yet I wager that that little wife of mine has been to the baths? *Seriously*—I had much rather you would prolong your cure well into the autumn. I hope that you got my first little note.

[1] Mozart's nickname for Joseph Deiner, a steward at the "Silberne Schlange", an eating-house and beer-shop in the Kärntnergasse, where Mozart usually lunched.

Please tell that idiotic fellow Süssmayr to send me my score of the first act, from the introduction to the finale, so that I may orchestrate it.[1] It would be a good thing if he could put it together to-day and dispatch it by the first coach to-morrow, for I should then have it at noon. I have just had a visit from a couple of Englishmen who refused to leave Vienna without making my acquaintance. But of course the real truth is that they wanted to meet that great fellow Süssmayr and only came to see me in order to find out where he lived, as they had heard that I was fortunate enough to enjoy his favour. I told them to go to the "Ungarische Krone" and to wait there until he should return from Baden![2] Snai! They want to engage him to clean the lamps. I am longing most ardently for news of you. It is half past twelve already and I have heard nothing. I shall wait a little longer before sealing my letter. . . . Nothing has come, so I must close it! Farewell, dearest, most beloved little wife! Take care of your health, for as long as you are well and are kind to me, I don't care a fig if everything else goes wrong. Follow the advice I gave you at the beginning of this letter and farewell. Adieu—a thousand kisses for you and a thousand boxes on the ear for Lacci Bacci. Ever your

MOZART

Vienna, Saturday, July 2nd, 1791.

(606) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

July 3rd, 1791

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE OF MY HEART!

I received your letter together with Montecucoli's and am delighted to hear that you are well and in good

[1] Mozart was composing "Die Zauberflöte".

[2] Mozart is punning on the word "baden", which means "to bathe".

spirits. I thought as much. If you take the baths twice in succession, you will be thoroughly spanked when I come out to you again! Thanks for the finale you sent and my clothes, but I cannot understand why you did not put in a letter. I searched all the pockets in the coat and trousers. Well, perhaps the post-woman is still carrying it about in her pocket! I am only delighted that you are in good health, my dear little wife. I rely on your following my advice. If you do, I can feel a little calmer! As for my health, I feel pretty well. I trust that my affairs will improve as rapidly as possible. Until they are settled I cannot be quite easy in my mind. But I hope to be so soon.

I trust that N.N.[1] will not forget to copy out at once what I left for him; and I am counting on receiving to-day those portions of my score for which I asked. I see from N.N.'s Latin letter that neither of you is drinking any wine. I don't like that. Have a word with your supervisor, who no doubt will only be too delighted to give you some on my account. It is a wholesome wine and not expensive, whereas the water is horrid. I lunched yesterday at Schikaneder's with the Lieutenant-Colonel, who is also taking the Antony baths. To-day I am lunching with Puchberg. Adieu, little sweetheart. Dear Stanzi Marini, I must close in haste, for I have just heard one o'clock strike; and you know that Puchberg likes to lunch early. Adieu. Ever your

MOZART

Sunday, July 3rd, 1791.

Lots of kisses for Karl and whippings for—that table-fool.

[1] Süssmayr.

(607) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 34]

DEAREST LITTLE WIFE! VIENNA, *July 4th*, 1791

I must be brief. It is half past one and I have not yet had any lunch. I wish I could send you more money. Meanwhile, here are three gulden. You will get some more to-morrow at noon. Cheer up and keep up your spirits. All will be well yet. I kiss you a thousand times. I am weak for want of food. Adieu.

Ever your

MOZART

I have waited until now in the hope of being able to send you more money!

(608) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 32]

VIENNA, *July 5th*, 1791

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE!

Here are twenty-five gulden. Settle the account for your baths. When I come we shall pay for everything. Tell N.N.[1] to send me Nos. 4 and 5 of my manuscript—and the other things I asked for and tell him to . . . I must hurry off to Wetzlar[2] or I shall miss him. Adieu. I kiss you two thousand times and am

ever your

MOZART

Vienna, July 5th, 1791.

P.S.—Didn't you laugh when you got my three

[1] Süssmayr. [2] See p. 1161, n. 1.

gulden? But I thought it would be better than nothing. Have a good time, little sweetheart, and be ever my Stanzi M.

(609) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 31]

VIENNA, *July 5th*, 1791

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE!

Do not be melancholy, I beg you! I hope you received the money. It is surely better for your foot that you should stay on at Baden, for there you can go out more easily. I hope to hold you in my arms on Saturday, perhaps sooner. As soon as my business here is over, I shall be with you, for I mean to take a long rest in your arms; and indeed I shall need it, for this mental worry and anxiety and all the running about connected with it is really exhausting me. I received safely the last parcel and thank you for it. I am more delighted than I can express that you are not taking any more baths. In a word, all I need now is your presence. Sometimes I think I cannot wait for it any longer. True, when my business is over I could have you back for good—but—I should like to spend a few more delightful days with you at Baden. N.N. is with me at the moment and tells me that I ought to do this to you. He has a penchant for you and is perfectly certain that you must have noticed it.



And what is my second fool doing now? I find it hard to choose between the two fools! When I turned in at the "Krone" yesterday evening, I found the English lord lying there quite exhausted, as he was still waiting for

Snai.[1] On my way to Wetzlar's to-day I saw a couple of oxen yoked to a waggon and when they began to pull, they moved their heads exactly like our idiotic N.N. Snai!

If you need anything, little sweetheart, let me know quite frankly, for I shall indeed be delighted to try to satisfy in every way my Stanzi Marini—

Ever your

MOZART

Vienna, July 5th, 1791.

Karl must be a good boy. Then perhaps I shall answer his letter. Adieu.

(610) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 81]

VIENNA, *July 6th*, 1791

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE!

With indescribable pleasure I received the news that you got the money safely. I can't remember, but I'm sure I never told you to settle up *everything*. Now, how could I, a sensible person, have written such nonsense? Well, if I did, I must have been completely out of my mind! Which is quite possible, as at the moment I have so many important things to think about. I only meant that you should pay *for your baths* and use the rest yourself. All other debts, the amount of which I have more or less reckoned up, I shall settle myself when I come. This very moment Blanchard[2] is either going up in his balloon—or else will fool the Viennese for the third time. That this should be taking place to-day is most inconvenient for

[1] Süssmayr. See p. 1426

[2] Blanchard went up in his balloon Montgolfière on July 6th, 1791, starting from the Prater and coming down in the neighbourhood of Vienna.

me, for it is preventing me from settling up my business. N.N. promised to come and see me before going out there, but he hasn't turned up. Perhaps he will when the fun is over. I shall wait until two o'clock, then I shall stuff down a little food and go off and hunt him up. Our life is not at all a pleasant one. But patience! Things are bound to improve. And then I shall rest in your arms!

I thank you for your advice not to rely entirely on N.N. But in such cases *you are obliged to deal with only one person*. If you turn to two or three, and the affair becomes common property, others, with whom you cannot deal, regard you as a fool or an unreliable fellow. But the greatest pleasure of all you can give me is to be happy and jolly. *And if I know for certain that you have everything you want*, then all my trouble is a joy and a delight. Indeed the most difficult and complicated situation, in which I can possibly find myself, becomes a trifle, if only I know that *you are well and in good spirits*. And now, farewell. Make good use of your table-fool. Think of me and talk about me very often, both of you. Love me for ever as I do you and be always my Stanzi Marini, as I shall always be your

Stu! Knaller Praller
Schnip-Schnap-Schnur
Schnepeperl—
Snai!—

Give N.N. a box on the ear and tell him that you simply must kill a fly which I have spied on his face! Adieu—Look there! Catch them—bi—bi—bi—three kisses, as sweet as sugar, are flying over to you!

Wednesday, Vienna, July 6th, 1791.

(611) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*From Nottebohm, Mozartiana*, p. 21]

VIENNA, *July 7th*, 1791

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE!

You will forgive me, I know, for only sending you *one letter* a day. The reason is that I must keep hold of N.N. and not let him escape. I am at his house every day at seven o'clock in the morning.

I hope that you got my letter of yesterday. I did not go to see the balloon, for it is the sort of thing which one can imagine. Besides, I thought that this time too nothing would come of it. But goodness! How the Viennese are rejoicing! They are as full of his praises now as they have been up to the present of abuses.

There is something in your letter which I cannot read and something I cannot understand. You say: "I am certain that my—little husband will be in the Prater to-day in a numerous com. etc." I cannot read the adjective before "little husband". I presume that "com." stands for "company"—but what you mean by "numerous company" I cannot think.

Tell Sauermayer[1] from me that I have not had time to be for ever running off to his Primus and that whenever I did go he was never at home. Just give him the three gulden, so that he may not cry.

My one wish now is that my affairs should be settled, so that I can be with you again. You cannot imagine how I have been aching for you all this long while. I can't describe what I have been feeling—a kind of emptiness, which hurts me dreadfully—a kind of longing, which is never satisfied, which never ceases, and which persists, nay rather increases daily. When I think how merry we

[1] One of Mozart's nicknames for Süssmayr.

were together at Baden—like children—and what sad, weary hours I am spending here! Even my work gives me no pleasure, because I am accustomed to stop working now and then and exchange a few words with you. Alas! this pleasure is no longer possible. If I go to the piano and sing something out of my opera,[1] I have to stop at once, for this stirs my emotions too deeply. Basta! The very hour after I finish this business I shall be off and away from here. I have no news to tell you. The illuminations at Baden were, I daresay, a little premature—as the truth is precisely to the contrary. I shall enquire at the court chemist's, where the electuary may perhaps be obtained. If so, I shall send it to you at once. Meanwhile, if it is necessary, I should advise you to take *tartar* rather than *brandy*. Adieu, dearest little wife,

Ever your

MOZART

Vienna, July 7th, 1791.

(612) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

VIENNA, *July 9th*, 1791

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE!

I have received your letter of the 7th together with the receipt for the correct payment. But for your own sake I should like to have seen the signature of a witness. For if N.N. chooses to be dishonest, he may make things rather unpleasant for you in regard to *genuineness* and *short weight*. As the document simply says "box on the ear", he can suddenly send you a legal summons for a heavy or a violent or even a gentle box on the ear. What will you do then? You will have to pay him at once, which is not always convenient! I should advise you to come to a friendly understanding with your opponent and give

[1] "Die Zauberflöte."

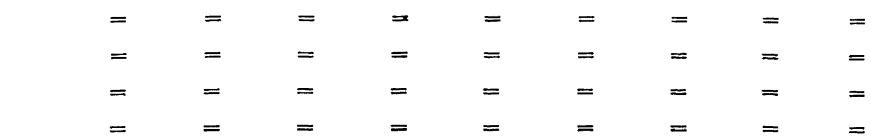
him two heavy and three violent boxes on the ear followed by one gentle one, and even more, if he is not satisfied. For I maintain that kindness cures everything, that magnanimous and forbearing conduct has often reconciled the bitterest enemies and that if you are not in a position to pay the whole debt, you still have acquaintances who can. No doubt, if you ask Madame N., she will make herself responsible for the payment in cash, if not of the whole, at any rate of part of the debt.

Dearest little wife, I hope you received my letter of yesterday. The time, the happy time of our reunion is drawing ever nearer. Have patience and be as cheerful as possible. Your letter of yesterday made me feel so depressed that I almost made up my mind to let that business slide and drive out to you. But what good would it have done? I should only have had to drive in again at once or, instead of being happy, I should have been most dreadfully worried. The affair must be concluded in a few days, for Z's promises were really serious and solemn. Then I shall go straight to you. But if you prefer it, I shall send you the money you need and you can then pay everything and return to Vienna. There is nothing I should like better. At the same time I do think that in this fine weather Baden must be very pleasant for you and most beneficial to your health, as there are such glorious walks there. You yourself must feel this more than anyone. So if you find that the air and exercise thoroughly agree with you, stay a little longer. I shall come and fetch you or, if you like, spend a few days with you. But, as I have already said, if you would rather do so, return to Vienna tomorrow. Tell me quite frankly which you prefer. Now farewell, dearest Stanzi Marini. I kiss you millions of times and am ever your

MOZART

Vienna, July 9th, 1791.

P.S.—Give the following message to N.N. from me:—



What does he say? Does he like it? Not particularly, I daresay. They are difficult expressions and rather hard to understand. Adieu.

(613) *Mozart to Choir-master Stoll at Baden*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

VIENNA, *July 12th*, 1791

Stoll, my dear,
You're a little bit queer
And an ass, I fear.
You've been swilling some beer!
The minor, I hear,
Is what tickles your ear!

I have a request to make, and that is, that you would be so kind as to send me by the first mail coach to-morrow my mass in B♭[1] which we performed last Sunday, and Michael Haydn's Graduale in B♭, "Pax Vobis", which we also performed. I mean, of course, the parts, not the scores. I have been asked to conduct a mass in a church. Please do not think that this is an excuse to get back my mass. If I were not quite satisfied that you should have it, I should never have given it to you. On the contrary, I am delighted to be able to do you a kindness. I rely entirely on you, for I have given a promise.

MOZART

Vienna, July 12th, 1791.

[1] K. 275, composed in 1777.

BELOVED HERR VON POLL!

Do not let us down or we shall be landed in the gutter. My beautiful delicate handwriting testifies to the truth of what Herr von Mozart has said, that is—the mass and Michael Haydn's Graduale—or no news of his opera.

We shall return them at once.

By the way, be so kind as to kiss the hand of my dear Theresa for me. If you don't, I swear eternal enmity. Your handwriting must testify to it, as mine is doing now. Then you will get back Michael Haydn's mass about which I have already written to my father.

Remember, a man keeps his word!

I am
your sincere friend

FRANZ SÜSSMAYR
Muckshitter

Shitting-house, July 12th.

(614) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*Autograph in the possession of Karl Geigy-Hagenbach, Basel*]

VIENNA, *October 7th–8th*, 1791 [1]
Friday, half past ten
at night

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE!

I have this moment returned from the opera, which was as full as ever.[2] As usual the duet "Mann und Weib" and Papageno's glockenspiel in Act I had to be repeated

[1] The non-existence of any letters from Mozart between the middle of July and the beginning of October 1791 is partly due to Mozart's and Constanze's visit to Prague for the performance of his "Clemenza di Tito", the opera which he had been commissioned to compose for the coronation on September 6th of the Emperor Leopold II as King of Bohemia. Süssmayr accompanied the Mozarts.

[2] The first performance of "Die Zauberflöte" took place on September 30th, 1791, Mozart himself conducting from the clavier. Schikaneder took the part of Papageno. Josefa Hofer was the Queen of Night.

and also the trio of the boys in Act II. But what always gives me most pleasure is the *silent approval*. You can see how this opera is becoming more and more popular. Now for an account of my own doings. Immediately after your departure I played two games of billiards with Herr von Mozart, the fellow who wrote the opera which is running at Schikaneder's theatre; then I sold my nag for fourteen ducats; then I told Joseph [1] to get Primus to fetch me some black coffee, with which I smoked a splendid pipe of tobacco; and then I orchestrated almost the whole of Stadler's rondo.[2] Meanwhile I have had a letter which Stadler [3] has sent me from Prague. All the Duscheks are well. I really think that she cannot have received a single one of your letters—and yet I can hardly believe it. Well, they have all heard already about the splendid reception of my German opera.[4] And the strangest thing of all is that on the very evening when my new opera was performed for the first time with such success, "Tito" was given in Prague for the last time with tremendous applause. Bedini [5] sang better than ever. The little duet in A major which the two maidens sing was repeated; [6] and had not the audience wished to spare Madame Marchetti,[7] a repetition of the rondo would have been very welcome.[8] Cries of "Bravo" were shouted at Stodla [9] from the parterre and even from the orchestra—"What a miracle for Bohemia!" he writes, "but indeed I *did my very best*". Stodla writes too that Süssmayr . . .

[1] Joseph Deiner. See p. 1425, n. 1.

[2] The rondo of K. 622, clarinet concerto in A major, one of Mozart's last compositions.

[3] Anton Stadler, who had taken part in the performance of "La Clemenza di Tito", had stayed on in Prague.

[4] "Die Zauberflöte." [5] Bedini took the part of Annio.

[6] Probably No. 7, "Ah, perdona al primo affetto".

[7] Signora Marchetti-Fantozzi, the prima donna, took the part of Vitellia.

[8] No. 23, "Non più di fiori".

[9] Anton Stadler, the clarinettist. Mozart is probably imitating his dialect.

but I now see that he is an ass—Süssmayr I mean, not Stodla, who is only a bit of an ass—but Süssmayr, why, he is a full-blown ass. At half past five I left my room and took my favourite walk by the Glacis to the theatre. But what do I see? What do I smell? Why, here is Don Primus[1] with the cutlets! Che gusto![2] Now I am eating to your health! It is just striking eleven. Perhaps you are already asleep? St! St! St! I won't wake you.

Saturday, the 8th. You should have seen me at supper yesterday! I couldn't find the old tablecloth, so I fished out one as white as a snowdrop, and put in front of me the double candlestick with wax candles. According to Stadler's letter the Italians are done for in Vienna. Further, Madame Duschek must have got *one* letter from you, for he says: "The lady was very well pleased with Mathies' postscript. She said: 'I like the ASS, or A–S–S, as he is'." Do urge Süssmayr to write something for Stadler, for he has begged me very earnestly to see to this. As I write, no doubt you will be having a good swim. The friseur came punctually at six o'clock. At half past five Primus had lit the fire and he then woke me up at a quarter to six. Why must it rain just now? I did so much hope that you would have lovely weather. Do keep very warm, so that you may not catch a cold. I hope that these baths will help you to keep well during the winter. For only the desire to see you in good health made me urge you to go to Baden. I already feel lonely without you. I knew I should. If I had had nothing to do, I should have gone off at once to spend the week with you; but I have *no facilities for working at Baden*, and I am anxious, as far as possible, to avoid all risk of *money difficulties*. For the most pleasant thing of all is to have a mind at peace. To achieve this, however, one must work hard; and I like hard work. Give Süssmayr a few sound boxes

[1] Joseph Deiner. [2] What a delicious taste!

on the ear from me, and I ask Sophie H.,[1] whom I kiss a thousand times, to give him a couple too. For Heaven's sake do not let him starve in this respect. The last thing in the world I could wish would be his reproach that you had not treated or looked after him properly. Rather give him too many blows than too few. It would be a good thing if you were to leave a bump on his nose, or knock out an eye, or inflict some other visible injury, so that the fellow may never be able to deny that he has got something from you.

Adieu, dear little wife! The coach is just going. I trust that I shall have a letter from you to-day and in this sweet hope I kiss you a thousand times and am ever

your loving husband

W. A. MOZART

(615) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*Autograph in the Zavertal Collection, University of Glasgow*]

VIENNA, [?*October 8th–9th*], 1791[2]
Saturday night at half past ten o'clock

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE,

I was exceedingly delighted and overjoyed to find your letter on my return from the opera. Although Saturday, as it is post-day, is always a bad night, the opera was performed to a full house and with the usual applause and repetition of numbers. It will be given again to-morrow, but there will be no performance on Monday. So Süssmayr must bring Stoll in on *Tuesday*

[1] Sophie Haibel, Constanze's youngest sister.

[2] The autograph of this letter, which bears no date, has been published by Farmer and Smith, *New Mozartiana*, pp. 65-75, 123-127. The editors maintain that this letter was written after the letter dated October 14th, but do not provide sufficient evidence to upset the traditional order of Mozart's last letters.

when it will be given again *for the first time*. I say *for the first time*, because it will probably be performed several times in succession. I have just swallowed a delicious slice of sturgeon which Don Primus (who is my faithful valet) has brought me; and as I have a rather voracious appetite to-day, I have sent him off again to fetch some more if he can. So during this interval I shall go on writing to you. This morning I worked so hard at my composition that I went on until half past one. So I dashed off in great haste to Hofer, simply in order not to lunch alone, where I found Mamma [1] too. After lunch I went home at once and composed again until it was time to go to the opera. Leutgeb begged me to take him a second time and I did so. I am taking *Mamma* to-morrow. Hofer has already given her the libretto to read. In her case what will probably happen will be that she will *see* the opera, but not *hear* it. The N.Ns. had a box this evening and applauded *everything* most heartily. But he, the know-all, showed himself to be such a thorough *Bavarian* that I could not remain or I should have had to call him an ass. Unfortunately I was there just when the second act began, that is, at the solemn scene. He made fun of everything. At first I was patient enough to draw his attention to a few passages. But he laughed at everything. Well, I could stand it no longer. I called him a Papageno and cleared out. But I don't think that the idiot understood my remark. So I went into another box where *Flamm* [2] and his wife happened to be. There everything was very pleasant and I stayed to the end. But during Papageno's aria with the glockenspiel I went behind the scenes, as I felt a sort of impulse to-day to play it myself. Well, just for fun, at the point where

[1] Frau Weber.

[2] A member of the Vienna Municipal Council. His daughter Antonie afterwards became a famous singer.

Schikaneder has a pause, I played an arpeggio. He was startled, looked behind the wings and saw me. When he had his next pause, I played no arpeggio. This time he stopped and refused to go on. I guessed what he was thinking and again played a chord. He then struck the glockenspiel and said "*Shut up*". Whereupon everyone laughed. I am inclined to think that this joke taught many of the audience for the first time that Papageno does not play the instrument himself. By the way, you have no idea how charming the music sounds when you hear it from a box close to the orchestra—it sounds much better than from the gallery. As soon as you return—you must try this for yourself.

Sunday, at seven o'clock in the morning. I have slept very well and hope that you too have done the same. I have just enjoyed thoroughly my half of a capon which friend Primus has brought back with him. I am going to the service at the Piarists at ten o'clock, as Leutgeb has told me that I can then have a word with the Director;[1] and I shall stay to lunch.

Primus told me last night that a great many people in Baden are ill. Is this true? Do take care and don't trust the weather. Well, Primus has just returned with the tiresome news that the coach left to-day before seven o'clock and that there won't be another one until the afternoon. So all my writing at night and in the early morning has been to no purpose and you will not get my letter until this evening, which is very annoying. I shall certainly go to you next Sunday, when we shall all visit the Casino and come home together on Monday. Lechleitner was again at the opera. Though he is no connoisseur, he is at any rate a genuine lover of music, which

[1] Mozart was thinking of removing his little son Karl from his school at Perchtholdsdorf and placing him at a Christian Brothers' seminary.

N.N. is not. N.N. is really a nonentity and much prefers a dinée. Farewell, my love—I kiss you millions of times and am ever your

MOZART

P.S.—Kiss Sophie for me. I send Süssmayr a few good *nose-pulls* and a proper *hair-tug* and Stoll a thousand greetings. Adieu. The hour is striking—Farewell—We shall meet again.[1]

N.B.—You probably sent the two pairs of yellow winter trousers along with the boots to the laundry, for Joseph and I have hunted for them in vain! *Adieu.*

(616) *Mozart to his Wife at Baden*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

VIENNA, *October 14th*, 1791

DEAREST, MOST BELOVED LITTLE WIFE,

Hofer drove out with me yesterday, Thursday the 13th, to see our Karl.[2] We lunched there and then we all drove back to Vienna. At six o'clock I called in the carriage for Salieri and Madame Cavalieri—and drove them to my box. Then I drove back quickly to fetch Mamma and Karl, whom I had left at Hofer's. You can hardly imagine how charming they were and how much they liked not only my music, but the libretto and everything. They both said that it was an *operone*,[3] worthy to be performed for the grandest festival and before the greatest monarch, and that they would often go to see it, as they had never seen a more beautiful or delightful show. Salieri listened and watched most attentively and from the ouverture to the last chorus

[1] A quotation from the "Zauberflöte".

[2] Karl Mozart was at school in Perchtholdsdorf, a suburb of Vienna.

[3] A "grand opera".

there was not a single number that did not call forth from him a bravo! or bello! It seemed as if they could not thank me enough for my kindness. They had intended in any case to go to the opera yesterday. But they would have had to be in their places by four o'clock. As it was, they saw and heard everything in comfort in my box. When it was over I drove them home and then had supper at Hofer's with Karl. Then I drove him home and we both slept soundly. Karl was absolutely delighted at being taken to the opera. He is looking splendid. As far as health is concerned, he could not be in a better place, but everything else there is wretched, alas! All they can do is to turn out a good peasant into the world. But enough of this. As his serious studies (God help them!) do not begin until Monday, I have arranged to keep him until after lunch on Sunday. I told them that you would like to see him. So to-morrow, Saturday, I shall drive out with Karl to see you. You can then keep him, or I shall take him back to Heeger's[1] after lunch. Think it over. A month can hardly do him much harm. In the meantime the arrangement with the Piarists, which is now under discussion, may come to something. On the whole, Karl is no worse; but at the same time he is not one whit better than he was. He still has his old bad manners; he never stops chattering just as he used to do in the past; and he is, if anything, *less inclined to learn than before*, as out at Perchtholdsdorf all he does is to run about in the garden for five hours in the morning and five hours in the afternoon, as he has himself confessed. In short, the children do nothing but eat, drink, sleep and run wild. Leutgeb and Hofer are with me at the moment. The former is staying to supper with me. I have sent out my faithful comrade Primus to fetch some

[1] Wenzel Bernhard Heeger (1740–1807), headmaster of the school at Perchtholdsdorf.

food from the Bürgerspital. I am quite satisfied with the fellow. He has only let me down once, when I was obliged to sleep at Hofer's, which annoyed me intensely, as they sleep far too long there. I am happiest at home, for I am accustomed to my own hours. This one occasion put me in a very bad humour. Yesterday the whole day was taken up with that trip to Perchtholdsdorf, so I could not write to you. But that you have not written to me for two days, is really unforgivable. I hope that I shall certainly have a letter from you to-day, and that to-morrow I shall talk to you and embrace you with all my heart.

Farewell. Ever your

MOZART

October 14th, 1791.

I kiss Sophie a thousand times. Do what you like with N.N. Adieu.

A letter, written many years later, which describes the last days of Mozart:

Sophie Haibel to Georg Nikolaus von Nissen, Salzburg [1]

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the possession of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, Vienna*]

DIAKOVAR,[2] *April 7th*, 1825

Now I must tell you about Mozart's last days. Well, Mozart became fonder and fonder of our dear departed mother[3] and she of him. Indeed he often came running along in great haste to the Wieden (where she and I were lodging at the Goldner Pflug), carrying under his arm a little bag containing coffee and sugar, which he would hand to our good mother, saying, "Here, mother dear, now you can have a little 'Jause'".[4] She used to be as delighted as a child. He did this very often. In short, Mozart in the end never came to see us without bringing something.

Now when Mozart fell ill, we both made him a night-jacket which he could put on frontways, since on account of his swollen condition he was unable to turn in bed. Then, as we didn't know how seriously ill he was, we also made him a quilted dressing-gown (though indeed his dear wife, my sister, had given us the materials for both garments), so that when he got up he should have everything he needed. We often visited him and he

[1] Mozart, who had been in poor health for some time, became very ill early in November and bedridden about a fortnight before his death on December 5th, 1791. A vivid and moving account of his last days is given in the above letter written many years later by Sophie Haibel to her elder sister Constanze's second husband, Georg Nikolaus von Nissen, formerly Counsellor at the Danish Legation in Vienna, who at the time was collecting materials for his biography of Mozart. See Nissen, p. 573 ff. and p. 687 ff. The letter was first published in full in *MM*, November 1918, pp. 21-23.

[2] Sophie Weber's husband, Jakob Haibel (1761–1826), musician and composer, was choir-master at Diakovar.

[3] Frau Cäcilie Weber, who died on August 22nd, 1793.

[4] i.e. afternoon coffee.

seemed to be really looking forward to wearing his dressing-gown. I used to go into town every day to see him. Well, one Saturday when I was with him, Mozart said to me: "Dear Sophie, do tell Mamma that I am fairly well and that I shall be able to go and congratulate her on the octave of her name-day". Who could have been more delighted than I to bring such cheerful news to my mother, who was ever anxious to hear how he was? I hurried home therefore to comfort her, the more so as he himself really seemed to be bright and happy. The following day was a Sunday. I was young then and rather vain, I confess, and liked to dress up. But I never cared to go out walking from our suburb into town in my fine clothes, and I had no money for a drive. So I said to our good mother: "Dear Mamma, I'm not going to see Mozart to-day. He was so well yesterday that surely he will be much better this morning, and one day more or less won't make much difference." Well, my mother said: "Listen to this. Make me a bowl of coffee and then I'll tell you what you ought to do." She was rather inclined to keep me at home; and indeed my sister knows how much I had to be with her. I went into the kitchen. The fire was out. I had to light the lamp and make a fire. All the time I was thinking of Mozart. I had made the coffee and the lamp was still burning. Then I noticed how wasteful I had been with my lamp, I mean, that I had burned so much oil. It was still burning brightly. I stared into the flame and thought to myself, "How I should love to know how Mozart is". While I was thinking and gazing at the flame, it went out, as completely as if the lamp had never been burning. Not a spark remained on the main wick and yet there wasn't the slightest draught—that I can swear to. A horrible feeling came over me. I ran to our mother and told her all. She said: "Well, take off your fine clothes and go into town and bring me back news of him at once. But be sure not

to delay." I hurried along as fast as I could. Alas, how frightened I was when my sister, who was almost despairing and yet trying to keep calm, came out to me, saying: "Thank God that you have come, dear Sophie. Last night he was so ill that I thought he would not be alive this morning. Do stay with me to-day, for if he has another bad turn, he will pass away to-night. Go in to him for a little while and see how he is." I tried to control myself and went to his bedside. He immediately called me to him and said: "Ah, dear Sophie, how glad I am that you have come. You must stay here to-night and see me die." I tried hard to be brave and to persuade him to the contrary. But to all my attempts he only replied: "Why, I am already tasting death. And, if you do not stay, who will support my dearest Constanze when I am gone?" "Yes, yes, dear Mozart," I assured him, "but I must first go back to our mother and tell her that you would like me to stay with you to-day. Otherwise she will think that some misfortune has befallen you." "Yes, do so," said Mozart, "but be sure and come back soon." Good God, how distressed I felt! My poor sister followed me to the door and begged me for Heaven's sake to go to the priests at St. Peter's and implore one of them to come to Mozart—a chance call, as it were. I did so, but for a long time they refused to come and I had a great deal of trouble to persuade one of those heartless people to go to him. Then I ran off to my mother who was anxiously awaiting me. It was already dark. Poor soul, how shocked she was! I persuaded her to go and spend the night with her eldest daughter, the late Josefa Hofer.[1] I then ran back as fast as I could to my distracted sister. Süssmayr was at Mozart's bedside. The well-known

[1] Josefa Weber-Hofer, who in 1797 had married as her second husband the actor and singer Friedrich Sebastian Mayer (1773-1835), died on December 29th, 1819.

Requiem[1] lay on the quilt and Mozart was explaining to him how, in his opinion, he ought to finish it, when he was gone. Further, he urged his wife to keep his death a secret until she should have informed Albrechtsberger,[2] who was in charge of all the services. A long search was made for Dr. Closset, who was found at the theatre, but who had to wait for the end of the play. He came and ordered cold poultices to be placed on Mozart's burning head, which, however, affected him to such an extent that he became unconscious and remained so until he died.[3] His last movement was an attempt to express with his mouth the drum passages in the Requiem. That I can still hear. Müller[4] from the Art Gallery came and took a cast of his pale, dead face. Words fail me, dearest brother, to describe how his devoted wife in her utter misery threw herself on her knees and implored the Almighty for His aid. She simply could not tear herself away from Mozart, however much I begged her to do so. If it was possible to increase her sorrow, this was done on the day after that distressing night, when crowds of people walked past his corpse and wept and mourned for him. All my life I have never seen Mozart in a temper, still less, angry.

[1] K. 626. Six months previously Mozart had been commissioned by a certain Count Walsegg to compose this work, which, however, had been delayed by his journey to Prague early in September for the production of "La Clemenza di Tito", and by his work on "Die Zauberflöte", first performed on September 30th. For a discussion of Süssmayr's share in the composition of the "Requiem" see Köchel, p. 808 ff. Cf. also p. 1494 ff.

[2] J. G. Albrechtsberger (1736–1809) was chief organist at the Stefanskirche, where Hofmann was Kapellmeister.

[3] Mozart died at 55 minutes past midnight on December 5th.

[4] Count Josef Deym (1750–1804), alias Müller, was the owner of a collection of wax-works and casts from the antique, which from 1797 onwards was housed in a building in the Stock im Eisen. Mozart's death-mask has disappeared. According to Nohl (*Mozart nach den Schilderungen seiner Zeitgenossen*, p. 393) Constanze, one day while cleaning, smashed the copy in her possession. She is said to have remarked that "she was glad that the ugly old thing was broken" (A. Schurig, *Leopold Mozarts Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 92).

EXTRACTS

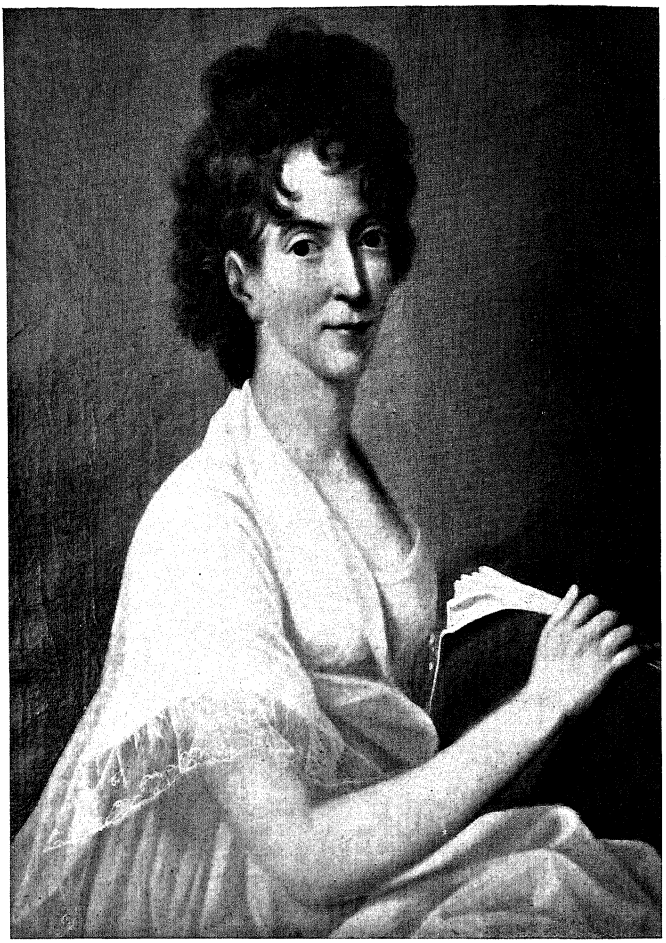
FROM THE LETTERS OF

CONSTANZE MOZART

TO

JOHANN ANTON ANDRÉ

TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY C. B. OLDMAN



CONSTANZE MOZART (1802)
From a portrait by Hans Hansen
(Mozart Museum, Salzburg)

INTRODUCTION

OF the six to seven hundred works by Mozart which are recorded in Köchel's catalogue, not more than seventy or so were published during the composer's lifetime, and, though many more were in circulation in manuscript, it is safe to say that at the time of his death, when by the irony of fate the success of his last opera had won him for the first time a universal popularity, the greater part of his work was still inaccessible to the general musical public. This being so, it is at first a little surprising that his widow, hard pressed as she was to satisfy her husband's creditors, should not at once have realised that the mass of manuscripts which he had left behind him, though not even mentioned in the official inventory of his effects, was by far the most valuable of her assets.

It must be remembered, however, that at that date autographs were not the marketable commodities that they have since become. At the present day the musical remains of a composer of eminence would possess a double value: they would interest both the music publishers and the collectors of manuscripts; the former would be eager to obtain the copyright of any unpublished compositions, and the latter would be willing to purchase any autograph, however insignificant, simply as a relic of the composer. But Constanze Mozart could not hope for much profit from either source. There were as yet no rich collectors to pay handsome sums for a few bars in the composer's hand, and the music publishers could not be expected to display much interest in the autographs of compositions, the most important of which were already in circulation, at least in manuscript copies. Moreover, Mozart's papers were in

hopeless confusion, and Constanze had not sufficient musical knowledge to be able to sort them out and to identify them. In 1792, it is true, through the agency of the Prussian ambassador in Vienna, Baron von Jacobi-Klöst, she did succeed in inducing the King of Prussia to purchase eight manuscripts from her at the price of one hundred ducats each, but this was no doubt an act of royal grace and as such exceptional. At any rate there is no record of any similar transaction.

In the spring of 1798, however, the Leipzig publishers Breitkopf and Härtel, detecting unmistakable signs of a coming boom in Mozart, announced the forthcoming publication of a complete edition of his works, and on the 15th of May wrote to the composer's widow asking for her assistance in the undertaking. On the receipt of this letter Constanze at last took steps to have the manuscripts carefully investigated. Her chief business adviser at this time was Georg Nikolaus von Nissen, an official in the Danish Embassy, who had taken lodgings in her house in 1797 and whom she was to marry some twelve years later. Unfortunately Nissen, though an enthusiastic admirer of Mozart, was not a skilled musician, and Constanze had to turn elsewhere for the expert advice that was needed. Her choice ultimately fell upon the Abbé Maximilian Stadler, an old friend of the Mozarts who had just taken up his residence in Vienna, and who, being a sound scholar as well as a capable composer, was fully qualified for the task. In his little pamphlet on Mozart's Requiem he has himself described how he visited Constanze's house from time to time and, with Nissen's aid, soon succeeded in classifying and cataloguing the whole collection. He did his work thoroughly, and paid special attention to the many fragmentary compositions that he found. One or two of them, indeed, he himself completed in the hope of making them available for performance and so enhancing

their commercial value. The lists which the Abbé drew up as a result of his labours were subsequently printed in the appendix to Nissen's biography of Mozart (1828), and have been frequently reproduced since. When supplemented by the two other lists there given—Mozart's own list of his compositions for the years 1784 to 1791 and Leopold Mozart's list of his son's juvenile works—they gave the musical public for the first time a comprehensive survey of the whole field of Mozart's work.

But their immediate importance was more practical. They enabled Constanze to see exactly what manuscripts she possessed and made it easier for her to draw the fullest advantage from them. She was thus soon in a position to furnish Breitkopf and Härtel with whatever they wanted for their edition. Unfortunately it turned out that they did not want very much. For some years they had been accumulating manuscript copies of Mozart's works, and in most cases they were quite content to rely upon these. For a moment they seem to have been tempted by Constanze's proposal that they should purchase her collection *en bloc*, but in the end all that they took from her was a handful of works, some forty in all, of which they possessed no copies of any sort. Even so, if there is any truth in her statements, she was not very well paid for her assistance.

It was while the negotiations with Breitkopf were still dragging on that there suddenly appeared upon the scene a man who, unlike his rivals, combined business acumen with something of the collector's enthusiasm. Johann Anton André (1775–1842), son of Johann André (1741–1799), the founder of the music publishing house at Offenbach, was at this time a young man of twenty-four, but was already making his mark as a composer. At the moment, however, he was more concerned with developing the business which he had just inherited than with

composition, and when Haydn called his attention to the straitened circumstances in which Mozart's widow was living, and spoke of her willingness to dispose of her husband's manuscripts, he realised that he could satisfy the call of charity in a manner not altogether unprofitable to himself, and lost no time in coming to terms with Constanze, and in purchasing the whole collection from her. The transaction was not free from difficulties, the chief of which was that it was bound to disturb the harmony, if harmony had ever existed, of Constanze's relations with Breitkopf and Härtel. It certainly placed the latter in a very awkward position, and in spite of all their professions of indifference, they must have regarded the sale of the manuscripts with considerable alarm. At the very least it made it impossible for their edition of the "Œuvres complettes" of Mozart to fulfil the promise of its title.

André finally arranged to give 3150 gulden (about £320) for the collection, to be paid in a certain number of instalments, had the music packed up in his presence, and left it to be sent on to him at Offenbach. It was clear, however, from Mozart's own thematic catalogue, which was included in his purchase, and from other sources, that the collection was not complete, and Constanze evidently promised to do her utmost to procure the missing manuscripts for him. It will be seen from the letters that follow that his indefatigable efforts to secure them were a considerable trial to her. The ultimate extent of his collection can best be gauged from the catalogue which he published in 1841, when he was endeavouring to dispose of it. It runs to no less than 280 items. At this point a brief note on the subsequent history of the manuscripts may not be out of place. André guarded them with the greatest care and had a special cabinet constructed to contain them. He studied them assiduously and gained a knowledge of the minutiae of Mozart's handwriting and methods of com-

position that enabled him to do valuable pioneer work in cataloguing, classifying and dating the various pieces in this vast mass of music. Köchel frankly acknowledged his indebtedness to him and hardly ever ventured to differ from him on points of chronology. Strange to say, however, André did not in the end publish so many of the manuscripts as might have been expected, and he was from time to time subjected to sharp criticism for keeping these valuable treasures "hermetically sealed" at Offenbach. It is clear that the more he studied them the more engrossed in them he became, and that his interest in them grew to be more and more that of the scholar, with the result that their commercial potentialities, and even his duty to the public, came to seem of only secondary importance. But no one can accuse him of failing to appreciate the value of his collection. As he grew older he became anxious about its final disposal. He wished it to be kept intact,[1] but could not bequeath it to a public institution without injustice to his children. He therefore made overtures to the courts of Vienna, Berlin and London as well as to various national libraries, in the hope of finding a purchaser for the whole collection. It was only when all these attempts came to nothing that he decided to try to sell the manuscripts piecemeal. But here again he met with little success, and when he died in 1842 the bulk of the collection was still intact. In 1854 his heirs, consisting of his six sons and his son-in-law J. B. Streicher, divided the remaining MSS. among them. In the course of time many of them passed into other hands, but a large number were still in the possession of the André family when in 1873 the Prussian State Library decided to

[1] It is to be noted, however, that as early as 1811, apparently through Constanze's agency, André had sold a small but valuable group of manuscripts to J. A. Stumpff, the London harp manufacturer. This included the six quartets dedicated to Haydn, the three dedicated to the King of Prussia and the one in D (K. 499), all of which are now in the British Museum.

purchase all the MSS. that could be collected from them, and so finally preserved them from further dispersal.

To return to André's original transaction. It naturally gave rise to a considerable amount of correspondence, but of this only some thirty of the letters written by Constanze or Nissen to André have been preserved. They appear to have been bequeathed by André to his amanuensis Heinrich Henkel, and subsequently to have found their way to this country. They are now in the possession of the present writer. The passages which are here translated have been selected either for their bibliographical importance—for many works are discussed which are not even mentioned in the rest of the Mozart correspondence—or for the light that they throw upon the character of Mozart's Constanze. But here a word of warning is necessary. The letters though written in Constanze's name and occasionally bearing her signature, are all in Nissen's handwriting, and much of the petulance, to say nothing of the verbosity, that they display must be laid to his account. Even so most of the characteristics which may be ascribed to her on the strength of other evidence may readily be detected in these letters. No one can read them without picturing a capable, wide-awake woman; a little mercenary, perhaps, and somehow always giving the impression—not altogether justified—that she was not quite straightforward in her dealings. This is not the Constanze that Mozart knew. Whilst he lived she was frivolous, inconsiderate and extravagant; but when suddenly thrown upon her own resources, she developed with an astonishing ease all those bourgeois virtues which, if she had displayed them earlier, might have jarred upon him, but would certainly have helped to save him from disaster. At her best she is not a very attractive figure, but it is only fair that these two pictures should be set side by side before any final judgment is pronounced upon her.

André appears to have been a shrewd but lovable person, kindly at heart, but not afraid of giving momentary offence by outspoken criticism. It is a matter for regret that his contributions to this correspondence have not been preserved. They would probably have illuminated many points that must now remain obscure, and would in any case have contributed to our knowledge of a man whom lovers of Mozart must always regard with respect.

To our knowledge of Mozart himself these letters contribute very little, though here and there a skilful biographer will find hints that are worth following up. Their chief importance lies in the odd scraps of information they contain on various compositions about which very little is otherwise known. Especially valuable are the passages dealing with certain "doubtful" works, such as the so-called "romantic" sonatas for clavier and violin, the E♭ violin concerto, the Wiegenlied and the divertimenti for basset-horns and bassoon. These and other points of interest, such as Constanze's very important though somewhat muddled references to the manuscripts of the Requiem, are fully discussed in the notes. It is only necessary to add that apart from a few extracts which have been quoted by other writers on Mozart, from André himself to Dr. Alfred Einstein, the reviser of the latest edition of Köchel, the letters are now printed for the first time in any form.

I

[*Extract*]

VIENNA, *February 21st–27th*, 1800

MY DEAR HERR ANDRÉ,

I sit down to answer your letters in rotation. First, your letter of the 21st of January. I have already

requested Breitkopf and Härtel[1] to send the few original MSS. furnished by me, which are still in their possession, direct to you. Some of those they had you have already received through me. The particular one you were most desirous of possessing is now not so valuable, for the piano[2] concerto in question[3] will shortly be engraved, or possibly is engraved already.

I see that you have already advertised our transaction in the Hamburg and Frankfurt journals.[4] The advertisement is excellent, and, I should think, ought to be sufficient, for where is the "Hamburger Zeitung" not to be found? If *you* wish to insert it in the "Literaturzeitung" or in any other journal, you are, of course, quite at liberty to do so: but for me, especially in view of my lack of connections, it means unnecessary expense. But your advertisement is by itself proof against all contradiction and so authentic enough. I hope, however, that you will publish more works than the advertisement promises. While on this point a suggestion occurs to me. If you do not wish to bring out the older works, such as "Bastien und Bastienne" and all the others, in their entirety, why not

[1] In Letter V Constanze gives a list of the MSS. which were still in Breitkopf's possession. These MSS. were furnished by her in connection with the edition of Mozart's works which Breitkopf began to issue in 1798. For a full list of them see her letter to Breitkopf of November 30th, 1799 (Nottebohm, *Mozartiana*, p. 132).

[2] In view of the date at which these letters were written the editor has felt himself justified in translating the word "Klavier" as "piano" or "pianoforte" throughout.

[3] This was, no doubt, the "hitherto quite unknown piano concerto in C major", the forthcoming publication of which was announced by Breitkopf in the *AMZ* for March 1800 (Int. Blatt IX), viz. K. 467.

[4] See e.g. the *Frankfurter Staats-Ristretto* of February 10th, 1800. "Madame Mozart of Vienna, the composer's widow, has sold to me the whole of the manuscripts of her husband that remained in her possession. I am thus in a position to produce the most accurate edition of several works of our beloved Mozart, both known and unknown. . . . As my edition progresses, I shall also bring out in score at least four of the best operas of the composer, and perhaps several of his instrumental compositions. . . . J André, Offenbach, January 31st, 1800."

publish the many simple and pleasing airs they contain in a pianoforte arrangement as an additional collection of songs?

Thank you for your promise to make your bills payable at shorter sight; but I cannot agree with you that it is not a matter of so much as a fortnight. It is very important that one should get one's money *just when* one counts on getting it. I am, however, honestly glad that you gain so considerably over the exchange.

Next for your letter of the 27th of January. I thank you most sincerely for the trouble you have taken, and all to no purpose, and suggest that you try again some other time. Could you yourself by any chance engage my son[1] on reasonable terms? He might be useful to you for he is a clever lad, especially at music.

Now for your letter of the 13th of February. With this I received the bill for your third payment, but I shall let this letter wait till I can inform you that the money has been paid. How can you imagine that I should ever think that I had any ground of complaint against you on the score of your payments or any other matter? Far from it! It is true that my business adviser,[2] who sends you his best regards, has remarked that you have not thought it necessary to use the word "punctually". He points out that if Dellazia is not to pay till the 27th of February, I actually get that instalment four weeks, all but one day, later than I should do, according to the agreement. But you know how precise he is. This time I silenced him with the assurance that you would certainly be punctual with your last instalment. I am not surprised that you do not

[1] Karl Thomas Mozart (1784–1858) had already embarked on a commercial career in Italy, but was dissatisfied and longed to turn to his father's profession. Constanze no doubt thought that a post with a publisher of music was a suitable compromise between the claims of art and business. The project came to nothing.

[2] Nissen.

want to buy the "Requiem"[1] at so high a price: what does surprise me is that you make no offer for it at all. It is all one to me. I get nothing out of it. But merely from friendship for you and interest in your collection I should have liked you to have it. And while we are on this point I will give you a word of advice. "Davidde penitente" is, so far as I know, only in circulation in manuscript copies, one of which I gave you, if I am not very much mistaken. Search then among the arias and the mass from which this oratorio was put together,[2] collect all the originals of the pieces belonging to it, and then publish the work as a pendant to the "Requiem". It will meet with just as much success, for it is a fine thing. My receipt of the "Musicalische Zeitung" is terribly irregular, but I have no curiosity about the article to which you have called my attention.[3] For the present I cannot think of anything to say on the matter. You know what works you have in the original manuscript, and, in consequence, what cannot and what may be in the possession of others.

I am delighted beyond measure at the thought of the complete thematic catalogue which you kindly promise me.[4]

[1] The reference is presumably to those portions of Mozart's autograph score, all incomplete, which still remained in Vienna, probably in Süssmayr's possession. These the latter had copied out, with his additions, in his own hand, in the copy of the score sent to Count Walsegg, who commissioned the work from Mozart.

[2] "Davidde penitente" (K. 469) was an adaptation of the unfinished mass in C minor (K. 427), with the addition of two arias (nos. 6 and 7) specially composed.

[3] A review of André's edition (as Op. 67) of the PF. concerto K. 450 (*AMZ* October 2nd, 1799), containing a statement that Breitkopf and Härtel possessed the original autographs of several unpublished concertos by Mozart.

[4] This never materialised. In 1805 André published Mozart's own catalogue, which covers the period from 1784 to the year of his death, and in 1841 issued a thematic catalogue of all the Mozart MSS. which were then in his possession. He also drew up, but never published, a thematic list of all Mozart's compositions written before 1784, which is now preserved in the British Museum (Add. MS. 32412; see *Music and Letters*, April 1924).

Enclosed you will find a few notes about things by Mozart that you haven't got. I will let you have several more. But please be so good as to inform me with whom you are most closely in touch here, so that I can send him anything that comes into my hands, and so save the cost of carriage.

I am at present arranging the fragments, and it is very important that you should let me have a statement of the items of this kind that you purchased from me with the other works. Please have the kindness then to inform me, *as soon as you can—you will oblige me beyond measure by doing so*—of the key and other characteristic features of:—

the fragment of an oboe concerto,[1]
the unfinished piece for wind-instruments,[2]
the scena in B♭,[3]
the aria in D,[4]
the aria in B♭,[5]
and the sonata for four hands in G major.[6]

In the case of the violin sonata, which was completed by a musical friend of mine,[7] I have this information already. In addition I should very much like to know how many acts and scenes are finished in the unnamed German opera,[8] which has accompanied declamation in the place of recitative; further, how many scenes are completed in the two unfinished Italian operas "L' oca del Cairo" and "Lo sposo deluso"—these, I think, are their names.

[1] K. 293.

[2] Possibly K. 411, if this is regarded as forming one movement only of a larger work. See Köchel, p. 557.

[3] Possibly K. 434.

[4] Possibly K. 435.

[5] Possibly K. 580.

[6] Possibly K. 357.

[7] K. 403. The musical friend was the Abbé Maximilian Stadler (1748–1833), a prolific composer of church music, now chiefly remembered for his publications in defence of the authenticity of the "Requiem". For a list of the works completed by him see p. 1473, n. 2.

[8] K. 344. Afterwards christened "Zaide" by André when he brought out an edition of the work in 1838.

I send you a specimen to show you how I have recorded and described the other fragments.

VIENNA, *February 27th*, 1800

I can now have the honour of informing you that Herr Dellazia has paid. Pending the date of your final payment, when I can make out a formal receipt for the whole sum, this present letter will meet your requirements, wherein I declare that of the 3,150 gulden[1] mentioned in our agreement, you have so far paid off 2,100 gulden in the three stipulated instalments.

You remember you played and sang at my piano a chorus "Dir, Seele des Weltalls", and an aria "Dir danken wir die Freude".[2] Both of these pieces, which are fragments of an unfinished cantata, were arranged for the piano by a musical friend of mine. I gave you the original manuscripts, which lacked, however, the last bars of the aria. These I have now discovered and will send to you together with the opening bars of the aria which was to have followed them, and, further, an imperfect score of the string quintet in G minor,[3] and a few other fragments, which you may be able to use here and there for filling in.

You are aware that many of the airs from the "Zauberflöte", "Don Giovanni", "Così fan tutte", and "Figaro" have been arranged for string quintet. Well, the Viennese public is now anxious for a similar adaptation of "Idomeneo".

[1] About £320. Jahn gives the price paid as 1000 ducats (about £460), which was in fact what Constanze had asked when she was endeavouring to sell the collection to Breitkopf. Heinrich Henkel, who should have known, as he acted for many years as André's amanuensis, puts the figure as high as 1000 carolins (about £1000, see *MMB*, Heft 5. February 1898).

[2] K. 429. The musical friend was no doubt again the Abbé Stadler.

[3] K. 516. Mozart appears to have written out the whole work twice over. See Köchel, p. 655, for a full description both of the complete and of the fragmentary scores.

I have the honour to be, most respectfully,
your devoted servant
CONSTANZE MOZART[1]

Note 1. The first part of "La finta giardiniera" you might perhaps be able to get, either in the original or in copy, from Herr Drexler, who is a grocer, or something of the sort, in Wels in Upper Austria, and once ran a private theatre.[2]

As for the "singspiel" with accompanied dialogue, that has no title,[3] you should advertise in the journals, on the chance that you may be able to complete it and to christen the poor bairn. I don't know whether it ever *was* finished.

In "Don Giovanni" some wind parts are missing.[4]

A fantasia for pianoforte in F minor[5] should be in the hands of a certain Herr Leitl in Prague.

For the scena no. 34[6] in the thematic catalogue you must apply to Count Hatzfeld of Mainz.

[1] The signature is autograph.

[2] The MS. of Act I of "La finta giardiniera", in the original Italian version, appears to have gone astray during Mozart's lifetime and has never been discovered since. In the winter of 1779, when Böhm's troupe of players were at Salzburg, Mozart seems to have authorised the preparation of a German version of the text, which was finally written into the original score beneath the Italian words. If we may suppose that this very score was lent to the various travelling companies who wished to produce the authorised German version, it is not difficult to account for the disappearance of the first Act. Of Drexler (or Drechsler) nothing is known.

[3] K. 344. See above, p. 1463, n. 8.

[4] They are missing still from the autograph, but have been preserved in various transcripts. For particulars, see Köchel, p. 674. Mozart often wrote such parts on separate slips, which easily became detached from the main work. Cp. also p. 1480, n. 2.

[5] Presumably the PF. arrangement of the fantasia for mechanical organ (K. 608), which is referred to again in Letter X (see p. 1499, n. 1). Leitl (or Laitl) was a flute-player, who took part in the first performance of "Don Giovanni" in Prague and was an enthusiastic collector of Mozart's works.

[6] K. 490, a scena and rondo for soprano, with violin obbligato, written for an amateur performance of "Idomeneo" (Vienna, 1786). The Count Hatzfeld referred to by Constanze was presumably Hugo Franz, son of Count August Hatzfeld for whom the violin part was written. In André's edition of Mozart's thematic catalogue this composition is number 35, not 34.

A serenade "Più non si trovano"[1] I shall send you at the earliest opportunity.

Abbé Stadler may be able to get you the rest of the rondo of the piano concerto no. 26, as a result of his correspondence with Fräulein Ployen [Ployer].[2]

Abbé Gelinek,[3] who is with Prince Kinsky here, should have one or two piano pieces that are still quite unknown, e.g. two fantasias and a concerto in C, which he got from the late Frau Trattner.

I am told that Leitl has four concertos in C, and one in A.[4]

The original manuscript of the piano concerto no. 47[5] is probably in the possession of the bookseller Herrl in Prague.

I am told that the fragment of a sonata for four hands,[6] which formed, I believe, the last number in Herr André's list, is of no use, as the whole sonata is to be published by Hoffmeister. Another of my informants, however, has denied this.

Traeg[7] has the manuscript of the bass aria no. 132 "Per questa bella mano",[8] and also of a divertimento.

[1] K. 549, a trio for two sopranos and bass, with accompaniment for three basset-horns. Cf. p. 1479, n. 4.

[2] On Babette Ployer see p. 1294, n. 4. The concerto referred to is K. 449. The autograph, now in the Prussian State Library, still lacks two leaves of the rondo, which are supplied in copy.

[3] Josef Gelinek (1758–1825), a prolific composer of drawing-room music, owed his appointment as music-master in Prince Kinsky's household to Mozart's influence. Therese von Trattner was one of Mozart's favourite pupils and it was to her that he dedicated the fantasia and sonata in C min. (K. 475, 457). He is not known to have written any other fantasia or a concerto for her.

[4] On Leitl see p. 1465, n. 5. It is probable that he possessed *copies* only of the four concertos in C (K. 246, 415, 467, 503) and of one of the two concertos in A (presumably K. 488).

[5] [? K. 503.] Herrl was the publisher of Niemetschek's life of Mozart (Prague, 1798).

[6] K. 357. Not published till 1853, when André's son, Johann August, brought out an edition in which the missing portions were supplied by his brother Julius.

[7] Johann Traeg, a Viennese music-dealer who specialised in manuscript copies.

[8] K. 612.

Note 2. The sample or specimen[1] (see my letter).

A German cantata "Dir, Seele des Weltalls, o Sonne", for two tenors and a bass. The first chorus in E♭ is quite complete. It starts with a splendid unison passage, marked throughout by a melody that is noble and at the same time simple and appealing. At the words "Von dir kommt Fruchtbarkeit, Wärme, Licht" the word "Licht" is stressed by means of a sudden forte on the chord of the seventh, which would undoubtedly produce a powerful effect on the hearer, at least if the accompaniment for flutes, oboe, clarinets, bassoons, etc. were added in accordance with the note in the score. After the chorus comes a tenor solo in B♭, full of the tenderest melody and with a fine accompaniment for the double bass. Here too, however, the parts for the other instruments are wanting. Last comes a second tenor solo in F, of which, however, only 17 bars are finished.

II

VIENNA, *March 12th*, 1800

MY DEAR HERR ANDRÉ,

I have just received your letter this very moment and hasten to answer it at once. I am sorry to find in it an ugly passage in which you threaten not to pay me until you have received my "reply".[2] That would be downright dishonesty, and you would be committing a grave injustice, as you will realise—if, that is, you are capable of such a thing. But I cannot believe that you are. No, it is

[1] Of the method of describing the fragments. This description occurs word for word in the Abbé Stadler's catalogue of the Mozart fragments printed by Nissen (App. pp. 18, 19). It is thus safe to regard him as the "musical adviser" to whom Constanze so often refers.

[2] To a statement by Breitkopf and Härtel published in the *AMZ* for March 5th, 1800 (Int. Blatt IX), in which they sought to minimise the importance of André's purchase.

merely an excuse to gain more time, to save more "per cents".

As you see, I am very candid. But you will also see from the enclosed statement[1] how I deal with people who threaten me with injustice, and whom I can force to act honestly—by the aid of "justice". I have need of my money. I have counted upon it, and God knows that I shall lose once more through this, your *third* postponement, as I am so precise in my calculations. Don't keep me waiting.

Your request is perfectly just and reasonable. I myself was much annoyed when I read the advertisement,[2] and I have been able to make use of all your remarks with the exception of that which refers to the plates of the concerto.[3] These Breitkopf actually did purchase from me early in 1799. If I didn't mention the fact to you it was because it didn't occur to me. But why didn't you ask about them? You were well aware that there had been plates, and that they can't disappear. However, this is a mere trifle and only of secondary importance. I sold you the copies, as you know, simply as copies; and sold them to you as a dealer in music not as a music-engraver—quite apart from and prior to our main transaction.

I am happy in the conviction that you will find my statement eminently satisfactory *as it stands*, but readily admit that I have only made it from a sense of duty. I should, of course, have preferred to dispense with this publicity—not to mention the considerable damage done to my reputation with the other party.

[1] Not preserved.

[2] See p. 1467, n. 2. Constanze's reply to this "advertisement" was published in the *Frankfurter Staats-Ristretto* for April 4th, 1800.

[3] The piano concerto in C (K. 503), which Constanze had published in 1798 at her own expense. The engraving was carried out by Breitkopf and Härtel to whom Constanze subsequently sold the plates. André ultimately purchased from her the whole of the copies that remained unsold.

I have nothing more to tell you, and so conclude, in order that the answer to your letter, which reached me an hour ago, may not be delayed a single moment through any fault of mine.

I could wish most sincerely that you should make no statement at all. I also hope that this statement of mine, which you may now make known wherever you can, will satisfy you. It is so unpleasant to be always quarrelling and squabbling, and, in my opinion, my statement knocks the bottom out of the whole business. And don't you agree that it is more to your credit if I am the only one to say anything?

C. MOZART

III

[*Extract*]

VIENNA, *March 29th*, 1800

Further useful notes for Herr André

I see from a statement in no. 18 of the "Musicalische Zeitung" for 1800, under the heading "Anecdotes" on page 316, that in some previous number the authenticity of a violin concerto ascribed to Mozart has been questioned.[1] I don't know which one is referred to and so can

[1] This is the Concerto in E♭ (K. 268), the authenticity of which has so often been debated. As Constanze herself mentions later in the course of this letter, it was first published (in 1799, as Op. 76) by André himself, or, at any rate, by his father, who was head of the firm till his death in June 1799. It was reviewed in the *AMZ* for October 1799 and curtly dismissed as an incompetent piece of work, which could not possibly be by Mozart. In January 1800 there appeared an answer to this review, in the course of a communication from F. A. Ernst (1745–1805), Konzertmeister to the King of Saxony. It is this to which Constanze here refers. On the strength of Ernst's testimony, which is far from unambiguous but clearly associates the work with Munich and with the Munich violinist Johann Friedrich Eck, the present writer has argued that in the form in which it now survives it represents Eck's working over of Mozartian material, and has suggested 1780–1781 as the date of its composition. See *Music and Letters*, April 1931, and cp. Köchel, pp. 435, 436.

give no opinion on the matter. It may be a work of Mozart's, even though it is not in Herr André's possession. But if it is some fifteen years old, as is stated on page 316, it is bound to be mentioned in Mozart's thematic catalogue, which starts early in 1784.[1] From this its date and age, at any rate, can be fixed exactly—for I may remark here, what will hold good of all other such cases, that the catalogue in question was from its very beginning drawn up by Mozart in such detail that even trifles that he composed while travelling, like the little Gigue which he wrote, I think, in Leipzig in 1789[2] are carefully recorded.

I am curious to know what are the "unknown quartets" which Herr Breitkopf announces in his February advertisement. The "catalogue" will at least enable Herr André to tell whether they were written after 1784. They may, of course, be still older and yet genuine. But it is improbable, though quite possible, that there are quartets written by Mozart before 1784, which have never seen the light and yet deserve to do so. If they don't deserve it, Herr Breitkopf ought not, of course, to publish them.

I now see from an earlier number of the "Musicalische Zeitung" that the violin concerto of which mention was made at the beginning of these notes, has been published by Herr André himself. It is therefore to his own advantage to make sure that it is among the original manuscripts.

In the 6th volume of the Breitkopf edition[3] there are no less than two whole pieces which have been sold to the public as Mozart's work, but which are undoubtedly nothing of the kind. The theme with variations, no. 9, on p. 59,[4]

[1] Mozart's catalogue is not, however, complete. See O. E. Deutsch, *Mozarts Werkverzeichnis*, Vienna, 1938, pp. 10-12.

[2] K. 574.

[3] Of the "Œuvres complettes de W. A. Mozart". Cahier 6 consisted of "14 différentes pièces pour le pianoforte".

[4] K. App. 289. Emanuel Aloys Förster (1748–1823).

is by Herr Förster, who, I know for certain, has himself written to Breitkopf and Härtel complaining of its inclusion; and another theme with variations, no. 11, on p. 74,[1] is by Herr Eberl, who told me so himself and at the same time advertised the fact in the supplement to no. 118 of the "Hamburger Correspondent" of the 25th of July, 1798, in which he informed the public that various pieces had been published as Mozart's work which were really *his*, and mentioned particularly the variations for piano on the theme "Freundin sanfter Herzenstriebe" from Dittersdorf's "Gutsherr".[2] It is, of course, unfortunate that Herr André himself has already published these variations (if nothing else) as by Mozart, and it is true that Breitkopf and Härtel can always make shift to excuse themselves by urging that both these works had been accepted as Mozart's. Nevertheless, when preparing their *édition-de-luxe* they should have obtained definite information and have made themselves acquainted with the advertisement I have just mentioned, the more so as one at least of these two pieces is marked by faults of composition and is, in general, unworthy of Mozart. Apart from this it is most revolting to hear these gentlemen talking of the great expense they have not shrunk from incurring to honour Mozart in his grave, when one remembers that most of the pieces they have published so far have not been copied from the original manuscript, but are only reprints which haven't cost them a penny, whilst the few works they have so copied have cost the merest trifle. Moreover, they did not even trouble to enquire into their authenticity.

[1] K. App. 287. Anton Eberl (1766–1807), a friend and pupil of Mozart's. His Op. 1, a piano sonata in C min., was also published under Mozart's name (see K. App. 284[a]).

[2] K. App. 287.

IV

[*Extract*]

VIENNA, *May 31st*, 1800

DEAR HERR ANDRÉ,

You must forgive me for saying so, but you have gained and I have lost over your remittance. You paid me in bank-notes which are cheap in Germany, but I have had to buy bonds from the bank here at a dearer rate than I should have had to pay if I had been able to purchase them at the exact time fixed for your settlement. This is the plain truth. N[issen] is content to acquiesce in the injustice merely to avoid a squabble.

I have at length read Breitkopf's reply.[1] Thanks for telling me about it. I am glad that you think it solely *my* business to answer it. After mature consideration, however, I have decided to say nothing; otherwise there would be no end to the squabble. Breitkopf is quite right when he says towards the end of his announcement that the future, that is, a comparison of the two editions, will show where the truth lies. Quite so—but the advantage will be with you. Apart from this, in the case of anything published by you, he will be at the obvious disadvantage of having to issue mere reprints; for, as he will be unable to copy the original manuscript, he will be forced to do the next best thing—copy from the edition which has been made from it. But for heaven's sake see that your editions are as correct as it is possible to make them!

The fragments in my possession do not belong to you. All that I sold you was the fifteen parcels which you yourself sealed, although I promised to let you have anything else that came into my hands. Accordingly I have already

[1] To Constanze's statement (see p. 1468, n. 2). Published in the *AMZ* for April 1800 (Int. Blatt XII).

sent you a sixteenth parcel, and here is no. 17. If I can get hold of anything more I shall be sincerely pleased. For my part I have nothing more to sell you. But I am eager that everything that my husband wrote should be published; and that is the guarantee for my promise, if guarantee it needs. Now when you bought those fifteen parcels from me, you saw also a number of fragments and sketches which I told you I was not giving you. Indeed, far from laying claim to them or expressing any desire to have them, you simply exclaimed: "Many people would be glad enough to have things like these. What a fraud could be perpetrated with them! Why, they would set a man up in fine themes for the rest of his life!" Well, I am carefully preserving them, and if my son does not make use of them some day,[1] sooner or later someone certainly will—perhaps somebody may care to publish them as a collection, just as they are, simply for their interest as relics. If that happened, no one would ever be able to flaunt himself in borrowed plumes, and Mozart would get the credit that is his alone. What I have just said naturally holds good of all fragments which I have not made over to you. The four which I pointed out to you as having been completed—you have sufficient particulars to know which ones I mean—also belong to me. It is a pure chance, which has in no way altered their character, that a friend of mine,[2] actuated by no desire for personal gain but simply by a love for

[1] These fragments passed into the possession of Karl Mozart on his mother's death and were bequeathed by him to the Mozarteum at Salzburg, where they are still preserved. The themes of most of them are quoted in the new Köchel.

[2] The Abbé Stadler. He is known to have completed: 2 Kyries (K. 322, 323), the Allegro for PF. and violin in B♭ (K. 372), the PF. Fantasia in C min. (K. 396), the Allegro for PF. in B♭ (K. 400), the Fugue for PF. in G min. (K. 401), the sonatas in A and C for PF. and violin (K. 402, 403), the PF. Trio in D min. (really three unrelated fragments, K 442), and the Fugue in G (K. 443). What particular works Constanze refers to, here and elsewhere, as "the *four* completed fragments" it is not possible to determine.

Mozart and his art and by a kind desire to help me to get some slight additional profit from them, completed them for me. I am not under a shadow of obligation to give them to you. If I were, you would have a claim on all fragments whatsoever. However, if you fail to appreciate my zealous attention to your interests, it is not my fault. I should have expected you to make me a favourable offer. That you are as well equipped as any man for the task of completing the pieces in question I am quite convinced. But I could not recompense my friend so poorly for his work as to allow him to have laboured in vain.—After writing this, I am willing to modify my terms as follows:—I will give you the four fragments, if you will undertake to publish them with my friend's additions and with an indication of how much is Mozart's own work, and to give me by way of payment either twenty-five copies of your edition, or the equivalent of twenty-five copies in cash. I am even willing to let you have them for four copies, if you will make me a present of the piano scores of "Figaro", "Die Zauberflöte", "Così fan tutte", and "Die Entführung", which have already been published,[1] and will send them to me at your own expense. I should have said above that you need not adhere to my friend's work in every particular.[2]

How can you imagine that N[issen] can undertake the task of searching for the missing portions and procuring them for you? Do you think he has nothing else to do? As it is, he is constantly on the alert for any good thing that may come along. Whenever he finds anything he will

[1] Not by André. Constanze is probably referring to the piano scores published by Simrock of Bonn ("Die Zauberflöte", 1793; "Figaro", 1796; "Die Entführung" and "Così fan tutte", in 1799). The first of these was arranged by Fr. Eunicke, the remainder by Beethoven's teacher, Christian Gottlob Neefe.

[2] In a marginal note Constanze has added: "If you do not accept either of these proposals, I will sell the fragments or publish them myself".

always let you know of it. Wranizky[1] is hard to get hold of, and he is under no obligation to me. It is surely up to you to make use of your friendship with him. You cannot possibly expect me to act as a sort of agent for you. If Wranizky can do nothing you must pay somebody to give you his time and labour.

If there are to be many letters passing between us as bulky as yours of the 2nd of May, it would be really unfair that I should have to bear the cost of their postage. Our correspondence is solely to your advantage. Why, you might just as well expect me to pay the carriage on the music I send you! The spirit of our agreement is that throughout I should be spared all expense. I made Breitkopf pay for the whole of my correspondence with him. Now for a friendly word of advice. Don't be in too great a hurry to make accusations against Breitkopf—at least in public. You say in your last letter: "So Breitkopf is trying to make out that he too possesses original manuscripts of the concertos in A maj., E♭, and C min.!"[2] But in his latest statement he doesn't claim to possess *the originals*. It is true that in his February announcement he said that after the concerto which I had sent him (and the one which I got him to publish for me) he would bring out two further concertos, "*also from the original manuscripts*". Now it is quite likely that he does possess *copies* of the works in question. How good his copies are time will show. Meanwhile you have always one great advantage over him: you will be able to exercise control over his publications; a control that will extend to all his copies, and to those works published "from the original manuscript", of which you yourself possess the autographs.

[1] Paul Wranizky (1756–1808), from 1785 till his death Kapellmeister to the Court Opera at Vienna.

[2] K. 488, 482 and 491, which were published by Breitkopf and Härtel in 1800, 1801 and 1802 respectively.

Your letter of the 2nd of May has meant much labour for me—twice as much as there need have been. I can see that you have not so much as looked at my notes, in which many of your questions are answered. However, I will go through the points once more so far as my memory serves me: for the rest, I must refer you to my notes. What follows is all that I can tell you and the only information that I have. I will, of course, honourably keep my promise to let you have anything else that I may happen to run across, and to let you know if I hear of anything that is to be found elsewhere. I have already given myself trouble enough to no purpose, and asked for information in several journals and in private letters. By the way, if you send any copies of music from your edition to Traeg or anyone else for forwarding to me, please give him orders to get them sent to me at once, so that I need not have to wait for them.

The carriage on the music which I am posting to you to-day is 40 kreutzers. Please let me have this sum with your payment for the music from Berlin.

I send you my best regards, and remain,

most sincerely,

your devoted servant

C. MOZART

You send me a list at the head of which you say: "Of the following works which are all mentioned in Mozart's own catalogue, I possess neither score nor parts, and therefore ask for further details as to where I may be able to get them". Let me deal with this first.

2. Piano quintet.[1] The original MS. of this, with an alternative version of the finale, is in the possession of

[1] The Quintet in E♭ for PF. and wind (K. 452). The "alternative version" of the finale, really a rough sketch, is now preserved, with similar sketches for the other movements, in the library of the Paris Conservatoire. Nicolaus von Zmeskall is now best remembered as Beethoven's friend and correspondent.

Herr von Zmeskall, Court Secretary in the Hungarian Chancellor's Office here.

3. Piano concerto.[1] The MS. is in the possession of the Abbé von Stadler here.

8. Rondo for piano solo.[2] This is part of

18. Allegro and Andante. The whole sonata has been published by Artaria.

9. This[3] is *not* in Leutgeb's possession, as I have asked him about it.

10. Twelve variations for piano solo.[4] These are probably in the possession of Herr Hoffmeister. At any rate they were written for him or for his "albums".

11. A manuscript symphony[5] by Mozart—whether it is this actual one I don't know—is said to be in the possession of Herr Stoll, choir-master at Baden, not far from Vienna. The Grand Duke of Tuscany,[6] before whom Wranizky often plays, is said to possess two symphonies by Mozart that are quite unknown.

14. I have now sent you a few fragments of the quintet.[7]

17. Scena written for Madame Duschek in Prague.[8] I must refer you to the lady herself.

[1] Of the six piano concertos entered in Mozart's catalogue after the Wind quintet and before the Piano rondo, one only, that in D min. (K. 466), was not in André's possession when he published his catalogue of his Mozart MSS. in 1841. Possibly this is the concerto referred to here.

[2] The Rondo (K. 494) was composed in 1786, the Allegro and Andante (K. 533) two years later. In or about 1790 Mozart himself sanctioned their publication together as a sonata. The publisher was, however, Hoffmeister, not Artaria.

[3] The horn concerto in E♭ (K. 495). On Leutgeb see p. 1068, n. 4.

[4] K. 500, published by Hoffmeister about 1786. The autograph has never come to light.

[5] André's enquiry evidently related to the "Prague" symphony (K. 504). On Stoll, for whom Mozart wrote the "Ave, verum", see p. 1413, n. 2.

[6] Ferdinand III (1769–1824) was Grand Duke of Tuscany at this time. He was renowned for his patronage of the arts, but is not known to have come into personal contact with Mozart.

[7] The quintet in G min. (K. 516). See p. 1464, n. 3.

[8] "Bella mia fiamma" (K. 528). On Josephine Duschek see p. 408, n. 2.

22. Duet for Madame Mombelli and Signor Benucci.[1] Here again I must refer you to these two singers. Signor Benucci is in Tuscany.

25. This symphony[2] was composed in Prague, and you should make enquiries there.

31, 32. The majority of these canons,[3] at any rate, are in Breitkopf's hands.

33. A manuscript divertimento[4]—whether it is this actual one, I don't know—is in Traeg's possession.[5] Some of the dance music you mention is in the possession of Herr von Lipawsky here.[6]

44. Madame Hofer asserts that she never had this aria.[7]

45. A quintet—whether it is this actual one,[8] I don't know—is in the possession of Herr von Puchberg, a mer-

[1] K. 540[b]. A duet for Zerlina (Signora Mombelli) and Leporello (Signor Benucci), which took the place of Don Ottavio's aria "Il mio tesoro" in the Vienna performance of "Don Giovanni" in 1788. The autograph is still missing.

[2] Possibly the E♭ symphony (K. 543), although this was actually written in Vienna. Constanze may have been misled by the fact that a PF. arrangement of the work was published in Prague in 1794. Mozart is not known to have written any symphony during his visits to Prague. The so-called "Prague" symphony (K. 504) derives its name from the fact that it was performed by Mozart at a concert in Prague in January 1787. André had, however, already enquired about this symphony in his question no. 11.

[3] K. 553–562.

[4] André's enquiry was about the great E♭ trio or divertimento (K. 563), the autograph of which, now lost, was at one time in the possession of E. W. Pole in London.

[5] Later Constanze has added a note: "No, this is not the divertimento that Traeg has."

[6] Josef Lipawsky (*c.* 1772–*c.* 1810), pianist and composer, was a friend and pupil of Mozart's.

[7] "Schon lacht der holde Frühling" (K. 580), composed for Mme Hofer, Mozart's sister-in-law and the original Queen of the Night in the "Zauberflöte", to sing in a German adaptation of Paisiello's "Barbiere di Siviglia". The autograph ultimately came into André's possession.

[8] The clarinet quintet (K. 581). On Puchberg see p. 1360, n. 2. On Anton Stadler, for whom this quintet and the clarinet concerto were written, and who is not to be confused with the Abbé Maximilian Stadler, see p. 409, n. 2. The unknown trios (p. 1479) are probably the five divertimenti for two basset-horns and bassoon (K. App. 229 and 229[a]).

chant here. For information about works of this kind you should apply to the elder Stadler, the clarinettist, who used to possess the original MSS. of several, and has copies of some trios for basset-horns that are still unknown. Stadler declares that while he was in Germany his portmanteau, with these pieces in it, was stolen. Others, however, assure me that the said portmanteau was pawned there for 73 ducats; but there were, I believe, instruments and other things in it as well.

57. Piece for an organ in a clock.[1] This should be in the possession of Count von Deym, the present Royal Chamberlain, and owner of what he used to call "Müller's Art Gallery".

59. The MS. of this air for bass voice[2] with double bass obbligato, is in Traeg's possession.

63. Short masonic cantata.[3] Possibly Hoffmeister has this. At any rate he printed it.

Parts for three basset-horns in score, consisting of five numbers. The voice parts to these "notturni"[4] are by

[1] K. 608. Count Josef Deym (1750–1804), alias Müller, was the proprietor of a collection of wax-works, casts from the antique and miscellaneous attractions, which from 1797 onwards was housed in a special building, and became one of the "sights" of Vienna. According to Nohl (*Mozart nach den Schilderungen seiner Zeitgenossen*, p. 393), the Adagio and Allegro (K. 594) were specially composed for performance at the first exhibition there of the effigy of Field-Marshal Laudon. Mozart wrote at least one other composition for Deym, the Andante (K. 616). Deym took a cast of Mozart's features as he lay on his death-bed, and appears to have constructed a figure of the dead composer dressed with his own clothes (see p. 1450, and Schurig, *Constanze Mozart*, p. 26).

[2] K. 612.

[3] "Die ihr des unermesslichen Weltalls" (K. 619), first printed in 1792 as a supplement to F. H. Ziegenhagen's *Lehre vom richtigen Verhältnis zu den Schöpfungswerken*. There is no trace of an edition by Hoffmeister. The autograph, now in the Library of the University of Upsala, was acquired by a Herr von Silfverstolpe during his residence in Vienna as Swedish plenipotentiary (1796–1802). If, as seems probable, he got it from Constanze, she was for once disingenuous in her dealings with André.

[4] K. 346, 436–439. These trios for two sopranos and bass, with an accompaniment for three basset-horns (or two clarinets and basset-horn), were composed for Gottfried von Jacquin (see p. 1343, n. 3) and passed under his name. But in

Jacquin, and are in Traeg's possession. They are, in fact, common property. However, I don't think they have ever been published.

For the mass[1] that was afterwards used for "Davidde penitente" you should make enquiries in Salzburg, where it was composed, or at any rate performed. Mozart certainly did *not* make use of the concluding section of this mass in his "Requiem". When he was composing the "mass", there was no question of the "Requiem", which is a much later work.

No one knows anything of the theme from a Mozartian piano concerto which has been communicated to you.

P.S. I called on Leutgeb once in person—he lives in the furthest part of the suburbs—and have written to him twice, but got no reply. I have therefore decided to send you this letter and the parcel. There can hardly be any doubt that he never had the piece.

Now for the section of pieces that require completing. Of "Figaro" and "Die Entführung"[2] I have never had anything more, as I have already told you by word of mouth. You may be able to get the other portions from the theatre here, through Wranizky. The little that is

spite of Constanze's statement and of the appearance of Jacquin's name as composer on a transcript of them now in the library of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in Vienna, there can be no doubt that they are wholly Mozart's work. The accompaniments were written by him in a separate score.

[1] The unfinished mass in C min. (K. 427). It was first performed, probably supplemented by movements from earlier masses, at St. Peter's Church in Salzburg on Aug. 25, 1783. On this occasion Constanze herself sang the part for soprano solo. Cp. p. 1244, n. 1.

[2] In the autograph score of "Figaro", now in the Prussian State Library, the recitative to Figaro's aria no. 26 is preserved in copy only. It was the original of this, no doubt, that André was endeavouring to acquire. He was ultimately successful, but unfortunately did not insert the autograph fragment in its proper place in the score. It is now in the possession of a Berlin dealer. The portions missing from "Die Entführung" were a few parts for percussion and wind, written on separate leaves. These too André finally recovered. On "Don Giovanni" see p. 1465, n. 4.

wanting in "Don Juan" I have been unable to discover, but as it is such a trifle it is of no consequence. Traeg has copies of the missing portions that he can let you have. The "Schauspieldirektor" consists of an overture and five numbers[1]—see the piano score by Siegfried Schmidt, which bears no date but was published by Breitkopf several years ago. The majority of the remaining fragments probably never were completed. However—

As regards 1. Sonata for four hands in G maj.[2] The theme of this sonata, as given by you, seems to have been taken from the middle of the variations for four hands which Hoffmeister engraved.

4. Piano rondo, with orchestral accompaniment.[3] This will be in the hands of Madame Bojanowich, formerly Fräulein Ployer, who is living not far from Kreuz in Croatia. Her father-in-law is Hungarian Ambassador here. I have already caused enquiry to be made of her, but to no effect.

5. Aria for tenor.[4] I have already sent you the concluding section of this.

9. Breitkopf did not get this sonata from me. It must once have been complete.

11. Aria for Madame Hofer.[5] This, she says, never was complete.

13. You go too far when you conclude that this con-

[1] There are four numbers only. Schmidt's piano score was published in 1792.

[2] K. 357. See p. 1463. K. 357, however, nowhere shows any thematic resemblance to the variations (K. 501). Curiously enough the second variation of K. 501 *is* thematically similar to that of the opening Andante of an unfinished sonata for PF. and violin written for Constanze (K. 404).

[3] Presumably K. 386, of which two leaves only now survive, but which was originally complete except for the last leaf. This is the Rondo recently reconstructed by Dr. Alfred Einstein, with the help of the surviving fragments and of a piano version made by Cipriani Potter at a time when the autograph, then in this country, was still more or less intact.

[4] Probably the tenor aria from the cantata "Dir, Seele des Weltalls" (K. 429). See p. 1467.

[5] K. 580. See p. 1478, n. 7.

certo[1] must be in my possession just because Traeg has a copy of it, though that does prove that it must once have existed. Leutgeb hasn't got it.

17. As you set so much store by this cadenza[2] I have tried to get you a copy of it. Gelinek, who collects things of that sort, hasn't got it, nor has Stadler nor Kutschera, the piano-tuner. The latter, however, has promised to keep an eye open for it. I myself have no more cadenzas —in fact I have nothing more.

6. 10. Rondo for horn, with a jocular superscription.[3] Leutgeb has promised me a copy of this. I don't think that any of these horn pieces have yet been published.

12. Rondo for horn and orchestra.[4] Leutgeb knows nothing of this, and concludes that no complete score of it exists.

14. Draft of an introductory Allegro.[5] Leutgeb is of the same opinion here, as also in the case of

15. Draft of a horn concerto.[6]

Leutgeb has nothing more even in copy beyond a quintet in D♯ (E♭) for solo horn, violin, 2 violas, and 'cello,[7] of which you probably possess the original. You can probably get information about any music for wind-instruments that you haven't got through Wranizky, the elder and younger Stadler, or Herr Wendt here.[8] Madame Eissen, Eizen, or something of the sort, who is the widow of the late horn-player at the National Theatre

[1] A horn concerto, possibly K. 417.

[2] To one of the PF. concertos. On Gelinek see p. 1466, n. 3. Artaria's edition of the cadenzas (see K. 624) was dedicated to him.

[3] The rondo of the concerto in D (K. 412). Köchel quotes examples of Mozart's jocular notes.

[4] Possibly K. 371. [5] Possibly K. App. 98[b]. [6] Possibly K. App. 98[a].

[7] K. 407.

[8] On Wranitzky see p. 1475, n. 1. On the elder Stadler see p. 409, n. 2. His younger brother Johann (1756–1804) also played the clarinet and was also a member of the orchestra of the National Theatre. Johann Wend (1745–1801), oboist and composer, was attached to the Hofkapelle at Vienna from 1787.

here,[1] is said to have one or two manuscript scores of horn pieces. Wranizky is sure to know her. Mozart himself gave several MSS. to her husband.

The catalogue of the whole of Mozart's works that you have promised me, which is to include works not in your possession as well as those that are, you cannot, of course, let me have for the present. It will take a good deal of time before a list of that sort can lay claim to completeness. The biographies of Mozart[2] may also supplement it.

V

[*Extract*]

VIENNA, *September 10th*, 1800

DEAR HERR ANDRÉ,

Thanks for your letter of the 1st of September, which gave me great pleasure. You are, however, in error on one small point. You say that the Mozart fragments should be your property if they are published, whoever may have completed them. If that were so, even my own son could not undertake to finish them. However, I still feel strongly inclined to publish them, or get them published, just as they are, and so make them generally available. Through my death or some other chance they might easily fall into strange hands and be put to a wrong use. Printing would be a sure safeguard against that. If anyone then wished to venture on the task of completing them, nobody could stop him.

The four completed fragments I have sent to-day under

[1] Jakob Eisen (1756–1796).

[2] The biographies of Mozart published at this date were: 1. the article in E. L. Gerber's *Historisch-biographisches Lexikon der Tonkünstler* (1790); 2. the obituary notice in F. Schlichtegroll's *Nekrolog auf das Jahr 1791* (1793), reprinted separately at Graz in 1794; 3. a brief life in No. 1 of Bossler's *Musikalische Korrespondenz* (1792); and 4. F. Niemetschek's *Leben des K. K. Kapellmeisters Wolfgang Gottlieb Mozart* (1798).

the usual seal Z[1] to Fischer, Singer to the Imperial Household in Berlin,[2] from whom your agent can get them on production of a letter from you authorising him to receive "a parcel in Herr Fischer's possession" (Fischer has no idea what is in it), and on payment of the cost of postage. I adopted this course because I wanted you to get them without delay, as you desired, and at the same time to run no risks.

From Breitkopf and Härtel I have had nothing. They have orders to send everything to you.[3] The only pieces that they should still have in their possession are:—thirteen canons in the original MSS. (they have had several more in copy), "Caro mio Druck und Schluck",[4] one sonata and a fragment, a fugue, the last eight bars of which are not by Mozart,[5] an unfinished violin sonata,[6] the "Ouverture" published in Heft 6 of their edition,[7] two songs for opening and closing ceremonies at Mozart's lodge,[8] a fragment "V' amo di core",[9] which, however, is my property if they make no use of it, and also, I believe, the song "Die Trennung".[10] The "Ouverture" you may have received already. I will not, of course, swear that the above list is absolutely accurate.

Well, good-bye! May you profit by your speculation! N[issen] and I send you our best regards.

CONSTANZE MOZART

[1] An attempt to reproduce Nissen's seal, which has been preserved on many of these letters.

[2] On Ludwig Fischer, the original Osmin in "Die Entführung", see p. 1123, n. 7.

[3] In the margin Constanze has written: "Please let me know from time to time what manuscripts you get back from Leipzig, so that I can keep account of them, and strike the items off my list."

[4] A jocular quartet for soprano, two tenors and bass, with PF. accompaniment (K. App. 5). [5] K. 401. [6] Possibly K. 402.

[7] The PF. Suite (K. 399), written in the Handelian style and consisting of Ouverture, Allemande, Courante. A Sarabande was to have followed, but six bars only were completed. [8] K. 483 and 484.

[9] This curious work (K. 348), more fully described in Letter VII, is a canon for three choirs, each of four voices. [10] K. 519.

VI

[*Extract*]

VIENNA, *October 4th*, 1800

DEAR HERR ANDRÉ,

I have just this moment read your August announcement in the *Frankfurter Staats-Ristretto* for the 18th of September, 1800. The interest that I feel in your edition, as indeed in everything connected with the name of Mozart, and the thought of the quite exceptional pleasure with which I shall welcome the appearance of your thematic catalogue, impel me to make a few friendly remarks upon it, and for your own sake as well as for my husband's, to offer you a few trifling suggestions.

What do you really propose to do in the matter of the catalogue? Do you merely mean to publish a list of all the works which you bought from me? I am almost compelled to think so, since you say: "as far as the manuscripts which I have purchased enable me to do so". But according to your letters it was to be a list of "all works known" to you. This would not only please me more, but would also be more interesting to the general public. You could then, if you thought fit, put a cross or some other mark against all those pieces of which you yourself possess the originals. Even then it is, in my opinion, imperative that you should describe the work as "vol. 1". It is so easy to make mistakes and to overlook things. And then the critics come along and gleefully declare that they "could make considerable additions to the list", that "it is far from being exhaustive", that "it is a mystery how such a work could ever be put before the public as complete", and so forth. And I cannot reconcile myself to the thought that you might easily forget to mention one of Mozart's masterpieces, I mean the great "Requiem", just because

it is not to be found in his thematic catalogue. Whereas, if you include it, you need only add a note to the effect that as it was Mozart's last work and was not quite finished, it was not and could not be entered in his catalogue.

I hope that you will note against each number the year and month of its composition.[1] The biography[2] will help you here, to say nothing of the notes which are to be found on many of the pieces, and my own lists. Where no date at all is recorded, your own knowledge is fully equal to the task of fixing an approximate date from the intrinsic qualities of the composition and from the character of the handwriting.[3] I am quite convinced, you see, that your catalogue will be arranged chronologically. You can, of course, take your choice whether you adhere to one chronological order throughout, or take each class of composition one after the other and adopt a separate chronological arrangement for each of them. I have, by the way, a little book with the title "Capricci",[4] which I can lend you if you wish. It contains what are perhaps

[1] This passage is the first of many which show that Constanze, or her musical adviser the Abbé Stadler, had planned even at this early date a scientific catalogue of Mozart's compositions, which, if it had materialised, would have anticipated Köchel's great work by more than sixty years.

[2] Cp. p. 1483, n. 2. Probably Niemetschek's *Leben des K. K. Kapellmeisters Wolfgang Gottlieb Mozart* (Prague, 1798) is referred to here, although in Letter X Constanze speaks as though André were not likely to have a copy of it.

[3] In André's MS. catalogue many works were dated by him either from considerations of style or from the character of the handwriting, and his dates were accepted by Köchel almost without question. See the translation of André's preface to his catalogue published in *Music and Letters*, April 1924.

[4] This appears to have been a companion volume to the so-called "London Music Book" published by Breitkopf and Härtel in 1908 under the title of *Mozart als achtjähriger Komponist*. Leopold Mozart's catalogue of works composed by his son from his seventh to his twelfth year mentions "two MS. books containing piano pieces composed by him in London, Holland, etc. at various times", and that the second book bore the title "Capricci" seems probable in view of the wording of the advertisement of Mozart's second concert in Amsterdam (February 26th, 1766), which contains the announcement that "Le fils jouera à la fin sur l'orgue de ses propres *caprices*" (see *MMB*, March 1899, p. 218).

Mozart's very earliest compositions, or at any rate compositions which date from the same period as his first efforts in 1765 or 1766. I still think advantage could be taken of the opportunity to publish a catalogue of Mozart fragments, which might, for example, form a preface to the main catalogue. If, without my knowing it, one or another of the fragments should have been already completed by Mozart himself, a glance at the complete list of his works will best enable you to detect the fact, and to cancel the piece from the list of fragments. The "Ouverture" which is to be found in one of the last volumes of Breitkopf's edition[1] and the original of which is in your possession, is followed by the first few bars of a Sarabande. I forgot to make a note of this, but you must mention it.

On your title-pages I still think that "Edition faite d'après le manuscrit original de l'auteur" will read better than "[Edition faite d'après] la partition en manuscrit". A critic out to pick holes might well ask "Whose manuscript"? And in the case of works of which you do not possess the originals, is it a sufficient recommendation for your edition to say that you have had a correct score copied out? Even if it is correct, does it follow that it is as Mozart composed it? (The present writer[2] is no musician.) Moreover, that fact would not distinguish your edition from others, for it is the duty of every editor to see that what he publishes is correct. As, however, I myself have given you copies of many pieces, especially vocal works, wouldn't it be better to say that the edition has been prepared from a copy found among Mozart's papers?

I have the honour to be, most faithfully,

your devoted servant

MOZART

[1] See p. 1484, n. 7.

[2] i.e. Nissen.

VII

VIENNA, *October 22nd*, 1800

DEAR HERR ANDRÉ,

I have great pleasure in sending you the two pieces of music which I enclose. The variations[1] are a fragment. It is for you to make what use of them you can, provided that you state that they are fragmentary. The other, "V' amo di core,"[2] looked like a fragment, but, N.N.[3] tells me, is not so. The latter has himself added the remaining portion, which, he says, Mozart would have written and could not possibly have written otherwise, and so made the piece complete. About a year ago I showed it to someone who told me that it was "not complete and so of no use", both of which statements N.N. declares to be untrue; further, that it was "not really a canon at all, but merely a composition for two voices", and was "not by Mozart and still less in the Mozartian manner". N.N. declares, however, that it is certainly a canon, and, what is more, a canon for twelve voices and a very skilful one at that. It is possible that the theme is not by Mozart, but the setting is certainly his, as it is in his handwriting and shows corrections from his pen. That, at any rate, is N.N.'s view and mine. I was also told that "the piece seemed besides to be not altogether unknown". I am confident, however, that no one knows of its existence except N.N., one other person who had it in his possession about a year ago, and the latter's friend; all of whom only know of it through me.

[1] Possibly the PF. variations in F (K. App. 138[a]).

[2] See p. 1484, n. 9.

[3] The letters N.N. (= *nomen nescio*), frequently employed by writers wishing to remain anonymous, are here a transparent disguise of the Abbé Stadler. It is curious that in his biography of Mozart (App., p. 19, no. 14), Nissen should refer to this composition as though it were an aria.

I hope that by this time you have received the things from Berlin, I mean the four completed fragments. I paid 49 kreutzers for their postage, and this letter will cost me another 24.

With my most sincere regards, I am,

yours faithfully,

C. MOZART

VIII

[*Extract*]

VIENNA, [?*November 12th*, 1800][1]

DEAR HERR ANDRÉ,

For the first parcel of works by Mozart that you have so kindly sent me—through Herr Eder,[2] I think—I have had to pay 2 florins 24 kreutzers in postage. As, in accordance with our agreement, I should receive everything free of charge, I must ask you to be so good as to refund me this amount at your earliest opportunity. One further point. I admit that by the strict letter of our agreement I am to receive four copies only of each of these first pieces published by you, that is, of the piano concertos, the rondo for violin,[3] the quartets, the quintets, and one sonata.[4] I have an idea, however, that you made me a verbal promise that *of these works, at any rate*, you would let me have five copies. However, if you don't remember making any such promise, you are free to do just as you think fit. You will, however, do me a real service if you can let me have a copy *in score* of a piece that is still little known—although I have twice sung it in public—I mean

[1] This is the date noted by André on the back of the letter.

[2] Josef Eder, a well-known Viennese bookseller.

[3] K. 373. Published by André in 1800 as "Œuvre 85. Edition faite d'après la partition en manuscrit".

[4] K. 545, though André did not in fact publish this sonata till 1805 (as Op. 112).

the heavenly trio from an unfinished opera (a finale, I believe) beginning with the words "Che accidenti, che tragedia".[1] I used to have copies of the voice parts, and these must have come into your hands with the numerous copies which were packed up with the original manuscripts in error, as a result of our haste and the fact that evening came on as we were sealing up the parcels. As some slight return please let me have this copy at your convenience.

Breitkopf, I see, has now brought out an edition of the "Requiem". It contains just a few actual errors, and several, though not many, inaccuracies such as are always a blemish in the eyes of a connoisseur.[2] I have recently had the original manuscript in my possession and had this edition carefully compared with it, getting a skilled musician—you know whom—to correct the above-mentioned errors in my copy and to add the complete figured bass. If a copy of this sort would be of any use to you it is at your disposal for a consideration. You could then describe your edition as "With the figured bass and *d'après une copie corrigée sur l'original avec grand soin*". Moreover, in the copy retained by Süssmayr, who, as you no doubt know, finished off the work, the middle parts which are largely his, are quite different from those given in Breitkopf's edition.[3] A copy of this is also at your disposal for a consideration.

[1] The last number written by Mozart in his unfinished opera "Lo sposo deluso" (K. 430).

[2] Constanze's criticism of Breitkopf's edition had very little justification, as she afterwards had the grace to admit (see her letter to Breitkopf of 13th August 1800, *MJ*, vol. iii. p. 202). The edition was, indeed, mainly if not entirely based on a copy which she herself had sent him. But she was naturally anxious to persuade André that the field was still open for him to bring out a fresh edition of the work.

[3] If Constanze means, as her words seem to imply, a transcript of the completed Requiem (i.e. of the work as it was delivered to Count Walsegg) which was in Süssmayr's possession, it is difficult to see what important divergences from Breitkopf's edition it can have exhibited. But she is probably referring here, as in Letter I (see p. 1462, n. 1), to Mozart's original MSS. of the

I have seen some of Pleyel's[1] compositions, published by a certain Sieber,[2] which bear upon their title page the words "gravé d'après le manuscrit original de l'auteur". This is, in my opinion, slightly more definite and explicit than the phrase employed by you in your editions of Mozart.

Your most devoted servant

MOZART

IX

[*Extract*]

VIENNA, *November 16th*, 1800

DEAR HERR ANDRÉ,

You will not have forgotten that among Mozart's papers were found transcripts of six sonatas,[3] which I took

"Dies irae", "Tuba mirum", "Rex tremendae", "Recordare" and "Confutatis", which were undoubtedly in Süssmayr's possession for a time (see her letter to Breitkopf dated June 2nd, 1802, Abert, vol. ii. p. 1020). These MSS. had previously been in the hands of Joseph Eybler, the musician to whom Constanze first entrusted the task of finishing the work, and now bore upon them his attempts at completion. How much more extensive these were than has generally been supposed may be seen from an examination of the facsimile of the Requiem published by Alfred Schnerich in 1914. When Süssmayr took up the task after Eybler had abandoned it, he naturally preferred to ignore for the most part the latter's contributions and composed "quite different" middle parts, which were of course the ones reproduced in Breitkopf's edition. In a later letter (no. 12) Constanze says nothing about "Süssmayr's copy" of the Requiem, but offers André Mozart's original MSS. of the numbers from the "Dies irae" to the "Confutatis" and again remarks that "the middle parts of these pieces . . . are different from those in Breitkopf's edition". It is extraordinary that she should have forgotten all about Eybler's work on the MSS. and should speak as though these parts were an alternative version from Süssmayr's pen.

[1] On Ignaz Pleyel see p. 1304, n. 5.

[2] Jean Georges Sieber (*c.* 1734–*c.* 1815), the famous Paris publisher.

[3] Undoubtedly the six violin sonatas (K. 55–60), of which so much is made by MM. Wyzewa and St. Foix in their elaborate study of Mozart's musical development. (See WSF, vol. i. pp. 502–519, vol. ii. pp. 14–16). Constanze's statements fully justify those few critics who have ventured to question the authenticity of these works on internal grounds.

to be his work. As I told you, I sold them to Breitkopf and Härtel, who agreed with you in pronouncing them very poor stuff. However, as you kept pressing me, I finally gave you copies of them, on your giving me your word of honour that, as you were aware of their sale to Breitkopf, you would make no improper use of them. I am now filled with grave misgivings as to whether the pieces are by Mozart. The fact that I have actually sold them to B. and H., who are at liberty to publish them, if they wish, without making any mention of Mozart's name —though I have written to them and told them of my misgivings—makes no difference, and does not relieve you of your obligation. I mention this matter to you now mainly to induce you not to cite the themes of these pieces in your thematic catalogue of Mozart's works. For the present I am unable to acknowledge them as his, and should object to their being published as such either in their entirety or even if the themes only were quoted. I have, however, left Breitkopf and Härtel to reconsider them and to value them according to their intrinsic merits. My point is that I now decline to vouch for their authenticity in any way.

In this connection a further doubt has suggested itself to me: namely, whether the unnamed opera[1] with accompanied dialogue in the place of recitative, which appears to be unfinished, or, at any rate, has never been reckoned by me among the finished works, is really by Mozart. The text of the opera seems to me to be either in Mozart's own hand, or in a hand deceptively like his. As for the music, you yourself should best be able to pass an opinion on the style of the handwriting. Here too, of course, Mozart's hand changed as time went on, but you should be able to find other manuscripts which display a similar style. Moreover, at the end of everything he wrote—of all important compositions, at any rate—Mozart made a

[1] "Zaide." See p. 1463, n. 8.

characteristic flourish, neater and more delicate than anything I have ever seen elsewhere, which went something like this[1]

—no, it's no use I can't reproduce it, but you must have noticed it already and will know what I mean. If the flourishes in this opera are undoubtedly Mozartian, then, of course, the opera must be so too. All the same nobody —no, not a soul—has heard of it, and both the text and the music are written in a hand that bears a deceptive resemblance to Michael Haydn's, or at least to that of his regular copyist.[2]

To my suggestion about quoting the themes of all the fragments, you have, I am sorry to say, not replied. Their publication in the manner I proposed would delight me beyond measure. The end of your catalogue would be the right place for them. I am not seeking any personal advantage in this matter, but there is no one else who can publish this catalogue in so complete a form as you can, since you have one or two pieces almost but not quite finished, of which I have no notes. It is also possible that my list contains one or two pieces which were completed later and so cannot be reckoned as fragments. In a word, view the matter how you will, there could be nobody so well qualified to bring out the catalogue; which is, moreover, a work that will not only be very welcome to all connoisseurs, but will afford you too the satisfaction of knowing that no one in future will be able to elaborate these themes and bring them out as compositions by

[1] Here follow four attempts to reproduce the flourish, which, as Constanze says, is to be found at the end (generally under the final pause-marks) of most compositions or movements of compositions by Mozart. André himself thought this peculiarity worth mentioning in the preface to his MS. catalogue of Mozart's compositions to the year 1784. (See *Music and Letters*, April 1924.)

[2] The Benedictine Abbey at Salzburg possesses MS. copies of several sets of dances by Mozart and also of a number of works by Michael Haydn in the hand of the same copyist, who was evidently a contemporary of the two composers. (See *MJ*, i. 1923, p. 25).

Mozart, to the prejudice of your edition of the works, of which you will thus remain the sole authentic publisher.

N[issen] sends his regards.

I remain, your most devoted servant,

C. MOZART

X

[*Extract*]

VIENNA, *November 26th*, 1800

DEAR HERR ANDRÉ,

Your letter of the 13th of November has given me much satisfaction, and you will find here a full answer to it.

I shall wait for the trio[1] then. Of the aria[2] which you are anxious to secure I can give you nothing more, as I have nothing more to give. So far as I can remember, it was written for my sister Madame Lange. You must apply to her, if you know where she is to be found. I'm afraid I don't. However, I will ask Traeg about it, and buy it for you if it is to be had. And that reminds me. The parts of this work, as of several others, came into your hands purely by accident, without my consent and quite apart from our agreement, and it is therefore your duty in the eyes of the world and of God above to make me some recompense for them.

It is quite impossible either for you or for me to procure the original score of the "Requiem" in its entirety.[3]

[1] See p. 1490, n. 1.

[2] Apparently the same aria as that referred to later in this letter as "Ah, non sai, qual pena sia", viz. the recitative and rondo for soprano with orchestral accompaniment (K. 416). See Mozart's letter of January 8th, 1783 (p. 1246).

[3] The paragraph relating to the "Requiem" which follows in the text, was published, with some slight omissions, in André's preface to the edition of the full score of the work which he brought out in 1826. It was reprinted by Gottfried Weber in Bd. 6 of his periodical *Caecilia*, and will be found in an English version in William Pole's admirable little book *The Story of Mozart's Requiem*. Doctor Sortschen was the Viennese advocate whom Count Walsegg appointed to act for him when rumours that the work was not entirely by Mozart at last reached his ears.

Doctor Sortschen, the advocate, who lives here "unter den Tuchlauben", has returned it to its unknown owner, and it was only in Sortschen's house that St[adler] was able to inspect it for me and compare it with my copy or with Breitkopf's edition.[1] However, as things are, my copy of the Breitkopf edition has been made not merely more correct than that edition as published, but, embodying as it does further corrections from the hand of a master, actually more correct than the original manuscript itself. The entering of these alterations in my copy, and the addition of the figured bass throughout, have cost me money. However, I will let you have the copy, with these corrections, for [7 florins][2] and you will then be able to announce in all truth that your piano arrangement—of which also, by the way, I shall naturally receive four copies—has been made from a copy collated with, and most carefully corrected from, the original. I said just now that my copy is better than the original. You know, of course—between ourselves—that it is not all Mozart's work, particularly many of the middle parts, and with my copy before you, you will thus be saved from the discredit of reproducing the mistakes which appear in the original under Mozart's name. But I will do even more to help you. I will procure for you the Dies irae, Tuba mirum, Rex tremendae, Recordare, Confutatis, and Sanctus, and will confide to you the following secret. The original of all that precedes the Dies irae[3] is in the possession of "the Unknown". From that point Mozart had written out all the main parts of the Dies irae, Tuba mirum, Rex tremendae,

[1] André explains in his preface that one copy only is indicated here, namely a copy of Breitkopf's printed score corrected by the Abbé Stadler. "Or" thus equals "i.e.".

[2] The price has been deleted here and in another passage in this letter, but has been allowed to stand in a passage in Letter XI (p. 1501).

[3] The Dies irae is preceded by the "Requiem and Kyrie", the first number in the score and the only one completed by Mozart. The "Unknown" was Count Walsegg of Stuppach who commissioned the work.

Recordare, and Confutatis,[1] but little or nothing of the middle parts, which were written by another. In order that two different handwritings should not appear together in the same work,[2] this person also copied out all that Mozart had written. Now you know exactly how much of the "Requiem" Mozart composed. Anything more that I could say after what I have told you would be sheer repetition. The Sanctus which I will get for you is in the autograph of the person who wrote this piece together with the rest of the work.[3] A further point is that the middle parts of these pieces which I am getting for you are different from those in Breitkopf's edition. In fact, with the exception of the small improvements to which I have referred, they stand in the latter just as they appear in the original in "the Unknown's" possession. The person who completed the work must thus have copied them twice over, and you can, if you think fit, make your choice between the two versions.[4] The Sanctus is thus entirely by the completer, but of the other pieces only those parts that are ringed round in pencil. You would thus be

[1] Constanze seems to have been unaware at this time that Mozart had also composed portions of the three following movements, viz. the "Lacrimosa", "Domine" and "Hostias", and that the original MSS. were still in Eybler's possession. It is difficult to explain her ignorance of them, as Süssmayr had of course made use of them, or of copies from them, in completing the work.

[2] This explanation has been generally accepted. But the Mozartian originals already bore upon them Eybler's attempts at completion (see p. 1490, n. 3) and could not have been used by Süssmayr unless he had been willing to accept the latter's contributions more or less as they stood. It is curious that the extent of Eybler's additions has escaped the notice of almost all writers on the Requiem. All the parts ringed round in pencil on the Mozart originals are by Eybler—unless we are to suppose that some third completer had also tried his hand.

[3] i.e. the two concluding movements, the "Benedictus" and the "Agnus Dei".

[4] See p. 1490, n. 3. It would certainly appear from this passage that Constanze believed the additions on Mozart's original MSS. to be from Süssmayr's hand, and to provide a series of variant readings which could be adopted in preference to the parts furnished by him for the Walsegg copy and reproduced in Breitkopf's printed score.

able to claim with truth that your piano arrangement has been made directly from the originals in the case of six of the numbers—and there are only twelve in all.

I have again inspected the fragments, or at least had them inspected. Anything that could possibly be of any use to you I will gladly send you. There are, however, only four such pieces: namely, three finales, with which belongs a middle section which is bound up with one of them, and an opening movement of some length.[1] I will send you these on your own terms, but the other fragments I cannot and do not intend to make public. They are only rough drafts of opening bars and would not, as you imagined, help you to complete anything. Further illustrations of Mozart's productivity and fertility of invention you could, of course, easily procure, but that is a matter quite distinct from your avowed object. Nevertheless, I also cater for your laudable curiosity in my catalogue of the fragments with the opening bars of each. And here I have a bone to pick with you. You have never told me whether your catalogue will also include a complete list of the fragments, with their themes, which is what I most earnestly desire. First, it will be a novel and attractive feature, and secondly, as you and indeed the whole world would know what Mozart had left unfinished, it would make it impossible for any stranger into whose hands the themes might fall, to elaborate them and publish them as Mozart's work. You are also in a position to make this list of mine still more complete by the addition of the larger fragments which you already possess. I shall send you the list then, and should like ten copies of the printed work in return.

For the aria "Ah, non sai, qual pena sia" I shall get my secretary to write to Amsterdam, where my sister may be staying. But it might perhaps be simpler for you yourself to

[1] See p. 1499, n. 2.

apply to Bertuch in Weimar, whose *Journal des Luxus*[1] often contains theatrical intelligence from Amsterdam.

Your system of classification is pronounced to be excellent. But don't forget to include the "Requiem" among the masses.

Have you received the two litanies "de corpore Christi"[2] from Baron Jacobi? I have been told that Traeg recently acquired a mass by Mozart of which he had never heard before.

Wouldn't songs and canons be better classed as chamber music?

On the analogy of my agreement with H[ärtel] I expect five copies of the cadenzas.

The fragments you have had from Berlin are rightly described as arranged.

The quintet in E♭,[3] published by Artaria as no. 8, was written by my husband for horn and strings, and the new editor has simply substituted an additional 'cello for the horn, which is a comparatively rare instrument. I shall be delighted to send you an absolutely authentic transcript of it, nothing less than Leutgeb's own copy which he has given me.

A certain Herr von Tost,[4] who lives in the Singer-

[1] The *Journal des Luxus und der Moden*, published at Weimar under the editorship of C. Bertuch. On Aloysia Lange's stay in Amsterdam, which lasted from 1798 to 1801, see D. F. Scheurleer's *Het Muziekleven in Nederland in de 18e eeuw*, 1909, pp. 271 ff.

[2] K. 125 and 243. Constans Philipp Wilhelm, Freiherr von Jacobi-Klöst (1745–?1817), was Prussian Ambassador in London from 1792 to 1816. In the former year, while still in Vienna, he had made Constanze's acquaintance in connection with the sale of eight Mozart autographs to the King of Prussia (see p. 1454). From letters not here translated it appears that he was under some agreement to procure for Constanze the MSS. of these two Litanies and that Constanze had transferred her rights to André.

[3] K. 407. Artaria's edition, published in 1800, was not only a transcription, but incorporated a minuet (from K. 375) which did not belong to the work.

[4] Johann Tost, a rich cloth merchant and patron of the arts, to whom Haydn dedicated three series of string quartets, Op. 54, 55 and 66. Constanze's statement is the only evidence that Mozart also wrote for him, but it is possible

strasse here, claims to possess original scores by Mozart, and it is quite true that Mozart did some work for him. He has promised me the themes.

I have been told by some Spaniards that Mozart's music is highly esteemed and very popular in Spain. You should try to find an agent there.

Neither Eder nor Traeg nor anyone else has made any announcement in our journal here of the works of Mozart you have already published. Wranizky has announced your "Don Juan" and that is all. Am I to understand that you have now secured the instrumental parts which were wanting in my copy of that opera?

If you look at the 8th volume of Breitkopf's edition you will find on page 16 a Fantasia for four hands.[1] This work, however, was not written by Mozart in this form, but is an arrangement by Gallus for Traeg or Mollo of the piece written for a clock, which you will find in his catalogue.

Look what a fine collection of things you are getting!

1. The book "Capricci", which is to be returned to me.
2. The corrected and collated copy of the "Requiem", for which I am to get [7 florins], but which becomes your property.
3. The original manuscript of the said numbers of the "Requiem", which are to be sent back to me.
4. The concluding portion of a long piece of music (paged E).[2]

that he is to be identified with the "Hungarian amateur" for whom, according to a statement on the title-pages of Artaria's editions, the string quintets K. 593 and 614 were written. The name is certainly Hungarian.

[1] The Fantasia in F min. (K. 608 = K. App. 145[a]), no. 131 in Mozart's catalogue, where it is described as "Ein Orgelstück für eine Uhr". Köchel records a PF. arrangement published by Traeg in 1799. It is interesting to learn on Constanze's authority that this arrangement was made not by Mozart himself, but by Johann Mederitsch, known as Gallus (1755–1835).

[2] Nos. 4–7 of this list are no doubt the three finales (one preceded by a middle section) and the opening movement to which Constanze refers above (p. 1497). Nos. 4, 5, and 7 cannot be identified. No. 6 is K. 495, as is clear from Köchel's note on the autograph (see Köchel, p. 628).

5. Pp. 25, 26, 27, 28 of the same.
6. The middle (pp. 13, 14) and the concluding (pp. 21, 22, 23) sections of a piece in E♭ for the horn.
7. The opening movement of a quintet, of considerable extent.[1]
8. An original fugue for piano,[2] which becomes your property. It is the one on pp. 12 *sqq.* of the 8th volume of Breitkopf's edition.
9. An authentic transcript of the quintet[3] about which you have asked me—Leutgeb's own copy, given him by Mozart.
10. Niemetschek's biography of Mozart,[4] if you haven't got it. I don't think the work has reached Germany. It has a good deal about Mozart's works, although I can't promise that it will tell you anything fresh. For this and the other things which I have not written down you will make me a proper recompense. Won't you?

It has just occurred to me that you may probably be able to get the aria "Ah, non sai, qual pena sia"[5] from Mademoiselle Wilhelmine (I think it is Wilhelmine) Weimann (or Weinmann) in Halle. As she is a very capable pianist and a professional at that, you ought easily to be able to trace her. She used to have one or two arias which I myself hadn't got.

Well, good-bye. Please send me your answer at once.

C. MOZART

The writer sends you his regards.

If I should not succeed in getting Niemetschek to send

[1] Possibly K. App. 79. [2] K. 394. [3] K. 407.

[4] See p. 1486, n. 2.

[5] See p. 1494, n. 2. The *AMZ* for January 6th, 1802, records a performance of Haydn's "Seasons" in which a certain "Dem. Weimann aus Halle" took the soprano part. This is probably the person to whom Constanze here refers.

me a copy of the biography, I must withdraw the offer I have made above. Remember, you defray all expenses.

XI

[*Extract*]

VIENNA, *January 26th*, 1801

DEAR ANDRÉ,

I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 12th of January, and sit down to answer it.

I am delighted beyond measure that after careful investigation you recognise the unnamed opera[1] to be Mozart's work.

You are half inclined to complain at my having asked seven florins for the revised copy of the "Requiem", but it cost me more than a florin to get it corrected by my copyist, and to get the complete figured bass added.

You say that I shall receive no more copies of your piano arrangements than you think fit to make me a present of, as you consider that the terms of our agreement are in no way applicable to them. I can't see that; in fact, I think the truth is rather the other way round. However, you give me to understand that I shall receive some copies, and that is the main point. I am convinced that I can rely on your friendship.

You have never yet told me whether you are willing to publish the themes of the fragments together with (that is, at the same time as) the themes of the completed works. That is the condition I lay down. You do not appear to attach nearly enough importance to their publication, certainly nothing like as much as I do. I am convinced that the public will greatly prize such a catalogue, and its publication would also ensure that, in any criticisms, full

[1] "Zaide." See p. 1492.

justice would be done to your unexampled industry and your exhaustive knowledge of all Mozart's works. One copy of your list you have always promised me, and now you want to give me only four copies in all. However, that will certainly not keep me from giving you my lists.

You seem to have been generally rather out of humour when you wrote to me. I can surely be pardoned for believing my transcripts, most of which were made under my husband's own eyes, to be authentic. In any case I can certainly make that claim for the transcript which Leutgeb gave me, and which I am sending you herewith. Try to recall the circumstances which led me to talk of those pieces—the pieces I called authentic copies and believed to be so. I wished in fairness to you to indicate a mode of procedure by which you could ensure that the publication of such works as you had received from me only in copy should redound to your credit. Thus my intentions were good.

I was much distressed on your account to read in the *Ristretto*[1] an advertisement which contained the statement—quite true, I admit—that "Don Juan" exists only in an imperfect manuscript.[2] Some years ago, when I gave Breitkopf and Härtel a list of all Mozart's larger works, I myself made this remark about "Don Juan". This is a new warning to me never to tell anyone more than they actually need to know. However, what a trifling disadvantage to your edition it will be that in the original manuscript the last finale is not complete,[3] and that in two places the parts for the wind-instruments are wanting—for that is all that is lacking. You will, I suppose, find some suitable opportunity for making the fact known, and can then

[1] The *Frankfurter Staats-Ristretto*.

[2] On the imperfections in "Don Giovanni" cp. p. 1465, n. 4.

[3] The autograph score, now in the library of the Paris Conservatoire, still lacks the last leaf.

offer to allow anyone who so desires, to satisfy himself by inspecting the original in your possession.

I am, then, sending you herewith

The " Requiem,"

The book "Capricci", which is to be returned to me,

Several numbers of the " Requiem " in the original, from p. 11 to p. 32, to be returned to me.

An Andantino for piano,[1]

Two fragments, which you may be able to make use of in your collection, viz. a couple of fragments from the horn concerto,[2] which Leutgeb will only sell at a high figure,

Several trifles, and a fugue[3] which Breitkopf and Härtel have published, and which they retained for as long as eighteen months.

Your most devoted friend

C. MOZART

XII

[*Extract*]

VIENNA [?*February 18th*, 1801][4]

DEAR HERR ANDRÉ,

Herr Härtel is making rapid progress. Yesterday I received no less than three of the piano concertos; the 3rd, 4th and 5th.[5] And, what is more, he has been so obliging as to send me in every case five copies on ordinary and one on fine paper (or at least on better paper), carriage paid, which is more than I had any right to expect. Recently, in addition to the ten copies of the Requiem, which were the very utmost to which I was entitled by the

[1] K. 236. This was first published in *Cocks's Musical Miscellany* for May 1st, 1852, from a MS. provided by Czerny, who stated that the piece had been written by Mozart in 1790 as a contribution to an autograph album.

[2] See p. 1499, n. 2.

[3] K. 401.

[4] This is the date noted by André on the back of the letter.

[5] K. 459, 450, 415.

terms of our agreement, he sent me a further six copies to cover payment for postage, as he had twice forgotten to have the postage on things which he sent me charged to him. I merely tell you the facts and point no moral. It is true of course that he got his things cheap, indeed practically for nothing, and that I am Mozart's widow; but you will understand that I could not expect such courtesy and that he is under no obligation to me.

I keep searching the Frankfurt journals to see whether you won't soon publish something further. I thought from your catalogue that the quartets, the quintets, and one sonata were at length out, but I see that I was mistaken.

The writer sends you his best regards.

I remain, ever your most devoted servant and friend,

C. MOZART

XIII

[*Extract*]

VIENNA, *March 4th*, 1801

DEAR HERR ANDRÉ,

It is possible that Herr von Puchberg has no concerto and that I meant to say merely that he had the quintet.[1] You know that my secretary is no musician—although he is very eager to make a note at once of anything that seems worth recording and likely to be of use to you—and may of course easily make mistakes through lack of knowledge.

I have never claimed that the " Requiem " contains any extensive and important "improvements" beyond certain corrections, but I still maintain that every correction is an improvement, and that one great advantage of my copy is that it has the figured bass added, and for the most part from the original.

[1] See p. 1478, where, however, the quintet only is referred to and no mention is made of a concerto.

I am very eager to get the piano arrangements of the operas which you are due to give me as a return for the completed fragments. Appease my hunger quickly, I implore you.

If I am sorry that you already possess the horn quintet, it is simply because my zeal to serve you, which, as I keep finding, you do not properly appreciate, has in this case been in vain.

You yourself wanted to see the "Capricci", otherwise I should never have sent them to you. Please let me have them back, together with the fragment of the "Requiem," which is not mine to dispose of.[1]

I solemnly assure you that the fragments which I have cannot help to complete a single bar of music in your collection. Compared with those you have received these are merely beginnings of pieces. I am willing to allow Wranizky to inspect them, if you still don't believe me. If I do find any other fragments you shall have them.

N[issen] sends his regards, and I am,

yours sincerely,

MOZART

XIV

[*Extract*]

VIENNA, *March 22nd*, 1801

DEAR HERR ANDRÉ,

Yesterday I had the pleasure of receiving from you, through Herr Sauer:—[2]

Four copies of the Adagio and Rondo for violin, op. 99.[3]

Four copies of the three quartets for two violins, viola, and 'cello, op. 94, no 1,[4]

[1] Possibly the fragments were still Süssmayr's property, although in her letter to Breitkopf of June 2nd, 1802, Constanze says that Süssmayr had been so good as to give them to her "some time ago" (see Abert, vol. ii. p. 1021).

[2] Ignaz Sauer, a Viennese music-publisher.

[3] K. 261 and 269.

[4] K. 168–170.

Four copies of the same, no. 2,[1]

Four copies of the oboe quartet, op. 101,[2]

Four copies of the first horn concerto, op. 92;[3] and further,

one copy of nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5 of the piano concertos you have published;[4] being the fifth copy of each due to me under our special agreement. Allow me to lighten your task for you this time. The following is a list of the pieces of which I have still to receive a fifth copy in accordance with the supplementary clause of our agreement, viz.—

no. 6 of your six grand concertos,[5]

the concerto for two pianos,[6]

the rondo for violin,[7]

the quartets for two violins, viola, and 'cello,

1st number

ditto 2nd number.

I have only received four copies of these pieces so far.

By the terms of the said clause I am also to receive:—

Five copies of the five quintets,

Five copies of seven quartets, yet to be published,

Five copies of the piano sonata in C;[8] and, lastly,

Five copies of no. 1 of your six grand piano concertos.[9]

The last item will probably surprise you. But you have only to run your eyes over the addendum to our agreement to recognise your obligation to send me these copies. I am driven to suppose that you didn't get any copies of the concerto engraved yourself, but contented yourself with your stock of copies from my edition, although this

[1] K. 171–173. [2] K. 370. [3] K. 447.

[4] The series of "Six grands Concertos dédiés au Prince Louis Ferdinand de Prusse par l'éditeur. Op. 82" was made up as follows: no. 1, K. 503; no. 2, K. 595; no. 3, K. 491; no. 4, K. 482; no. 5, K. 488; no. 6, K. 467. These were the first works published by André after his purchase of the Mozart MSS. from Constanze. [5] K. 467. [6] K. 365. [7] K. 373. [8] K. 545.

[9] K. 503, first published by Constanze herself.

seems very hard to believe, as you have had more than 230[1] copies of the other concertos engraved and are sure to have an equal number of each of them. However, I am quite ready to accept your explanation, as indeed I must.

N[issen] in his ignorance now wants you to tell him how your numeration by opus numbers hangs together. If he is right in his opinion, I should, he thinks, as your first edition from the original MS. is numbered 82, already have to my credit nos. 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 93, 95, 96, 97, 98, 100.[2] But perhaps one of these numbers must be deducted for the violin rondo?[3] However, don't attach too much importance to his fussiness and preciseness.

See that you preserve your present goodwill, which indeed I merit in return for what I feel as your

most devoted friend and servant,

CONSTANCE MOZART

XV

[*Extract*]

SALZBURG,[4] *October 28th*, 1825

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR, MY FRIEND AND—COLLEAGUE!

Permit me and my partner, who is well known to you and also ventures to ask for your favourable regard, to

[1] Approximately the number of copies of this concerto which André had received from Constanze when she made over her remaining stock to him.

[2] Nissen's suspicions were aroused because Constanze had received André's Op. 82 (the PF. concertos) and also his Op. 101 (the oboe quartet), but of the intermediate numbers only Op. 83 (the concerto for 2 PFs.), Op. 92 (the horn concerto, K. 447), Op. 94 (6 quartets, K. 168–173) and Op. 99 (the Adagio and Rondo for violin).

[3] K. 373. This was in fact published by André as Op. 85.

[4] In September 1810 Nissen moved to Copenhagen to take up an official appointment under the Danish Government, and his wife accompanied him. They remained there until Nissen's retirement in 1820, when they returned to Austria and made a new home in Salzburg.

open a friendly correspondence with you, although—even assuming that you have the time, as you certainly have the inclination to oblige me—it is admittedly one from which I alone draw any certain profit. Nevertheless, the course of my letter may perhaps convince you that I am doing my best, so far as circumstances permit, to provide you with your little tit-bit as well. And I should do so, believe me, whenever I had the opportunity, even though I wanted nothing in return.

First, I should like to ask you to send the four copies of works published by you from Mozart's original manuscripts to a different address from that originally fixed. I have been away from home for five years, and do not know where or when I shall settle down again. Your promise to send me the things postage paid only held good for Hamburg or Vienna, and would never have covered forwarding them for a while to Copenhagen, at least unless I had first asked you to make the change. You consented, however, and I was duly grateful. I am now prompted to ask another favour of you by which you can once more earn my gratitude.

When you are sending your next consignment will you get two of the copies forwarded to Meiners[1] (or any one else you may prefer) in Milan, addressed to my son Karl,[2] who is well known to everyone there, and also

two copies to your agent in Lemberg (or to Steiner and Company in Vienna, although I prefer the more direct method), addressed to my son Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart[3] in Lemberg, who is also easily to be found.

[1] J. Meiners, a Milanese composer.

[2] Karl Thomas Mozart (1784–1858), at this time a minor government official in Milan.

[3] Franz Xaver Wolfgang (Amadeus) Mozart (1791–1844). From 1808 to 1838, with the exception of a year or so of touring and a visit to Salzburg in 1826, whither he was summoned by Constanze to attend Nissen's funeral, he resided in Lemberg, where he gained a fairly comfortable livelihood as a teacher of music.

The little that I can have the pleasure of offering to you is as follows. (I hoped that in my late husband's native town, with access to his sister, I should find all kinds of things. But the most untiring investigations have failed to procure me anything further.)—

In copy.

1. A cradle-song, "Schlafe, mein Prinzchen," Andante, in F maj.[1] It is quite a delightful thing, naïve and whimsical, with many obvious signs of Mozart's hand. I must, however, add that his sister knows nothing of the song. But in Salzburg it has passed for Mozart's

[1] K. App. 284 f. The authorship of this very popular song has been the subject of much discussion. In 1896 Dr. Max Friedlaender announced in the *Jahrb. der Musikbibliothek Peters* that he had discovered in the Hamburg Library a printed copy of the song, dating from 1795 or 1796, on the title-page of which it was described as "Wiegenlied von Gotter, gesetzt von Flies" (Flies = Bernard Flies, an obscure Berlin composer of the latter half of the eighteenth century). In spite of this evidence the former curator of the Mozarteum, J. E. Engl, upheld Mozart's claims to the very last. (See especially his amusing onslaught on Dr. Friedlaender in the 35th *Jahresbericht* of the Mozarteum, 1915). The strongest argument that he could produce, however, was that it was just as likely that Flies should have appropriated a work by Mozart as that Mozart's name should have come to be associated with a work by Flies! A transcript of the song was finally sent to André on February 28th, 1826, accompanied by a note from Nissen of the same non-committal character as the remarks in this letter (see Köchel, p. 894). In Constanze's recently recovered diary, (ed. Abert, *MM*, Feb. 1920) there occurs under the date 27th September, 1828, an entry which records the sending to a certain Dr. Feuerstein, who was helping her in the task of editing Nissen's biography of Mozart, of a letter in which she had enclosed "instead of the Wiegenlied, *another composition of my Mozart*". This entry by itself might perhaps be taken as evidence in favour of Mozart's authorship, although it is more probable that it was just because the authenticity of the song had been questioned that Constanze preferred to send the Doctor some other composition. In any case, the present letter establishes beyond a doubt that Constanze had never heard of the song until she found it in Salzburg, and did not consider herself in a position to pass an opinion upon it. Dr. Feuerstein seems to have been less scrupulous, for the music of the "Wiegenlied" was after all printed in the Supplement to Nissen's biography, where it was also recorded, quite unjustifiably, among the "fragmentary compositions found among Mozart's remains". For a recent attempt to reassert Mozart's authorship, see an article by E. Lewicki in the *Zeitschrift für Musik*, January 1928.

work for several years, and everyone else accepts it as his, in particular Herr Schinn[1] of Munich, who lived here some years ago and vouches for its genuineness. It must date from his early years, since he did not write it in Vienna; but nothing in the song itself points to the composer's youth.

2. An aria buffa, "Dentro il mio petto,"[2] Allegro maestoso, in D maj. throughout. Some of my previous remarks apply to this also. It has the Mozartian stamp, neither my sister-in-law nor I know anything of it, but it is claimed to be genuine here.
3. A few fragments only of a concerto for three pianos in F.[3] This work *was* written by Mozart. He mentions it in his letters to his father, stating among other things that he had played it in Augsburg. Its date must be about 1777.
4. The very earliest compositions of Mozart as a child, dating from 1762 (January) and 1763, written down by his father in a little book belonging to him.[4] Most of

[1] Johann Georg Schinn (1768–1833), at this time viola-player at the Munich court. While a flautist at the court of the Prince Bishop of Eichstädt he had visited Salzburg to take lessons in composition from Michael Haydn.

[2] K. App. 27. "Dentro il mio petto io sento" was the first aria sung by the Podestà in the original Italian version of "La finta giardiniera". As already pointed out (p. 1465, n. 2), the original Italian score of Act I went astray at an early date, and in the later German version this song was replaced by a different composition, set to new words. On December 2nd, 1780 (see p. 1009), Leopold Mozart informed his son that Schikaneder, then in Salzburg, had prevailed upon him to give him a copy of "the aria 'Dentro il mio petto' from the opera buffa", and this no doubt explains how the song came to be regarded in Salzburg as an independent composition. It is curious that in Nissen (App., p. 20), it should be described as unfinished.

[3] K. 242. The "fragments" referred to were probably the set of parts in Leopold Mozart's handwriting, with corrections by Mozart himself, formerly in the possession of the late Edward Speyer. The autograph score bears the date February 1776. See p. 490, n. 2.

[4] Or rather to Marianne. The "little book", now in the Mozarteum at Salzburg, consists in the main of short pieces by various composers, selected and written down by Leopold Mozart to form a sort of "piano tutor" for his daughter. Wolfgang, however, also learned from it, and later his first efforts at composition were entered in it. The two longer pieces here referred to are K. 6 and 7.

them only consist of a few lines, but a couple written in Brussels and Paris are considerably longer.

In the original.

1. Two similar compositions which must be just a little later than 1763.
2. An introduction or prelude written by Mozart for his sister[1] in his latter, though not perhaps in his last years. This piece, which covers four pages, may be called a little fantasia. It is in C maj. and begins with an *Allegretto* in C, common time, then goes on to a capriccio, *Andantino cantabile*, concluding with another capriccio, *Allegro assai.*

Mozart's sister claims to possess a transcript of another prelude which was written for her.[2] But the poor woman is now 75 years old and is blind. As was to be expected, she will not part with any original manuscripts. But I shall be pleased to get copies made for you of the transcripts that she has, and to send them with the copy of the original prelude which I have just mentioned, to any address you wish. There is nothing more to be got from this quarter. There may, however, be some early church compositions which are unknown to you. A choir-master here of the name of Jähndl[3] has made a complete list of these, and is also making enquiries round about. If you are likely to be interested he will be pleased to enter into a correspondence with you on this and similar matters. He is a very amiable man. That reminds me. As a refutation of certain statements in the Leipzig *A.M.Z.* and other papers about Mozart's early church compositions,[4] as recently as the

[1] K. 395. A copy, not the original, was finally sent to André in February 1826.

[2] This may be the prelude which Mozart sent to his sister from Paris on July 20th, 1778. See, however, Köchel on K. 395 (pp. 387, 983).

[3] Anton Jähndl (1783–1861), choir-master at the Nonnberg Cloister.

[4] See e.g. the *AMZ* for 1814, col. 612, where it is stated that Mozart's masses were notoriously composed to order and were almost his weakest works.

15th of October 1825 two grand Vespers,[1] which till then had remained entirely unnoticed in Vienna, were performed there, one in the Cathedral and the other in the Court Chapel, the cathedral performance being directed by Kapellmeister Gänsbacher,[2] who informs me that both works bear throughout the stamp of Mozart's genius. They are both in the key of C and written for four solo voices, two violins, trumpets, drums, organ and bass.

Your most devoted servant,

CONSTANZE NISSEN [3]

Signed by me as her partner, husband and so guardian, and as your most respectful servant,

NISSEN

XVI

[*Extract*]

SALZBURG, *January 1st*, 1826

DEAR HERR ANDRÉ,

Please accept, with my wishes for a happy New Year, what is honestly the very first Mozart manuscript to come into my possession since I made my promise to you. I have *seen* only a few (about six), as there are only a few to be seen. Perhaps you would rather have dispensed with this one: however, I am following both the letter and the spirit of my offer. The facsimile published in *Cäcilia*[4] is obvi-

[1] K. 321 and 339, composed respectively in 1779 and 1780.

[2] Johann Baptist Gänsbacher (1778–1844), appointed Kapellmeister to St. Stephen's in Vienna in 1823.

[3] The signature is autograph.

[4] The facsimile published in *Caecilia* (Bd. 1, p. 179) was of the two canons "Difficile lectu mihi Mars" (K. 559) and "O du eselhafter Martin" (K. 560), the latter, however, with the text "O du eselhafter Peyerl". The MS. sent by Constanze to André was of a third version, to the words "O du eselhafter Jakob". Peierl was a well-known tenor who was singing in Vienna from 1785 to 1787. Martin and Jakob have not yet been identified with certainty.

ously from a genuine manuscript. I suppose you have the original copy, which was intended for Martin. Mozart must have "made use of" this composition on three occasions.

If I were in your place, my dear André, I should, I think, partially settle the controversy that has arisen about the "Requiem", by publishing the work in two different sorts of type, one for the parts in Mozart's hand, the other for those in Süssmayr's.[1] No one could then question that what has been reproduced from Mozart's own handwriting is by him; though, whether any of the remainder is by him, and, if so, how much, must remain for ever uncertain. It is probable and natural that Süssmayr, who was his friend and pupil, made use—no doubt on Mozart's own directions—of the ideas the latter communicated to him. In his letter to Breitkopf[2] he said that he hoped he had left some trace of these ideas. What a tedious business it would have been to set them out in detail! And where should it have been done?

Your most devoted servant,

C. NISSEN

per procura [sic]

NISSEN

[1] André took the hint. In the following year (1827) he brought out an edition in which the contributions of Mozart and Süssmayr were distinguished respectively by the letters M and S. In his preface he quoted portions of this letter.

[2] Dated February 8th, 1800, and printed in the *AMZ*, vol. iv. p. 2*f.* (cp. Abert, vol. ii. p. 1020). Süssmayr there says: "I can only hope that I have at least succeeded in carrying out my task in such a way that connoisseurs may recognise here and there a few traces of Mozart's never-to-be-forgotten teaching".

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Idomeneo, Rè di Creta, opera seria (K. 366, 1780–1781), 70 n. 2, 486 n. 1, 618 n. 2, 975, 977 n. 2, 978-981, 983-991, 993, 994, 998-1001, 1003-1006, 1010-1012, 1015-1018, 1020, 1023-1052, 1066, 1069, 1094, 1095, 1113, 1129, 1140, 1165, 1170, 1183, 1185, 1187, 1199, 1257, 1258, 1264, 1282, 1285, 1290, 1464, 1465 n. 6

Die Entführung aus dem Serail, comic opera (K. 384, 1781–1782), 550 n. 2, 1016 n. 1, 1078 n. 2, 1092, 1094, 1123-1126, 1129, 1133, 1135, 1140, 1143-1148, 1150, 1186, 1199, 1203-1207, 1209, 1212, 1219, 1226, 1230-1233, 1235, 1241, 1242, 1247, 1250, 1252 n. 5, 1257, 1259, 1283, 1285, 1287, 1317-1319, 1324 n. 1, 1325, 1334, 1350 n. 2, 1402 n. 4, 1474 n. 1, 1480 n. 2

**L'oca del Cairo*, opera buffa (K. 422, 1783), 618 n. 2, 1271 n. 3, 1274, 1284, 1285, 1287-1290, 1292

**Lo sposo deluso*, opera buffa (K. 430, 1783), 1263 n. 2, 1275 n. 1, 1490 n. 1, 1494

Der Schauspieldirektor, one-act comedy with music (K. 486, 1786), 1054 n. 3, 1078 n. 2, 1481

Le Nozze di Figaro, opera buffa (K. 492, 1785–1786), 1263 n. 1, 1272 n. 1, 1321 n. 4, 1331, 1332, 1336, 1343, 1344, 1347, 1354, 1355, 1373, 1374 n. 5, 1388-1390, 1404 n. 1, 1408, 1409, 1464, 1474 n. 1, 1480 n. 2

Don Giovanni, dramma giocoso (K. 527, 1787), 1118 n. 1, 1263 n. 2, 1354-1359, 1366, 1373, 1404, 1464, 1465 n. 4, 1478 n. 1, 1480 n. 2, 1499, 1502

Così fan tutte, opera buffa (K. 588, 1789–1790), 1263 n. 2, 1374 n. 5, 1391, 1392, 1399, 1464, 1474 n. 1

Die Zauberflöte, German opera (K. 620, 1791), 315 n. 1, 1167 n. 1, 1182 n. 1, 1390 n. 2, 1418 n. 3, 1426-1428, 1433, 1436 n. 2, 1437, 1439-1442, 1450 n. 1, 1464, 1474 n. 1, 1478 n. 7
La Clemenza di Tito, opera seria (K. 621, 1791), 1417 n. 1, 1436 n. 1, 1437, 1450 n. 1

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La Betulia liberata, azione sacra (K. 118, 1771), 143, 273 n. 1, 1313 n. 5
Cantata, "Dir, Seele des Weltalls" (K. 429, ?1783), 1464 n. 2, 1467, 1481 n. 4
Davidde penitente, cantata (K. 469, 1785), 1244 n. 1, 1322 n. 2, 1462 n. 2, 1480

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Missa brevis in D minor (K. 65, 1769), 140 n. 2, 141 n. 1
Missa (Pater Dominicus mass) in C (K. 66, 1769), 76 n. 4, 141 n. 1, 344 n. 3, 635 n. 1, 810 n. 2
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Missa brevis in C (K. 258, 1776), 386 n. 1, 799 n. 6
Missa brevis in C (K. 259, 1776), 386 n. 1, 799 n. 5
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Mass (Coronation mass) in C (K. 317, 1779), 983 n. 4, 1113 n. 4, 1115, 1190 n. 2, 1255, 1399 n. 5, 1413 n. 3
Missa solemnis in C (K. 337, 1780), 983 n. 4, 1113 n. 4, 1115, 1190 n. 2, 1285
*Mass in C minor (K. 427, 1782–1783), 1244 n. 1, 1462 n. 2, 1480 n. 1

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Antiphon, "Quaerite primum regnum Dei" (K. 86, 1770), 244 n. 1
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Offertorium de tempore, "Misericordias Domini" (K. 222, 1775), 385 n. 2, 556, 592 n. 2, 617 n. 1, 639, 689
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Vesperae de Dominica (K. 321, 1779), 1255 n. 3, 1512 n. 1
Kyrie in E♭ (K. 322, 1778), 711 n. 2, 739, 799 n. 4, 1473 n. 2
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Vesperae solemnes de confessore (K. 339, 1780), 1255 n. 3, 1512 n. 1
Motet, "Ave, verum corpus" (K. 618, 1791), 1413 n. 2, 1477 n. 5
*Requiem (K. 626, 1791), 1417 n. 1, 1450 n. 1, 1462 n. 1, 1463 n. 7, 1480, 1485, 1490, 1494-1497, 1499, 1501, 1503-1505, 1513

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Recitative and aria, "O temerario Arbace", "Per quel paterno amplesso" (K. 79, 1770), 173 n. 3, 193, 226 n. 2
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Scena and aria, "Misera, dove son!" "Ah! non son'io che parlo" (K. 369, 1781), 1068 n. 3, 1138, 1190, 1199, 1257
Recitative and aria, "A questo seno deh vieni", "Or che il ciel" (K. 374, 1781), 1073 n. 1, 1075, 1104, 1138, 1259, 1265
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Aria, "Un moto di gioia mi sento" (K. 579, 1789), 1389 n. 2
Aria, "Schon lacht der holde Frühling" (K. 580, 1789), 1463 n. 5, 1478 n. 7, 1481 n. 5

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Recitative and aria, "Misero! o sogno!", "Aura, che intorno" (K. 431, 1783), 1290 n. 2
Aria, "Müsst' ich auch durch tausend Drachen" (K. 435, 1783), 1251 n. 1, 1463 n. 4
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Aria, "Männer suchen stets zu naschen" (K. 433, 1783), 1251 n. 1

Recitative and aria, "Alcandro, lo confesso", "Non so d'onde viene" (K. 512, 1787), 736 n. 2
Aria, "Per questa bella mano" (K. 612, 1791), 1466 n. 8, 1479 n. 2

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Arietta, "Oiseaux, si tous les ans" (K. 307, 1777), 692 n. 1, 713, 714, 721
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"Wo bist du, Bild" (K. 530, 1787), 1358 n. 2
Short cantata, "Die ihr des unermesslichen Weltalls" (K. 619, 1791), 1479 n. 3
*Denis's ode on Gibraltar. Recitative, "O Calpe!" (K. App. 25, 1782), 1242 n. 2

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Nineteen coloratura cadenzas for three operatic arias by J. C. Bach (K. 293e, ?1778), 711 n. 3, 731 n. 2
Nocturne for three voices, "Luci care, luci belle" (K. 346, 1783), 1479 n. 4
Canon for three choirs, "V'amo di core" (K. 348, 1782), 1484 n. 9, 1488
*Trio for a tenor and two bass voices, "Del gran regno delle amazoni" (K. 434, 1783), 1463 n. 2
Nocturne for two sopranos and a bass voice, "Ecco quel fiero istante" (K. 436, 1783), 1479 n. 4
Nocturne for two sopranos and a bass voice, "Mi lagnerò tacendo" (K. 437, 1783), 1479 n. 4
Nocturne for three voices, "Se lontan, ben mio, tu sei" (K. 438, 1783), 1479 n. 4
Nocturne for two sopranos and a bass voice, "Due pupille amabili" (K. 439, 1783), 1479 n. 4
Trio for soprano, tenor and bass voices, "Liebes Mandl, wo is's Bandl?" (K. 441, 1783), 1345 n. 2
Song for the opening of a masonic lodge, "Zerfliesset heut', geliebte Brüder" (K. 483, 1785), 1484 n. 8
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Canzonetta for three voices, "Più non si trovano" (K. 549, 1788), 1466 n. 1
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Canon for four voices, "Nascoso è il mio sol" (K. 557, 1788), 1478 n. 3
Canon for four voices, "Gehn ma in 'n Prada" (K. 558, 1788), 1478 n. 3
Canon for three voices, "Difficile lectu mihi Mars" (K. 559, ?1785), 1478 n. 3, 1512 n. 4
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Piano concerto in E♭ (K. 271, 1777), 438 n. 2, 672 n. 6, 769 n. 5, 913 n. 4, 1252 n. 2
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Piano concerto in D (K. 537, 1788), 1373 n. 4, 1407 n. 1
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Rondo (last movement of a concerto) for horn and orchestra in E♭ (K. 371, 1781), 1482 n. 4
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*Horn concerto in E♭ (K. 417, 1783), 1068 n. 4, 1482 n. 1
Horn concerto in E♭ (K. 447, 1783), 1068 n. 4, 1506 n. 3, 1507 n. 2
Horn concerto in E♭ (K. 495, 1786), 1068 n. 4, 1477 n. 3, 1499 n. 2
*Horn concerto in A (K. App. 98[a], ?), 1482 n. 6
*Horn concerto in E♭ (K. App. 98[b], ?), 1482 n. 6
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Sinfonia concertante for oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon in E♭ (K. App. 9, 1778), 769 n. 6, 781, 786, 808, 836, 837, 851, 924
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String quartet in A (K. 169, 1773), 1505 n. 4, 1507 n. 2
String quartet in C (K. 170, 1773), 1505 n. 4, 1507 n. 2
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